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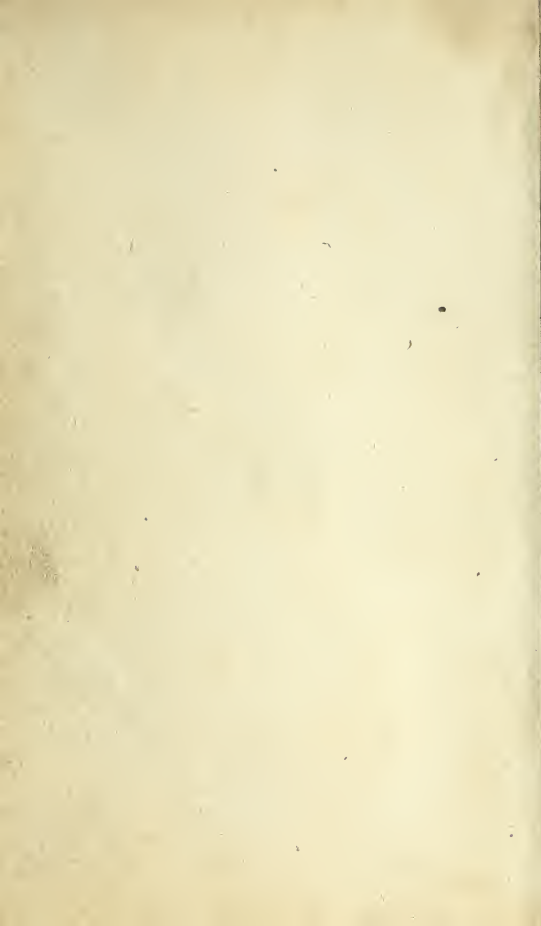
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THE GLEN COLLECTION
OF SCOTTISH MUSIC

Presented by Lady Dorothea Ruggles-
Brise to the National Library of Scotland,
in memory of her brother, Major Lord
George Stewart Murray, Black Watch,
killed in action in France in 1914.

28th January 1927.





TAM O' SHANTER.



Vol. II, page 103.

Till first ae caper, syne anither,
 Tam tint his reason a thegither,
 He roard out, "Weel done, Catty and h'."

x Glen 5(1).

OLIVER'S
NEW SELECTION OF
COMIC SONGS;
OR,
MOMUS'S BUDGET.

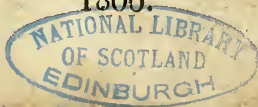
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COMIC SONGS.



The Watchman.

A WATCHMAN I am, I know all the rounds,
The housekeepers, the strays, and the lodgers,
Where low devils, rich dons, and high rips may be
found,
Odd dickins, queer kids, and rum codgers.
Of money and property,
I'm he that takes the care,
And cries, when I see rogues go by,
Hey ! what do you do there ?

Spoken..]—" Only a little business in that there
house—you understand me?"—" Understand you !
Well, I believe you are an honest man : Do you
hear me, bring me an old silver candlestick."

Then to my box I creep,
And then fall fast asleep.
St Paul's strikes one,
Thus after all the mischief's done,

I goes and gives them warning ;
 And loudly bawls,
 While strikes St Paul's,
 Past one o'clock, and a cloudy morning.

Then round as the hour I merrily cries,
 Another fine Miss I discover,
 For a curious rope-ladder I straightway espies,
 And Miss Forward expecting her lover.
 Then to each other's arms they fly,
 My life, my soul, ah, ah !
 " Fine work, Miss, out upon't," cries I,
 " I'll knock up your papa."

Spoken.]—" No, no, you won't :"—" I shall ; wor-
 thy old soul, to be treated in this manner !"—
 " Here, here, take this."—" Oh ! you villain ;
 want to bribe an honest watchman—and with
 such a trifle too !"—" Well, well, here is more !"
 —" More ! you seem to be a spirited lad—now
 go—make her a good husband—I am glad you
 trick'd the old hunks. Good night. I wish you
 safe to Gretna Green."

Then to my box I creep,
 And then fall fast asleep.
 What's that ? St Paul's strikes two,
 The lovers off, what does I do
 But gives the father warning ;
 And loudly bawls,
 As strikes St Paul's,
 Past two o'clock and a cloudy morning.

Then towards the square from my box I looks,
 I hear such a ranting and roaring,
 'Tis Pharaoh's whole host, and the pigeons and rooks
 Are laughing, and singing, and swearing.

Then such a hubbub and din,
 How they blaspheme and curse :
 " That thief has stole my diamond pin,
 " Watch ! watch ! I've lost my purse !"

Spoken.]—" Watch ! watch ! here, I charge you ;"
 —honest people can't go home without being robbed.—Which is the thief?"—" That's the thief,
 who tricked me out of two hundred pounds this evening."—" Ah, that you know is all in the
 way of business ; but which is the thief that stole
 the gentleman's purse ?"—" That's him,"—
 " What, Sam Snatch ! give it to me, Sam.—He
 has not got your purse—you are mistaken in your
 man. Go home peaceably, and don't oblige me
 to take you to the watch-house."

Then to my box I creep,
 And then falls fast asleep ;
 What's that ? St Paul's strikes three ;
 Thus from all roguery I gets free,
 By giving people warning ;
 And loudly bawls,
 As strikes St Paul's,
 Past three o'clock, and a cloudy morning.

The Irish Gardener.

OF all trades, my dear crature, a gard'ner's the best ;
 Och he bothers your hearts and he gives you no rest,
 'Till he makes you both jolly and gay.

With his raking he ne'er can disturb his wife's head,
 Though faith, painted ladies are found in his bed,
 Who with sweetness add joy to the day.

Then a gard'ner so rare

Is the lad for the fair,

With a rigdum, jigdum, rake about ho !

Dig away, delve away, drive away care ;

A gard'ner's the lad for the lasses.

No sad losses or crosses in trade he can rue,

For has'nt he balsam and balm in his view ;

Of his riches I'll give you a hint ;

If he husbands his thyme well, a plumb he can raise,

To be sure he can't manage the stocks if he please,

Nor draw as he likes on the mint.

Then a gard'ner so rare

Is the lad for the fair, &c.

“ Then listen, dear girls, and my story believe,

“ All the comforts of life a brisk gard'ner can give ;

“ His strong box is a source of delight !

“ While his honesty thrives, he no medlars need fear,

“ Then ne'er leave such worth the green willow to wear,

“ But let lad's-love all pleasures unite.”

Then a gard'ner so rare

Is the lad for the fair, &c.

The Wonders.

Your laughter I'll try to provoke,

With the wonders I've got in my travels :

The first is a pig in a poke,
 Next a law-case without any cavils ;
 A straw poker, a tiffany boat,
 Paper boots to walk dry thro' the ditches,
 A new lignum vitæ great coat,
 Flint waistcoat, and pair of glass breeches.
 Tol lol, &c.

A dimity warming pan, new ;
 Steel night cap, and pair of lawn bellows :
 A yard-wide foot rule, and then two
 Odd shoes, that belong to odd fellows ;
 China wheelbarrow, earthen-ware gig,
 A book bound in wood with no leaves to't,
 Besides a new velveret wig
 Lin'd with tripe, and a long pair of sleeves to't.
 Tol lol, &c.

A coal-skuttle trim'd with Scotch gauze,
 Pickled crumpets and harricoed muffins ;
 Tallow stewpan, nankeen chest of drawers ;
 Dumb alarm bell to frighten humguffins ;
 Six knives and forks made of red tape,
 A patent wash-leather polony,
 A gilt coat with a gingerbread cape,
 And lin'd with the best macaroni.
 Tol lol, &c.

A plumb pudding made of inch deal,
 A pot of mahogany capers ;
 A gooseberry pye made of veal,
 And stuff'd with two three-corner'd scrapers :
 Sour crout sweeten'd well with small coal,
 A fricaseed carpenters mallet ;
 A cast iron toad in a hole
 And a monstrous great hole in the ballad.
 Tol lol, &c.

Life in London.

COME round me good people, and hear what I've
 seen,
 To London's great whirligig city I've been ;
 Where fashion and riches hold absolute sway,
 So you may be sure that I've something to say.
 I saw clergy and laymen,
 Dukes, dancers, and draymen,
 And thieves, who for plunder will shoot men,
 With tinkers and taylors,
 Brave soldiers and sailors,
 Fools, furriers, and farriers, and footmen :
 With doctors and proctors,
 And teachers and preachers,
 And bakers and quakers,
 With walkers and talkers ;
 So mix'd is the medley, this motto it gives,
 One half of the world don't know how t'other lives.

The lady of fashion her breakfast is sipping,
 While rustics so rural to dinner are tripping,
 And lawyers in London their poor clients fleece,
 While farmers far distant are plucking their geese ;
 With doctors, sleek shorn,
 Are looking for lawn,
 Happy men who make wigs for the ladies,
 With some who make lockets,
 Pert prigs who pick pockets,
 And some who cant tell what their trade is—

With tinkers, free-thinkers,
 And men who write papers,
 Droll jokers, stock brokers,
 And men who cut capers,
 So mix'd is the medley, &c.

The Monsieus in Paris of emperors boast,
 Confusion to Frenchmen, in London's the toast;
 For while Gallic invaders dare threaten John Bull,
 John means with the Frenchmen to have a strong
 pull.

When they vow they are coming,
 We think they are humming,
 But should they, we'll struggle, I trust hard;
 For if they stay long,
 They'll find us too strong,
 Since our brave Volunteers are all muster'd:
 We'll sting 'em like hornets,
 With colonels and cornets,
 We'll give them three cheers,
 With our brave Volunteers;
 Such diff'rent employments this motto still gives,
 One half of the world don't know how t'other lives.

The Cock and the Bull.

My hearties, now fill up your porter-pots full,
 And if that I please you, let me have a pull;
 A story I'll sing of a Cock and a Bull,
 'To—Oh! the roast beef Old England,
 And oh! the Old English roast beef.

On the edge of a field was inclos'd a farm-yard,
 With barley well stor'd, but to get there was hard,
 For a ditch ran all around, and a Bull was its guard.
 Sing Oh ! &c.

A greedy-gut Cock, t'other side o' the ditch,
 Kept eyeing this farm, through a mischievous itch,
 His crow with some good barley-corns to enrich.
 Sing Oh ! &c.

This Cock was a savage, of Corsican breed ;
 An insolent upstart, without any heed,
 Wherever he chose he wou'd crow and he'd feed.
 Sing Oh ! &c.

He had beat all his neighbours, which made him so
 proud,
 That henceforth he very uncivilly vow'd
 Within the Bull's farm-yard to feed and crow loud.
 Sing Oh ! &c.

So spreading his wings he attempted to fly,
 But some brisk Water-Fowl in the ditch did him
 spy,
 And to pluck both his wings with each other did
 vie.
 Sing Oh ! &c.

As strange luck would have it, he 'scap'd from 'em
 all,
 (Tho' with great loss of feathers, they did him so
 maul ;)
 And at length on dry ground he made shift for to
 crawl.
 Sing Oh ! &c.

Taking courage, he strutted, without more ado,
 To the gate of the farm, but the Bull came in view,
 And terrify'd *Cocky* with roaring out BOO !
 Sing Oh ! &c.

He would fain have fled back, but the Bull was too
 quick,
 And presenting his horn, on the top did him stick,
 Then perch'd him aloft, and thus shew'd him a trick.
 Sing Oh ! &c.

He flutter'd and scream'd there a while as he stuck,
 Till the Bull from his horn in the ditch did him
 chuck,
 Where soon he was drown'd—this at last was his
 luck,
 That such was the end of proud *Cocky*,
 And such was poor *Cocky's* just end.

MORAL.

The moral is learn'd without going to school,
 Bonaparte's the Cock, and King George is the Bull,
 Old England's his farm yard—where long may he
 rule,
 Sing Oh ! the roast beef of Old England,
 And Oh ! the Old English roast beef.

The Spouting Bumpkin.

I'ZE a neat little knack got at spouting,
 A bit of a mimickry elf,
 My skill to take off, those who doubt it,
 May soon see me take off myself.
 Any part you can axe me to do
 I'll act it, my spirits ne'er dompt are,
 I always, you'll find, knows my cue,
 And, dang it, without e'er a prompter.
 With my tol de rol, &c.

To be sure, prompt by one thing or t'other,
 The world acts a sort of a play ;
 One's prompted to fight, while, all pother,
 Another, so prompt, runs away.
 Your cut-throats of Gaul, in a mass,
 Are prompted by plunder and evil ;
 By madness, each invading ass,
 And their leader be prompt by the devil.

Spoken..]—And the devil take him, I say, and all his
 dom'd crew.

With their tol de rol, &c.

They still bluster and threaten evasion—
 I wish they'd at once take their fling,
 They'd find, there's not one in the nation
 But is prompted to die for his King.

They talk—what I'd like them to do ;
 They'll be quiet when once they well thump'd
 are,
 And to drub 'em we've all got our cue,
 For, the love of our country's our prompter.

Spoken.]—A prompter that inspires us to fight, bleed,
 and die, in so glorious a cause ; let them come
 over and be dom'd, we'll meet 'em, like Britons,
 and bang about their ugly mugs to the tune of---
 Tol de rol, &c.

Not to think of a Man.

FROM my old maiden aunt this lesson I got,
 'Bout some things I should do, and some I should
 not,
 And that I should make it my favourite plan,
 Not to speak to, nor look at, nor think of a man.

My aunty I lov'd, so I gave her her way,
 But time soon convinc'd me, I ne'er could obey ;
 For the more I attempted to humour her plan,
 It still made me think that I thought of a man.

B

Habakuk.

HABAKUK's my name, it's well known to my friends,
That my ditties are made up of queer odds and ends ;
I can't in fine cadence your hearing assail,
Nor wind up each close like a rattlesnake's tail.

Plain, frank and free,

My song shall be ;

In vain for fine verses my brain I would thresh,
For '*What's bred in the bone won't come out of the
flesh.*'

Our foes on the ocean sent plenty of ships,
But '*It's not the best carpenter makes the most chips ;*'
They promis'd to give British sailors a beating,
Tho' '*The proof of the pudding they found in the eat-
ing.*'

The sans culottes

In rafts and boats,

They woudn't be quiet, tho' ask'd to be civil,
'*Set a beggar on horseback he'll ride to the devil.*'

Our island is small, yet it plainly appears,
That '*Fishes, tho' small, have often great ears :*'
The French have five Kings, but their threats are
all froth,

For '*Too many cooks do but ruin good broth.*'

Their Sov'reigns five,

And all their hive,

Are welcome Britannia to catch when they get her,
For '*Tho' Brag's a good dog, yet Holdfast is a better.*'

For their threats of invasion we ne'er car'd a rush,
'A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.'
 They may think open-mouth'd to devour us like
 sharks,
 But *'Till the sky falls we must wait to catch larks.'*
 My friends, if we
 Do but agree,
 Old England her bitterest foes may defy,
 To attempt to say *'Black is the white of her eye.'*

The Fox and Crow.

It chanc'd one day, that a crow so black,
 Down in a meadow so green,
 Had stol'n a crust from a pedlar's pack,
 And carry'd it off unseen.
 Up in an apple tree flew the crow,
 And ere she the taste of her prize could know,
 A fox came by and stood below,
 All in the meadow so green.

Says Reynard—Jove's eagle sure I see,
 Up in a tree so high :
 Says the crow to herself, He surely means me,
 And a very fine bird am I.
 What eyes, says Reynard, and what an air,
 That plumage how divinely fair!
 Never was beauty seen so rare,
 Up in a tree so high.

'The crow enchanted clap'd her wings,
 A-lack and a-well-a-day ;
 Says Reynard, I'm sure that angel sings,
 Cou'd I but hear the lay.
 The crow look'd round at what he said,
 For flatt'ry often turns the head,
 She open'd her mouth, and she dropp'd her bread,
 Reynard caught it, and gallopp'd away.

Hearty Tom Brown.

THE deuce take the cards, for they give me the
 gripes,
 Come, landlord, bring more liquor, some tobacco,
 and some pipes.

Here's to thee Tom Brown, and to you my jovial
 souls,
 And to you with all my heart, and with you I'll
 drink a quart,
 And with you I'll spend a pot, before that e'er
 we part.

Here's to thee Tom Brown, &c.

The king will beat the queen, and the queen will
 beat the knave,
 And we are all good company, more liquor we will
 have.

Here's to thee Tom Brown, &c.

The knave will beat the ten, and the ten will beat
the nine,

And we are all good company, we will drink 'till
we're stone blind.

Here's to thee Tom Brown, &c.

The nine will beat the eight, and the eight will
beat the seven,

And we are all good company, we will drink while
it's eleven.

Here's to thee Tom Brown, &c.

The seven will beat the six, and the six will beat
the five,

And we are all good company, we will drink while
we are alive.

Here's to thee Tom Brown, &c.

The five will beat the four, and the four will beat
the three,

And we are all good company, we will drink till
break of day.

Here's to thee Tom Brown, &c.

The three will beat the two, and the ace will beat
them all,

And we are all good company, upon my life and
soul.

Here's to thee Tom Brown, &c.

Dickey Gossip's the Man.

WHEN I was a youngster I first was apprentic'd
 Unto a gay barber, so dapper and airy,
 I next was a carpenter, then turn'd a dentist,
 Then a taylor good lord, then an apothecary.

But for this trade or that,
 They all come as pat
 As they can ;
 For shaving and tooth-drawing,
 Bleeding, cabbaging, and sawing,
 Dickey Gossip's the man.

Tho' taylors and dentists but awkwardly tether,
 In both the vocations I still have my savings,
 And two of my trades couple rarely together,
 For barber and carpenter both deal in shavings.
 For this trade or that, &c.

But blunders will happen in callings so various,
 I fancy they happen to some that are prouder,
 I once gave a patient, whose life was precarious,
 A terrible doze of my best shaving powder.
 For this trade or that, &c.

A Drinking Song.

WHEN dry first, a droll little creature,
 They made me sip tea with my mother ;
 And I thought it a treat,
 If small beer I could get,
 To drink with my elder brother.
Tol de roll, &c.

But my father condemn'd this practice,
 And so hector'd, and swore, like man.—He
 Bawl'd out, " Give him ale,
 For that will ne'er fail,
 To make him as stout as his daddy."
Tol de roll, &c.

From beer to good wine I ascended,
 By a series of just gradation,
 Till friends did me jog,
 With, " There's a jolly dog !
 Shall tope with the best in the nation."
Tol de roll, &c.

With bold bucks then I got acquainted,
 At their clubs, too, prov'd wond'rous handy ;
 I learn'd loud to swear,
 Like a tall grenadier,
 And always drank rum or brandy.
Tol de roll, &c.

But considering all things, earthly,
 And life, like myself, very short is,
 'Tis the long odds, I think,
 In a very short time I drink,
 Aqua vitæ and aqua fortis, &c.
 Tol de roll, &c.

The Yorkshireman.

My father who always knew what we were at,
 A cunning and good-natur'd elf;
 Bid me take care o' this thing, and take care o' that,
 But, says I, I'll take care of myself.
 So I ventur'd fra' Yorkshire to better my lot,
 And since 'twas my fortune to come to this spot,
 I'm vastly well pleas'd wi' the place I ha' got,
 Where I sing fal de ral, &c.

Since money, they say, makes the mare for to go,
 Getting money must be the best plan;
 And as Yorkshire understood horses, you know,
 On my hobby I'll keep while I can.
 This ground is all fair, and I fear not a jot;
 There'll be no falling off, if I don't spur too hot;
 And when luck doesn't gallop, she's welcome to trot,
 While I'm singing fal de ral, &c.

And when I get married, for marry I must,
 As soon as I find out a lass,

She'll meet wi' a pretty good husband, I trust,
 And with her I'll ha' plenty of brass.
 I'm not hard to please when I'm chusing, d'ye see;
 She mun come o' good kin; and besides, she mun be
 For beauty, why—just such another as me.
 While I sing, &c.

The Modern Cesar.

MORBLEU! I'm a Corsican born, blood and ouns!
 So mildly, I make this globe fear me;
 In murd'ring its people, and plund'ring dere towns,
 La Diable in fame can't come near me.
 C'est vrai, me respect no religion nor law,
 My justice cuts close as a razor;
 Makes widows and orphans avec grand eclat,
 And wherever I go I'm a *seizer*.

Spoken.—I take a de gold, I take a de silver, I
 take a de dimond, and I take a de snuff.

Vive la fortune, la guerre, ca ira,
 Wherever I go I'm a *seizer*.

In Holland, Mynheer begg'd I'd just light his pipe;
 I did so, beyond expectation,
 Having lit up his country (for my purpose ripe)
 In one charmont and grand conflagration.
 Against their wills, happy I made the poor Swiss,
 Though difficult all are to please there;
 And, Judas like, Spain I betrayed with a kiss,
 And whetever I go I'm a *seizer*.

Spoken.—I take a de ducats, I take a de tobac,
and I take a de pipe; den I take a de liberte, de
tirteen Cannons, and de Spanish dollars.

Vive la fortune, &c.

To Italy's sons I was kinder then all,
Of de song and la danse they the type are;
So I taught dem to danse a l'agent carmagnole,
And de tune was—'Tis ve pay de Piper.
Of Egypt, parbleu, I have not much to say,
One Sir Sidney did me not much please there;
So I just took French leave, all de world knows my
vay,
Oui, wherever I go I'm a *seizer*.

Spoken.—I take a de sculpture, I take a de por-
trait, and musique; and at Egypt I take—I take
away my people's lives.

Vive la fortune, &c.

From de Nile so me stole, and, by dint of good luck,
(La diable himself was my friend, sure,)
To France, bon voyage, I swim fast as von duck,
The Great Nation's troubles to end, sure.
Me found 'em all slaves, and to keep 'em so plann'd,
My cut-throats all very well pleas'd vere;
So of de Grand Nation me seize de command,
Begar, just to prove I'm a *seizer*.
Vive la fortune, &c.

Fort bien, me think shortly de whole world to seize,
And be of dat world grand directeur;
But first, if my good friend, Jean Bull, it should
please,
I'd, like Cromwell, be his Lord Protector;
But, begar, me know well dat is out of my power,
And me and my troops in a maze are;

For John proudly swears, if I land on his shore,
He'll prove that 'tis he is the Cæsar.


Spoken.—Ah! pauvre, John Bull! he has no politesse—he no let me take a de guinea, nor de roast beef, dor de plumb-pudding, nor de strong beer, nor de lady; and, begar, vat is worse, he von't let me take away myself—

Vive la fortune, la guerre, ca ira, ca ira.
Jacky Ketch may of me be de *seizer*.

Dick.

MYSELF I've nick-nam'd Dirty Dick;
But, believe me, I once a smart beau was;
Tho' ne'er among black-legs the kick,
Nor box-loby-blades I the go was.
Now of dress, like the fair, I think light;
Outside black; the inside nothing worse is;
While some folks put on virgin-white,
To cover hearts black, as a hearse is.
But tol de rol lol, I and conscience agree,
So a scrubbing-brush beard, black and all black for
me.

That I'm miserly, spendthrifts throw out,
But thus I retort their abuses;
"When a candle is nearly burnt out,
A save-all they'll find of great use is."



Like Blue Beard I am, some assert,
 Worth blue chambers, where ghosts hid so nice
 are ;
 My blue chamber's as black as my shirt,
 And my spectres, half-starv'd rats and mice are !
 But tol de rol lol, I and conscience agree,
 So a scrubbing-brush beard, and black mansion for
 me.

Of my house's dark front folks complain,
 Which there scarcely remains a whole sash in ;
 To its windows I ne'er add a pane,
 Or its character hurt by white-washing.
 Of gold-dust in bank, I've been told,
 Our neighbours to coal-dust compare us ;
 But bring to my black-bank bright gold,
 And you're welcome to Dick's dirty warehouse.
 With tol de rol lol, I and conscience agree,
 So a scrubbing-brush-beard, and rough guinea for
 me.

Gude forgie me for lien'.

AE day a braw wooer cam down the lang glen,
 An' sair wi' his love he did deave me :
 But I said there was naething I hated like men !
 The deuce tak' him to believe me.

A weel stockit mailen, himself for the laird,
 A bridle aff hand was the proffer,
 I never loot on that I kent it or car'd,
 But thought I might get a waur offer.

He spak o' the darts o' my bonny black een,
 An' how for my love he was diein';
 I said he might die when he liked for Joan:
 The gude forgie me for lien'!

But what do ye think, in a fortnight or less,
 (The diel's in his taste to gae near her)
 He's down to the castle to black cousin Bess,
 Guess ye how the jade I could bear her.

Sae a' the neist ouk as I fretted wi' care,
 I gaed to the tryste o' Dulgarlock;
 An' wha but my braw fickle wooer was there,
 Wha glowr'd as if he'd seen a warlock.

Out o'er my left shouther I gied him a blink,
 Lest neibours should think I was saucy;
 My wooer he caper'd as he'd been in drink,
 An' vow'd that I was his dear lassie.

I spier'd for my cousin, fu' couthie an' sweet,
 If she had recover'd her hearin'?
 An' how my auld shoon fitted her shachel'd feet?
 Gude saf us! how he fell a swearin'.

He begg'd me, for gudesake, that I'd be his wife,
 Or else I would kill him wi' sorrow;
 Sae just to preserve the poor body in life,
 I think I shall wed him to-morrow.

Long life to the Petticoat.

THERE with fun we the stocking throw,
Boys all dress'd in their Sunday clothes :
Girls trimm'd neatly from top to toe,
Red looks the priest at his comely nose ;
Round goes the jorum at bedding-time,
Whack 'gainst the floor goes each leather brogue ;
Bang go the bells in a merry chime,
Smack go the lips of each pretty rogue.
Lilt up the pipes, let the chaunter sound,
Dearly we doat on the merry note,
Gig with the whisky goes briskly round,
Drinking long life to the petticoat ?

Sweet are smiles from the comely bride,
Eyes at her of all goggle so ;
Bridegroom stands by her lovely side,
A goose just nick'd in the noddle tho' :
Girls chaunt from their merry throats,
Boys for the whisky are riper now,
Toasting the souls that wear petticoats,
All get as drunk as the piper's sow !
Lilt as up the pipes, &c.

When I was a Youth.

WHEN I was a youth in my prime, Sir,
 A precious young dog, sure, was I,
 I made the best use of my time, Sir,
 'Tis better to laugh than to cry.
 Oh, the girls they found me so pleasing,
 When fondly to win them I'd try,
 Tho' they'd blushing say, I was teasing,
 I cou'd see by their looks 'twas a lie;
 For I so touzzled and rouzzled them,
 Tickled their fancy, d'ye see,
 So tenderly buss'd, and so mouzzled 'em,
 They all were at pull-cap for me.

Were I now again in my glory,
 That's about five and twenty, I mean,
 I'd whisper them such a neat story,
 Oh, the devil a one but I'd win!
 But old age, that cruel assailer,
 Like a tree when its sap is all gone,
 But what now will grieving avail, Sir,
 Since my day I have had, and I have done.

Spoken.]—Then a fig for sorrow and grieving, I shall
 now think with pleasure when I did what I no
 longer can do, that's when
 I so mouzzled, &c.

Cooking up an Almanack.

OH ! father had a jolly knack
Of cooking up an almanack.
 He could tell,
 Very well,
Of eclipses and wars,
Of Venus and Mars,
When plots were prevented,
Penny Posts were invented,
Of Rome's dire reproaches,
And the first hackney coaches.
And he always foresaw,
There'd be frost or be thaw,
Much sun, or much sleet,
Much rain, or much heat,
 On the fourth or the seventh,
 The fifth or eleventh ;
 The tenth or the fifteenth,
 The twentieth or sixteenth,
But, to guard against laughter,
 He wisely did guess,
 There'd be more or less,
Days before, or day after.
 Oh ! father had a jolly knack, &c.

He could tell,
Very well,

Of aches, and of pains
 In the loins and the reins,
 In the hips and the toes,
 In the back and the nose,
 Of a red-letter day,
 When school-boys might play :
 When tempest would clatter,
 When earthquakes would shatter,
 When comets would run,
 And the world be undone :
 But, yet, still there was laughter,
 For people would cry,
 Though he says we're to die,
 It may be to-day, or day after.

 Light and dark,
 High-water mark,
 Signs the skies in,
 Southing—rising,
 Verse terrific
 Hieroglyphic,
 Astronomical,
 All so comical,
 Oh ! father had a jolly knack,
 Of cooking up an almanack.

Love is very like a Concert of Music.

I NEVER shall forget the days in which I was a rover ;
 But soon there was an end to ease, for I became a
 lover ;
 The devil take me, I must turn a lover.

The tender passion I abuse, for from it I'm a convert,
 I beg assistance from my muse to prove it like a
 concert;

A concert, a concert, I'll prove it like a concert.
 For when first my pretty maid I saw, I grew sick,
 And continued, till I had a second view, sick;
 Then I tried by ev'ry means to make her too, sick;
 And tho' soon I found that she'd not make a few
 sick,

She and love were like a concert of music.—

Love is very like a concert of music.

Spoken.]—Yes, love is very like a concert of music.

Soothing as the horn,

Sweet as the flute,

Lively as the fiddle,

Tickling as the lute :

And when your passion is refin'd,

Oh, it's like all these instruments combined.

Charming creature !

Every feature

Is so killing,

My bosom thrilling ;

Ah, well-a-day !

Such melody,

Vocal and instrumental !

Before I was of the marriage noose sick,

I thought love like a concert of music.

Oh, Lord ! oh, Lord ! now chang'd the scene !

I sing no more to love's band :

Not happy, save one month, I've been,

Since I became a husband.

The devil take me, I must turn husband.

The marriage state I now abuse,

For I can't be a convert,

The dilletante must excuse
 My thinking it like a concert ;
 I'll prove it like a concert.

For when once the honey-moon expir'd, I grew sick,
 And continued while my wife was e'er in view, sick.
 Then I tried, by every means, to make her, too, sick,
 And found wedlock like a concert of music,
 Yes, matrimony's like a concert of music,
 And a wife's like a concert of music.

For she's grumbling as the bass,
 Noisy as the drum,
 Heavy as the bagpipe,
 Furious as the trumpet.

And when to quarrel your wife's inclin'd,
 'Tis like all these instruments combin'd.
 Shocking creature !
 Ev'ry feature
 Is so stupid,
 Curse on Cupid !
 Ah! well-a-day !
 Such melody,
 Woeful and detrimental !

And now that I'm of the marriage noose sick,
 Matrimony's like a concert of music. y

Oft I'd wet the t'other Eye.

WHEN a happy single fellow,
 Mirth each moment did employ
 Full of frolic, sportive, mellow ;
 Oft' I'd wet the t'other eye.

Rosey, cosey,
 Quaffing, laughing,
 Friends abounding,
 Sorrow drowning ;
 That was life, or may I die,
 Rattling, ringing,
 Roaring, singing,
 Gingling glasses,
 Toasting lasses,
 Oh ! what a jolly dog was I.

Foremost at all frisk and funning,
 Ev'ry beauteous tit would cry,
 See he looks so spruce and cunning,
 Devil take his roguish eye.
 Rosey, cosey, &c.

Now a bride's brisk tittle tattle,
 Added to my comrades jeers,
 Is the noisy prittle prattle,
 Always dunning in my ears.

Spoken.]—(Now it's no more) Rosey, cosey, &c.

Paddy's Dream.

My grandmother, Judy, had oft made me wonder
Such marvellous stories of ghosts she'd relate ;
How they'd speak, arrah honey, much louder than
thunder,

'Till, by Jasus, d'ye see, joy, she bodder'd my
pate ;
So the Phantasmagoria being much the same thing,
Sir,

Like a madman, to see it, I strait ran away ;
Where the spalpeens they got me so snug in a string,
Sir,

'That they coax'd me, agraph, just two thirteens
to pay.

Wid my gramachree, dideroo smilliloo huh,
Musha whack, Ally Crocker, and Sally Mac
Gee.

Not a thing could I see when I enter'd the plaish, Sir,
So I look'd with my fist, honey, where I might
sit ;

'Till a post, unjonteel, run its head in my face, Sir,
And bodder'd my senses, agraph, for a bit :

But the show once begun beat my grandmother hol-
low,

They were now small as giants, then big as a span,
But the Turk, musha gra, wid his damnable swallow,
Made me think he might eat me, and so off I ran,
Wid my gramachree, &c.

Got home, I in no time at all went to bed, Sir,
 But still on these spectres my fancy did keep,
 And such comical whimsies kick'd up in my head, Sir,
 That made me get up, and walk out in my sleep.
 I thought that Outh's hill to a giant had changed,
 And to wrestle with him did me strongly invite ;
 In a case now like this, sure, it was'nt strange, Sir,
 That I chose, joy, much rather to run than to
 fight.

Wid my gramachree, &c.

He follow'd me down stairs, agrah, in a jiffey,
 And to catch me he gave a most damnable stride,
 When finding myself on the banks of the Liffey,
 I jumped in, and swam till I reach'd t'other side.
 The chill of the water soon made me awake, Sir,
 When, fait, a delectable figure I cut,
 For I'd made, arrah fait, a most curious mistake, Sir,
 And, instead of the Liffey, jumped into a but.

Wid my gramachree, &c.

Teague's trip from Dublin to London.

My name, sure, is Teague, now in Connaught was
 born, Sir,
 'Bout three or four months after mother was wed ;
 And yet, for all that, such a thing as a horn, Sir,
 Ne'er popp'd, d'ye mind, in my daddy's wise head.

To be sure he just grumbled, but Judy sa,
 smiling,
 (Och, she knew pretty well how the old one to
 fleece,)

“ When two pull together, joy, like us so loving.
 In matters like this, ’tis but four months a-piece.”

Wid my phililuh, bodderoo, whack, joy, so frisky,
 Like kittens they hugg’d, and cried, *coosling ma gree*;
 Then mugg’d themselves over a jug of good
 whisky,
 And sung bodderoo, smalliluh, huh, gramachree.

Grown up, to be sure, I must e’en ape my betters,
 And travel to London to see foreign parts;
 When promising dad, joy, a fist full letters,

I pack’d up my tatters, which near broke his heart.
 Then foddering my brogues I set off full trot, Sir,
 Och, I left our mud edifice, joy, far behind;
 And soon I arriv’d at this very same spot, Sir,

Where I saw sights would do a man good that
 was blind,
 Wid my phililuh, bodderoo, whack, joy, so frisky,
 Sure I got jowl’d about by each object I’d meet,
 When thinking, agrah, they were all drunk with
 whisky,
 What a shame ’tis, cried I, they don’t widen the
 street.

My stomach, poor creature, for hunger did dance, Sir,
 But devil a morsel of grub met my eye,
 Till walking along, a soup-cellar, by chance, Sir,
 In a plaish call’d St. Giles’s, I chanc’d to espy;
 There was herrings, and murphies, hogs puddings,
 and swipes, Sir,

With ev’ry thing else that was decent and good;
 Och, the sight, to be sure, brought a fit of the
 gripes, Sir,

And I bundled down stairs just as fast I could,

Wid my phililuh, bodderoo, whack, joy, so frisky,
 My hostess, at night, shew'd me up to a bed,
 Where a troop of big blackguards o'er run me so
 briskly,

Fait, I thought they would toss me out heels
 over head.

The Invisible Girl, the Park, and Great Gun, Sir,
 Panorama, the Uproar, I set off to view ;
 Saw the Invasion at Astley's, wid plenty of fun, Sir ;
 At the Circus, our tars haughty Frenchmen subdue.
 Then I turn'd home to snooze, nor till morn did I
 wake, Sir,

When thinking my hostess the reck'ning to pay,
 Och, I found out, agra, such a bare-fac'd mistake Sir,
 Fait, my pocket was pick'd, and the cash run away :
 Wid my phililuh, bodderoo, gay as a kitten.

To settle the score, sure, I sold her my brogues,
 Then my stockings pull'd off, of my grandmother's
 knitting,

And to save them, walk'd bare-foot, along the
 high-road.

A Girl, a Bumper, and a Friend.

AN Irish lad's a jolly boy,
 Full of frolic, mirth, and fun ;
 Wine and women all his joy,
 And from a foe he'll never run.
 And whether he is rich or not,
 He ne'er feels discontent at all,

For when he cash in store has got,
Ne'er rests till he has spent it all.

Och so frisky,

Fond of whisky,

Joy is never at an end ;

Love his boast,

And this his toast,

A Girl, a Bumper, and a Friend.

“ How free from care's an Irish boy !

“ A foe to all formality,

“ A social life his only joy,

“ His motto—Hospitality.

“ His monarch too he'll dearly love,

“ His measures, 'faith he'll back 'em all ;

“ And as for foes he'll quickly prove

“ How neatly he can whack 'em all.

“ He'll dance and sing,

“ God save the King,

“ Success the noble crown attend ;

“ All cares deride,

“ No wish beside

“ A Girl, a Bumper, and a Friend.”

In me you see an Irish lad,

Content to please, and willing, Och,

Who laughs when comfort's to be had,

And pays while he's a shilling, Och.

Then take my hand, Oh, Fanny, love,

And make no further pother, Och ;

My heart is your's—Thing's clearly prove

We're made for one another, Och.

We'll sing and play,

No larks more gay,

Our joys shall never have an end ;

No wish beside

Our fireside,

My Wife, a Bumper, and a Friend.

The Wig, the Hat, and the Cane.

BY the side of a murmuring stream,
As an elderly gentleman sat,
On the top of his head was his wig,
And a' top of his wig was his hat.

The wind it blew high and blew strong,
As the elderly gentleman sat,
And bore from his head in a trice,
And plung'd in the river his hat.

The gentleman then took his cane,
Which lay by his side as he sat,
And he dropp'd in the river his wig,
In attempting to get out his hat.

His breast it grew cold with despair,
And full in his eye madness sat,
So he flung in the river his cane,
To swim with his wig and his hat.

Cool reflection at length came across,
While this elderly gentleman sat,
So he thought he would follow the stream,
And look for his cane, wig, and hat.

His head being thicker than common,
O'erbalanc'd the rest of his fat,
And in plumpt this son of a woman,
To follow his cane, wig, and hat.

Fitch of Bacon.

THE spruce Mr Clark
 Was a young Essex spark,
 A farmer uxorious and rich ;
 He lov'd dearly, as his life,
 Fried bacon, and his wife ;
 And, says he, " My duck, we'll claim the fitch."

Mrs Clark ('twas in bed)
 Lov'd bacon, she said,
 But she vow'd she'd no more see it spoil'd ;
 Crying, " Clark, you're quite mistaken,
 If you think to fry that bacon,
 I insist that every bit shall be broil'd."

Mr Clark, tho' 'twas night,
 Jump'd in hed bolt upright,
 Quite enrag'd at his rib, by his side ;
 And, says he, " Now, madam, mark !
 Tho' I love you, Mrs Clark,
 I'll be d——d if it sha'nt all be fried."

The dispute ran so high,
 'Twixt a broil and a fry,
 That Clark, tho' he argued it roundly,
 Put an end to all turmoiling,
 As to frying or to broiling,
 By basting Mrs Clark very soundly.

These turtles, no doubt,
 Very soon found out
 That their claim to the flitch must be shaken :
 They had children blithe as larks,
 But all the little Clarks
 Were mark'd with a rasher of bacon !

The Woodman's Hut.

To a Woodman's hut there came, one day,
 A Physician and Dancing-master ;
 " This fellow's hovel must serve," said they,
 " For the rain pours faster and faster."
 Heigho ! fal de ral.

The Physician was proud, and toss'd up his head,
 And scarce would the woodman mark, Sir ;
 " But, Doctor, we're equals," the woodman said,
 " For we both of us deal in Bark, Sir."
 Heigho ! fal de ral.

The master of Dance was as grand as you please,
 'Till the woodman cried, " How now, Sir !"
 " You cut but Capers,—I cut Trees,
 " And we all know the worth of a bow, Sir."
 Heigho ! fal de ral.

At last, says the Woodman, "The weather is good,
 "For the rain only falls from the leaves, now ;
 "So put out your heads, 'twill be carrying wood,
 "And pray, both, be taking your leaves, now."
 Heigho ! fal de ral.

The Cobbler.

LAST week I took a wife,
 And when I first did woo her,
 I vow'd to stick through life
 Like cobbler's wax unto her :
 But soon we went, by some mishap,
 To loggerheads together,
 And when my wife began to strap,
 Why, I began to leather.

My wife, without her shoes,
 Is hardly three feet seven ;
 And I to all mens views,
 Am full five feet eleven.
 So when to take her down some pegs,
 I drubb'd her neat and clever ;
 She made a bolt right through my legs,
 And ran away for ever.

When she was gone, good lack !
 My hair like hogs hair bristl'd,
 I thought she'd ne'er come back,
 So went to work and whistl'd.

Then let her go, I've got my stall,
 Which may no robber rifle,
 'Twou'd break my heart to lose my Awl,
 To lose my wife's a trifle.

The Lads of the Ocean.

WHAT matters your ditties, your jokes, and nora-
 tions,

Of lawyers and doctors still making your game,
 Wid your gallipots, parchments, and clients, and
 patients,

And all such cantanherous stuff as that same ?
 In praise of our admirals, captains, and sailors,
 I'll sing, and long life to the lads, and all such
 Who on the salt ocean were never yet failers
 In banging the Spaniards, the French, and the
 Dutch.

And sing fillalloo, smallilloo, ditheroo, wheck,
 Let an enemy come and we'll trundle him back ;
 While the lads of the ocean shall tell the proud elf,
 He may go to the Devil and shake himself.

Didn't Frenchmen one June to our lads cry peccavi ?
 Lord Howe he did pelt them thro' thunder and
 smoke,

With British hard dumplings without any gravy,
 'Till Monseer no longer could relish the joke.

And then didn't Jarvis the Spaniards belather?
 Then Duncan and Nelson completed the job,
 To shew them we'll beat them all three both together,
 As fast as each pleases to put up his nod.
 And sing fillalloo, &c.

Each wave as it washes our shores would soon tell us,
 If it had but a tongue, and could speak what was
 just,
 How it carry'd to glory our brave honest fellows—
 How oft on its surface our foes bit the dust.
 And now to be building on land you'd be a'ter
 Some trophy of honour their actions to grace,
 While they have built one for themselves on the
 water,
 The Devil himself couldn't shove from its place.
 And sing fillalloo, &c.

The Glass-Merchant.

WITH my goods I can many a subject compare;
 The ladies, dear creatures, are all brittle ware;
 For if brittle, I'm certain, much brilliancy boast,
 I should never blow glasses if they weren't my
 toast.

Lal lal lal de ral lal, &c.

Some lads take a glass or two, just with a friend;
 And some take a glass just to hasten their end;

With bumper on bumper, so oft are attack'd,
Like the bottles they drink, their gay noddles are
crack'd.

Fal de ral, &c.

My glasses are sound, they all ring like a bell;
And my ducats I'll ring as my shopeful I sell:
With my profit then purchase a quite old hack,
And no longer my glass-house will bear on my back.
Fal de ral, &c.

To riches I grow; thus, by vending glass-ware,
Through my coach's glass windows, mayhap I may
stare;
And ogle the skin-flint pedestrians that pass,
In brilliance a lustre, tho' lately flint-glass.
Fal la la, &c.

Paddy O'Blarney.

It's my country you'd know, I'm an Irishman born,
And they christen'd me Paddy O'Blarney,
In hay-making time I stept over one morn,
All the way from the Lakes of Kilarney;
Turn'd my hand to just whatever came in the way,
To be sure when the sun shin'd I did not make
hay.—

Well then, you know the wives and daughters of
the farmers wont,—well they wont—

Have plenty of cause to remember the day,
When first they saw Paddy O'Blarney.

'Then what does I do? the next calling I seeks,
Ah! the world for the Lakes of Kilarney,
I cries mackrel alive that were caught for six weeks,
Ah! let alone Paddy O'Blarney.

Then fresh-gather'd strawberries so sound and so
sweet,

With just half a dozen at top fit to eat—

'Ah! madam, you need not examine them, bless
your too good-looking eyes, they are full to the
bottom, paper and all.' "Well I'll trust to you—
I dare say you won't cheat me."

So I coaxes her up, and herself makes the cheat,
Ah! fait, let alone Paddy O'Blarney.

Next I turn'd to a chairman, and got a good job,
Ah! the world for the Lakes of Kilarney:

I harangu'd at a famous election the mob,

Ah! let alone Paddy O'Blarney.

Then to see how his honour and I did cajole,
He knock'd down his flats with words, and I mine
with my pole—

Then you know when they came to chair him, I
was no longer, you see, an odd man, for there was
a pair of chairmen.

And sure such a pair was ne'er seen by my soul,
As his honour and Paddy O'Blarney.

But this notion of greatness was none of the worst,
Ah! the world for the Lakes of Kilarney,
Having play'd second fiddle, I thought I'd play first,
Can't ye let alone Paddy O'Blarney:

So, swearing to plunder, and never to squeak,
I my qualification took out and turn'd greek—

Ah ! to be sure we did not make a pretty dove-
house of our Pharaoh Bank—Let me see, we pi-
gioned, aye and pluck'd them completely too—

Four tradesmen and six bankers clerks in one week,
Will you let alone Paddy O'Blarney.

A big man in all circles so gay and polite,
Ah ! the world for the Lakes of Kilarney,
I found one, who larnt grown up jolmen to write,
Just to finish gay Paddy O'Blarney.
I first larnt my name, 'till so fond of it grown ;
I'd don't say I'd better have let it alone—

But by my soul and conscience it had like to have
finished me in good earnest, for you see, I just
wrote—

Another jolman's signature 'stead of my own,
What a devil of a Paddy O'Blarney.

But since fate did not chuse for to noose me that day,
Ah ! the world for the Lakes of Kilarney,
With a Venus of ninety I next ran away,
What a fine dashing Paddy O'Blarney :
So marriage turn'd out the best noose of the two,
'The old soul's gone to heaven, I'm as rich as a Jew—

So that if any jolman has an occasion for a friend,
or a lady for a lover, or, in short, if any body should
wish to be disencumbered of the uneasiness of a wife,
or a daughter, or a purse, or any such kind and
civil sarvice, that can be performed—

By a gentleman at large that has nothing to do,
Let me recommend Paddy O'Blarney.

The Exciseman.

THE de'il cam fiddling thro' the town,
And danc'd awa wi' the Exciseman;
And ilka auld wife cry'd, ' Auld Mahoun,
' We wish you luck o' the prize, man.

' We'll mak our maut, and brew our drink,
' We'll dance and sing and rejoice man;
' And mony thanks to the muckle black de'il
' That danc'd awa wi' the Exciseman.

There's threesome reels, and foursome reels,
' There's hornpipes and strathspeys, man;
But the ae best dance e'er cam to our lan',
' Was the de'il's awa wi' the Exciseman.'
We'll mak our maut, &c.

Corporal Lump in his Glory.

PIPING hot from drill, of
 Knocking Bess about, Sir,
 Egad I've had my fill, of
 'Heads up! eyes right! toes out! Sir.'
 But, John Lump will never flinch,
 We're up to monsieurs tricks,
 And come when will the French,
 By gom! they'll get their licks.
 Tooral looral loo, &c.

I loves the fife and drum,
 Soldiering's my notion,
 Who knows what may come,
 Now I've got promotion?
 I'fegs! it came quite jump
 For I'd spent all my stivers,
 But now I'm Mr Lump!
 Hem! Corplar 'mong the Drivers.

And if to camp we trudge,
 Merrily I'll sing,
 No toil I'll ever grudge,
 'Tis all for England's King!
 At tail of waggon package,
 Cheerfully I'll stump,
 And as we're all allow'd our baggage,
 Ecod! I'll bring—Mrs Lump.

For boys of willing mind,
 I'll challenge all the nation,
 Stouter hearts to find,
 Then drivers in their station;
 To all but Britain's foes,
 We're honest, kind and civil,
 But shou'd Bony shew his nose,
 We'll Drive him to the Devil.
 Tooral looral loo, &c.

The Five Carlins.

THERE were five carlins in the south,
 They fell upon a scheme,
 To send a lad to Lon'on town
 To bring us tidings hame.

Not only bring us tidings hame,
 But do our errands there,
 And aiblins gowd and honour baith
 Might be that laddy's share.

There was Maggie by the Banks o' Nith,
 A dame wi' pride enough;
 And Marjorie o' the Money Loch,
 A carling auld and teugh.

And blinkin Bess o' Annandale,
 That dwells near Solway side,
 And whisky Jean that took her gill,
 In Galloway so wide.

And auld black Joan frae Creighton peel,
 O' gipsey kith and kin,
 Five wightier carlins werena found .
 The south kintra within.

To send a lad to Lon'on town,
 They met upon a day,
 And monie a knight and monie a laird
 That errand fain wad gae.

O' monie a knight and monie a laird
 This errand fain wad gae,
 But nae ane could their fancy please,
 O' ne'er a ane but twae.

The first ane was a belted knight,
 Bred o' a border band,
 An' he wad gae to Lon'on town,
 Might nae man him withstand.

And he wad do their errands weel,
 And meikle he wad say,
 And ilka ane at Lon'on court
 Wad bid to him guid day.

Then neist came in a sodger youth,
 And spak wi' modest grace,
 And he wad gae to Lon'on town,
 If sae their pleasure was.

He wadna hecht them courtly gift,
 Nor meikle speech pretend;
 But he wad hecht an honest heart
 Wad ne'er desert his friend.

Now, whom to choose and whom refuse,
 To strife thae carlins fell;

For some had gentle folk to please,
And some wad please themsel.

Then out spak mim-mou'd Meg o' Nith,
An' she spak out wi' pride,
An' she wad send the sodger youth
Whatever might betide.

For the auld guidman o' Lon'on court
She didna care a pin,
But she wad send the sodger youth
To greet his eldest son.

Then up sprang Bess o' Annandale,
A deadly aith she's taen,
That she wad vote the border knight,
Tho' she should vote her lane.

For far-off fowls hae feathers fair,
An' fools o' change are fain;
But I hae tried the border knight,
I'll try him yet again.

Says auld black Joan frae Creighton peel,
A carlin stout and grim,
The auld guidman or young guidman,
For me may sink or swim.

For fools may prat o' right and wrang,
While knaves laugh them to scorn;
But the sodger's friends hae blawn the best,
Sae he shall bear the horn.

Then whisky Jean spak o'er her drink,
Ye weel ken kimmers a',
The auld guidman o' Lon'on court,
His back's been at the wa'.

And monie a friend that kiss'd his caup,
 Is now a frammit wight;
 But it's ne'er sae wi' whisky Jean,
 We'll send the border knight.

Then slow raise Marjorie o' the Lochs,
 And wrinkled was her brow;
 Her ancient weed was russet gray,
 Her auld Scots heart was true.

There's some great folks set light by me,
 I set as light by them;
 But I will send to Lon'on town
 Wha I loe best at hame.

So how this weighty plea will end,
 Nae mortal wight can tell;
 G-d grant the King and ilka man
 May look weel to himsel.

The Drunken Sexton.

MAT Madge, the sexton of our town,
 Though oft a little heady,
 The drink not so his wits could drown,
 But some excuse was ready.
 Mat said, the parson lov'd a sup,
 And, eke, also the clerk;
 And then it kept his spirits up,
 'Mongst spirits in the dark.

Swore 'twas his predecessor's fault,
 A cursed drunken fellow,
 The very bells to ring he taught,
 As if they all were mellow :
 Hark ! hark ! cried he, in tipsy peel,
 Like roaring toppers as they reel ;
 Hark ! what a drunken pother :
 Another cup and then,
 Another cup and then,
 What then ?—another.

For good news, Mat got drunk for joy,
 If he could beg or borrow ;
 Did any thing his mind annoy,
 He drank to drown his sorrow :
 Thus he'd rejoice or he'd condole,
 Cried Mat, be't joy or grief ;
 As the song says, the flowing bowl
 Still gives the mind relief.
 'Twas all my predecessor's fault, &c.

Were peace the theme and all its charms,
 Mat fill'd the sparkling noggin ;
 If war, he drank, May British arms
 Still give the foe a flogging ;
 The parson once took Mat to task,
 Bid him beware the bowl ;
 Your pardon I must humbly ask,
 Cried he, but 'pon my soul,
 'Twas all my predecessor's fault, &c.

And then no liquor came amiss,
 Whenever he could forage ;
 That gave him spirits,—wisdom this,
 And t'other gave him courage.

Thus was he merry and jocose,
 If fortune smil'd or frown'd,
 And when he'd fairly got his doze,
 And all the things turn'd round,
 Swore 'twas his predecessor's fault, &c.

Hey for a Lass wi' a Tocher.

AWA wi' your witchcraft o' beauty's alarms,
 The slender bit beauty you grasp in your arms :
 O, gie me the lass that has acres o' charms,
 O, gie me the lass wi' the weel-stockit farms.
 Then hey, for a lass wi' a tocher ;
 Then hey, for a lass wi' a tocher,
 Then hey, for a lass wi' a tocher ;
 The nice yellow guineas for me.

Your beauty's a flower, in the morning that blows,
 And withers the faster, the faster it grows ;
 But the rapturous charm o' the bonny green knowes,
 Ilk spring they're new deckit wi' bonny white ewes.
 Then hey, &c.

And e'en when this beauty your beauty has blest,
 The brightest o' beauty may cloy when possess ;
 But the sweet yellow darlings, wi' Geordie imprest,
 The langer ye hae them—the mair they're carest.
 Then hey, &c.

The Battle of Sherra-Muir.

O CAM ye here the fight to shun,
Or herd the sheep wi' me, man,
Or were ye at the Sherra-muir,
Or did the battle see, man.
I saw the battle sair and tough,
And reekin red ran mony a sheugh,
My heart for fear gae sough for sough,
To hear the thuds, and see the cluds
O' clans frae woods, in tartan duds,
Wha glaum'd at kingdoms three, man.

The red-coat lads, wi' black cockauds,
To meet them were na slaw, man;
They rush'd, and push'd, and blude out gush'd,
And mony a bouk did fa', man :
The great Argyle led on his files,
I wat they glanc'd for twenty miles,
They hough'd the clans like nine-pin kyles,
They hack'd and hash'd, while braid-swords clash'd,
And thro' they dash'd, and hew'd and smash'd,
Till fey men di'd awa, man.

But had ye seen the philibegs,
And skyrin tartan trews, man,
When in the teeth they dar'd our whigs,
And covenant true-blues, man ;
In lines extended lang and large,
When bayonets oppos'd the targe,

And thousands hasten'd to the charge;
 Wi' Highland wrath they frae the sheath
 Drew blades o' death, till out o' breath
 They fled like frightened dows, man.

O how diel, Tam, can that be true?
 The chace gaed frae the north, man;
 I saw mysel, they did pursue
 The horsemen back to Forth, man:
 And at Dunblane, in my ain sight,
 They took the brig wi' a' their might,
 And straught to Stirling wing'd their flight,
 But, cursed lot! the gates were shut,
 And mony a huntit, poor red-coat
 For fear amaist did swarf, man.

My sister Kate cam up the gate
 Wi' crowdie unto me, man;
 She swore she saw some rebels run
 To Perth and to Dundee, man:
 Their left-hand general had nae skill;
 The Angus lads had nae gude will,
 That day their neebour's blood to spill;
 For fear by foes, that they should lose
 Their cogs o' brose, they scar'd at blows,
 And hameward fast did flee, man.

They've lost some gallant gentlemen
 Among the Highland clans, man;
 I fear my lord Panmuir is slain,
 Or in his en'mies hands, man:
 Now wad ye sing this double flight,
 Some fell for wrang, and some for right,
 And mony bade the world gudenight;
 Sae pell and mell, wi' muskets knell,
 How tories fell, and Whigs to h-ll
 Flew off in frightened bands, man.

The Four Saints.

O WHITE are the cliffs which fair Albion enclose,
 Bonny St George and the Dragon, O!
 Thy bosom the ocean from which she arose,
 Bonny St George and the Dragon, O!
 St George was the hero of all the brave knights
 She chose as the champion and guard of her rights;
 He invented life's balsam and golden elixir,
 And conquer'd a dragon as fierce as old Nick, Sir.
 From forestallers, that means, he gave Albion relief;
 First brew'd good October, and roasted fat beef.
 O bonny St George and the Dragon, O!
 O bonny St George and the Dragon, O!
 O bonny St George and the Dragon, O!

O sweetly the harpers of Cambria play,
 Arr Hydd ý nos;
 And Taff, look you, tances on Tavid's good day,
 Arr Hydd ý nos.
 Taff's plood it is noble, and ancient hur race,
 And hur pedigree plain as the nose on hur face,
 And hur pedigree, &c.
 Arr Hydd ý nos.
 And St Tavid he taught hur, 'mong other good ha-
 bits,
 To make love, and leek porridge, and cheese, and
 Welch rabbits,

To be prave, and at serving her friend not to wince,
To love hur good king, and to honour hur prince.

A leek in hur hat wore St Tavid, O!

A leek in hur hat wore St Tavid, O!

A leek in hur hat wore St Tavid, O!

O canty and braw are fam'd Scotia's lads,

Hey for the cross of St Andrew, O!

Wi' their bonnets, their trews, and their braw tar-
tan plaids,

Hey for the cross of St Andrew, O!

St Andrew, gude troth, was a fine learn'd chie!',

Then he'd lilt, play the pipes, and would dance a
gude reel;

Wi' his muckle ferrara he gart the foe wheel,

Sing hey for the cross of St Andrew, O!

Wi' his muckle ferrara he gart the foe whistle,

And kept them in awe o' the national thistle.

His precepts to follow, nae Scotsman would lag,

"Ecce signum," proud Gallia's invincible flag.

Hey for the cross of St Andrew, O!

Hey for the cross of St Andrew, O!

Hey for the cross of St Andrew, O!

O green are the fields Erin chose for her part, Sir,

Erin ma vourneen, says Paddy, O!

And green is the shamrock so dear to her heart, Sir,

Erin ma vourneen, says Paddy, O!

St Patrick's the child of her own dearest hopes, Sir,

And bulls he invented, but not like the pope's, Sir,

And green is the shamrock on which her heart doats,
Sir,

Erin ma vourneen, says Paddy, O!

O he lov'd pretty girls, and rich wines, and good
dinners,

And the saints that do not, must be surely great
sinners:

Then for fighting, aragh ! he was born thro' a charm,
With a twig of shellaly tuck'd under his arm.

Erin ma vourneen says Paddy, O !

Erin ma vourneen, says Paddy, O !

Erin ma vourneen, says Paddy, O !

English, Welch, Scotch, and Irish, join hands, and
all sing,

Like the bundle of sticks in the fable, O !

May the Shamrock, the Cross, and the Leek, and
the Rose,

And our four saints for emblems that each of them
chose,

Flourish happy and long, live like sister and brother,
" Since both all the four have now married each
other ! "

Our foes find their match when each singly they take,
But our union's a firm all the world cannot break,

Like the bundle of sticks in the fable, O !

Gude'en to you Kimmer.

Gude'en to you kimmer,

And how do ye do ?

Hiccup, quo' kimmer,

The better that I'm fou.

We're a' noddin,

Nid nid noddin,

We're a' noddin,

At our house at hame.

Kate sits i' the neuk,
 Suppin hen broo;
 Deil tak Kate
 And she be na noddin too!
 We're a' noddin, &c.

How's a' wi' you, kimmer,
 And how do ye fare?
 A pint o' the best o't,
 And twa pints mair.
 We're a' noddin, &c.

How's a' wi' you, kimmer,
 And how do ye thrive?
 How mony bairns hae ye?
 Quo' kimmer, I hae five.
 We're a' noddin, &c.

Are they a' Johnny's?
 Eh! atweel na!
 Twa o' them were gotten
 When Johnny was awa.
 We're a noddin, &c.

Cats like milk,
 And dogs like broo,
 Lads like lasses weel,
 And lasses lads too,
 We're a noddin, &c.

The Barber's Shop.

'Twas Saturday night, six went the clock,
 Spruce was the Barber's shop;
 Wigs decorated ev'ry block,
 From scratch to Tyburn top.
 Mambrino's helmet scow'r'd so bright,
 Smil'd to receive the suds,
 And labourers flock'd to shave o'er night,
 To grace their Sunday's duds.

Spoken.] And there was Smash, the glazier; and
 Sink, the plumber; and Light, the tallow-chandler;
 and Blow, the bellows-maker; and Thrush,
 the farmer; and Blind, the upholsterer; and Bo-
 ther, the lawyer; and Bury, the undertaker; and
 Smother, the dustman; and those labourers of
 different descriptions,

Who, on Saturday night,
 To get decent in plight,
 Get shav'd fit for church on the Sunday:
 Of their transgressions sore,
 To pay off the week's score,
 The better to sin on a Monday.

First come first serv'd; neighbour Eelskin, sit,
 You're summon'd to the chair.
 The customers thicken, while round goes the wit,
 Above board all, and fair.

Well, Joe, and how do the world wag?
 How's wife? and cats and dogs?
 Homely, I thank thee, Master Spragg,
 That's well, and how goes hogs?

Spoken.] I say, lawyer, the tonsor here is a keen hand at a razor; he'll shave you as close as you shave your clients, ha, ha, ha; and then he gives one such a twist you see; though nobody affront un, he always takes one by the nose, ha, ha, ha; yes, but the worst on't be, that he sometimes shavesee and bleedsee for the same money, ha, ha, ha. Yaw! yaw! zounds, you have killed me! Killed you! killed you! I almost cut my thumb off through your lantern jaw. Look, look, the butcher do bleed like a pig, ha, ha, ha.

Thus the laugh grows loud,
 'Mongst the village crowd,
 Who get shav'd fit for church on Sunday;
 Of their transgressions sore,
 To pay off the week's score,
 The better to sin on a Monday.

Now nothing escapes, the taxmen they rate,
 They roast and baste the cook,
 The butcher cut up, the fisherman bait,
 And the schoolmaster bring to book.

And many a random point they hit
 To give their sallies birth,
 And make up what they want in wit,
 By noise and vacant mirth.

Spoken.] And how diddy come on about the election? Why, we brought in the square. A little bribery, I suppose, hey? Oh, no, no, no bribery

at all ; I'll tell you how it were : the squire says to I, and about seventeen more neighbours, I'll bet ev'ry one of you fifty guineas that I be'nt returned for your borough ; so we said done ; so when we come to consider what a foolish job we had made on't, icod we were obligated to bring un in, for fear of losing our money ; ha, ha, ha, don'tee zee, don'tee zee, ha, ha, ha.

Thus the laugh goes round,
 'Mongst the village crowd,
 Who get shav'd fit for church on Sunday ;
 Of their transgressions sore,
 To pay off the week's score,
 The better to sin on a Monday.

Kellyburnbraes.

THERE lived a carl in Kellyburnbraes,
 Hey and the rue grows bonny wi' thyme ;
 And he had a wife was the plague o' his days,
 And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

Ae day as the carl gaed up the lang glen,
 Hey, &c.
 He met wi' the d.v-l, says, how do ye fen ?
 And, &c.

I've got a bad wife, Sir, that's a' my complaint,
 Hey, &c.
 For, saving your presence, to her ye're a saint,
 And, &c.

It's neither your stot nor your staig I shall crave,
 Hey, &c.
 But gie me your wife, man, for her I must have,
 And, &c.

O, welcome most kindly ! the blithe carl said ;
 Hey, &c.
 But if ye can match her—ye're waur than ye're ca'd,
 And, &c.

The d-v-l has got the auld wife on his back,
 Hey, &c.
 And like a poor pedlar he's carried his pack,
 And, &c.

He's carried her hame to his ain hallan-door,
 Hey, &c.
 Syne bade her gae in for a b— and a wh—,
 And, &c.

Then straight he makes fifty, the pick o' his band,
 Hey, &c.
 Turn out on her guard in the clap of a hand,
 And, &c.

The carlin gaed thro' them like ony wud bear,
 Hey, &c.
 Whae'er she gat hands on cam near her nae mair,
 And, &c.

A reekit wee devil looks over the wa,
 Hey, &c.

O help, Master, help ! or she'll ruin us a' !
And, &c.

The devil he swore by the edge o' his knife,
Hey, &c.
He pitied the man that was tied to a wife,
And, &c.

The devil he swore by the kirk and the bell,
Hey, &c.
He was not in wedlock, thank Heaven, but in h—,
And, &c.

Then Satan has travell'd again wi' his pack,
Hey, &c.
And to her auld husband he's carried her back,
And, &c.

I hae been a devil the feck o' my life,
Hey, &c.
But ne'er was in h-ll till I met wi' a wife,
And, &c.

And sae will we yet.

SIT ye down here, my cronies, and gie me your
crack ;
Let the win' tak' the care o' this life on its back,
Our hearts to despondency we ne'er will submit,
For we've ay been provided for, and sae will we
yet.

And sae will we yet, &c.

Let the miser delight in the hoarding of pelf,
 Since he has not the saul to enjoy it himself:
 Since the bounty of Providence is new ev'ry day,
 As we journey thro' life, let us live by the way.
 Let us live by the way, &c.

Then bring us a tankard of nappy good ale,
 For to comfort our hearts, and enliven the tale;
 We'll ay be the merrier the longer we sit,
 For we've drank thegither mony a time, and sae
 will we yet.
 And sae will we yet, &c.

Success to the farmer, and prosper his plough,
 Rewarding his eident toils a' the year through;
 Our seed-time and harvest we ever will get,
 For we've lippen'd ay to Providence, and sae will
 we yet.
 And sae will we yet, &c.

Long live the King, and happy may he be,
 And success to his forces by land and by sea;
 His en'mies to triumph we ne'er will permit,
 Britons have ay been victorious, and sae will they
 yet.
 And sae will they yet, &c.

Let the glass keep its course and go merrily round,
 For the sun has to rise, tho' the moon it goes down,
 Till the house be rinnin round about, tis time enough
 to flit,
 When we fell we ay got up again, and sae will
 we yet.
 And sae will we yet, &c.

Robin shure in Hairst.

ROBIN shure in hairst,
I shure wi' him,
Fient a heuk had I,
Yet I stack by him.
I gaed up to Dunse,
To warp a wab o' plaiden,
At his daddie's yett,
Wha met me but Robin.

Was na Robin bauld,
Tho' I was a cotter,
Play'd me sic a trick
And me the eller's dochter?
Robin shure, &c.

Robin promis'd me
A' my winter vittle;
Fient haet he had but three
Goose feathers and a whittle.
Robin shure, &c.

The Knife-Grinder.

THERE are grinders enough, Sirs, of ev'ry degree,
From jewel-deck'd great to low poverty ;
Whatever the station, it sharpens the sense,
And the wheel it goes round to wind in the pence.
Master grinders enough at the helm you may find,
Tho' I'm but a journeyman—Knives to grind.

Whatever the statesman may think of himself,
He turns fortune's wheel in pursuit of the pelf ;
He grinds back and edge, Sirs, his ends to obtain,
And his country may starve, so he pockets the gain.
Master grinders, &c.

The rich grind the poor, is a saying of old ;
'The merchant, the tradesman, we need not be told ;
Whether Pagan, Mahometan, Christian you be,
There are grinders of all sorts, of ev'ry degree.
Master grinders, &c.

The patriot, with zeal animated, declares
The curtain he'll draw, and display the state-play'rs ;
He is a staunch grinder to some, 'tis well known,
And they're mightily gall'd by the grit of his stone.
Master grinders, &c.

I too am a grinder ; what, what, Sirs, of that ?
 I am but in taste, since I copy the great :
 To be, Sirs, ingenuous, I'll tell you my mind ;
 'Tis for what I can get, makes me willing to grind.
 Master grinders, &c.

The Merry Waiter.

At the very best of houses, where the best of people dine,
 And the very best of eatables they cater,
 Give the very best of spirits, and decant the best of wine,
 I attend as a very merry waiter.
 Then a table-cloth can spread, neat decant my white and red,
 Manage matters with a charm, and with napkin under arm,
 Can a skinflint, or jolly fellow tell whether they'll come down,
 Gold, a tissey, or a crown, so treat 'em as I find 'em ill or well.

And when noisy, roaring, drumming, tingling, ringing, I cries, coming, coming, coming, coming, coming, coming, coming, coming; going in, madam, coming up, Sir ; damn the bells, they're all ringing at once.

In their very merry meetings, why I always likes to share,
 Whole bottles sometimes broke, why then, I snack it ;

In that I'm quite at home, so it travels you know
where,

Sally chambermaid and I slily crack it.

She a little fortune's made, just by warming a bed,
So I think it not amiss, now and then to snatch
a kiss,

For you know I love Sally very well ;

So hob nobbing as we chat, looking loving, and
all that,

In our ears they're ever ringing such a peel :

Misses, maids, all bawling, drumming,
Tingling, gingling, I cries coming, &c.

John, devil some biscuits, and take 'em up to the
Angel.—Tom, you take care of No 21, shall
take care of No 1 myself.

A snipe there once was order'd, such an article
we'd not,

Yet to disappoint a customer unwilling ;

A plover was serv'd up, the gemman swore no bill
t' had got ;

Says I, swallow it, I'll soon bring the bill in.

Thus I jokes and gaily talks, while poor master
jokes with chalks,

And jingling glasses drink, while I jingle in the
chink,

Cod ! he breaks, and I buy in, who can tell ;

Sally Missus then is made, up to ev'ry servant's
trade,

We are certain sure, your honours, to do well ;

Brisk and busy, no hum-drumming,

Tingling, jingling, I cries coming, &c.

James, take care of No 4. and see that Sam Cellar-
man sends up prick'd bottles ; they're a shabby

set, and we may never see them again. Mrs Napkin, shew my Lord the Star and Garter, and lawyer Lattitat to the Devil. He's going there himself, Sir; he knows the way very well.

The Grand Armada.

BRAVE Betty was a maiden queen,
 Bold and clever, bold and clever;
 King Philip then, a Spaniard keen,
 To court her did endeavour.
 Queen Bess she frown'd and strok'd her ruff,
 And gave the mighty Don a huff,
 For which he swore her ears he'd cuff,
 All with his grand Armada.
 Tol lol de rol, de rol de rol,
 All with his grand Armada.

Says royal Bess—I'll vengeance take,
 Blessings on her, blessings on her;
 But first, I'll eat a nice beef-steak,
 All with my maids of honour.
 Then to her admirals she went,
 Drake, Effingham, and Howard, sent,
 That soon dish'd Philip's armament,
 And bang'd his great Armada.
 Tol lol de rol, &c.

Like lightning rocks the French will fly,
 To us over, to us over;

And Bonaparte cries—Let us try
 To build a bridge to Dover.
 Balloons amongst the clouds may roll,
 And cross their bridge to take the toll,
 Our Trollope stands a fighting soul,
 My jewels—all Armada.
 Tol lol de rol, &c.

Then bless the King, and bless the Queen,
 Royal branch too, royal branch too,
 Let foes come on, it shall be seen,
 We're loyal, and we're staunch too.
 Or should Dutch, French, or Spaniard prate,
 Our Howe, our Vincent, Duncan great,
 Will sweetly knock about their pate,
 Just like the fine Armada.
 Tol lol de rol, &c.

The History of the War.

'Twas all how and about and concerning the war,
 And the glory of Britain's bold navy;
 And all our fine brushes, and what 'twas all for,
 That the whistle of fame has sung out sea and
 shore,
 For when British bull-dogs begin for to roar,
 The prettiest shall soon cry peccavi.

For the war, how it happened, and what 'twas a bout,

That's nothing to we, tars must do as they're bid ;
So, all I can tell you, the war once broke out,

They told us to lick 'em, and lick 'em we did.
As for order and such, you don't get that from me,
I shall just as they come speak of actions that's
past,

So they do us but honour as lords of the sea,
It don't matter a damn, which came first or which
last :

Spoken.] Why now, there was Howe and the glorious first of June : then there was Jarvis, when he beat the Spaniards fifteen to twenty-seven ; Duncan, with his hard blows with the Dutch ; Nelson and the Nile : but, lud, 'tis nonsense to tell you about they grand affairs. For our great grand children will read about it, you know, in almanacs and things, just as people read of the hard frost and fire in London. It is the neat little brushes, that I intends to talk to you about. There was Pellew and the Hampin, don't you remember ? pegging away at that seventy-four, just for all the world like two school-boys licking a great hulking fellow ; then there was Fawkener, who would not have died like Fawkener ? and then there was Cooke, in the East Indies, he fell nobly too : damme, if I would not as soon be Cooke as Fawkener. But avast, avast, there was another brave fellow ; indeed there was plenty of brave fellows, if that was all, but I mean Hood, in the *Mais*, just saw the *Hercules* strike, and died. Hollo, zounds I shall be swabbing my bows, if I go on at this rate ; stay, what was there else ? oh, there was the brush with the *La Pomone* ; and then you know, Sir Sidney, he

did some neat things; and then there was Trollope, in the Glatton; and there was, you know there was, damme if I know what there was, but

As for me, I en't learn'd, for I can't read or write,
But, what's reading or writing, or any such arts?
To find their due praise for their country that fight,
We must read from our memories what's writ
in our hearts.

Not that heroes e'er brag, or for flattery sue,
True bravery was never yet known to be vain:
And the thanks and the honours so nobly their due,
By deeds, not by words, gallant Britons obtain.

Spoken.] Why, what could be so glorious, you know, as Pellew, when he took the Cleopatra, boarded her and struck her colours? then there was Saumarez, off Cherbourg, took the Reunion, killed and wounded a hundred and twenty, without the loss of a British seaman. Both knighted and barrow knighted, that's right; some sense to fight for a country like this. In short, we worked them, we took Neptune, and Fortune, and Victory; but for the matter of that, we had all this on our side before. Then we took Liberty, that was just bringing coals to Newcastle, you know; Glory, ditto repeated; after that, we took Immortality, but they did not care much about that; and then at last, we took their Constitution. That was nonsense, we had a good Constitution of our own. Then we took Resistance, and Freedom, and Fame, and Concord; damme, we took almost every thing from them but parlavær, and that they are welcome to. Well then, we took all the Saints from the Spaniards; and then we

took from the Dutch, I don't know what the devil we took from the Dutch, with their cursed hard names.

As for me, &c.

The blithsome Bridal.

COME, fy, let us a' to the wedding,
 For there will be lirting there,
 For Jock's to be married to Maggie,
 The lass wi' the gowden hair.
 And there will be lang-kail and castocks,
 And bannocks o' barley meal,
 And there will be a good saut herring,
 To relish a cog o' good ale.

And there will be Sandy the souter,
 And Will wi' the meikle mou,
 And there will be Tam the blutter,
 With Andrew the tinkler 1 trow ;
 And there will be bow'd-legged Robie,
 With thumbless Katie's goodman,
 And there will be blue-cheeked Dobie,
 And Lawrie the laird of the land.

And there will be sow-libber Patie,
 And plucky fac'd Wat i' the mill,
 Capper-nos'd Francie, and Gibbie,
 That wins in the how o' the hill.

And there will be Alaster Sibby,
 Wha in wi' black Bessie did moo!,
 With snivelling Lilly, and Tibby,
 The lass that stands aft on the stool:

And Madge that was buckl'd to Steenie,
 And coft him gray breeks to his a—,
 Wha after was hangit for stealing,
 Great mercy it happen'd nae warse.
 And there will be gleeed Geordy Janners,
 And Kirsh wi' the lily-white leg,
 Wha gade to the south for manners,
 And play'd the fool in Mons-meg.

And there will be Judan Maclawrie,
 And blinkin daft Barbara Macleg,
 Wi' flea-lugged sharney-fac'd Lawrie,
 And shangy-mou'd halucket Meg.
 And there will be happer-a— Nancie,
 And fairy-fac'd Flowrie by name,
 Muck Madie, and fat-hippit Girsy,
 The lass wi' the gowden wame.

And there will be Girn-again Gibby,
 With his glaikit wife Jeany Bell,
 And miss'd-shinn'd Mungo Macapie,
 The lad that was skipper himsel.
 There lads and lasses in pearlins,
 Will feast in the heart of the ha',
 On sybows, and rifarts, and carlings,
 That are baith sodden and raw.

And there will be fadges and brachan,
 With fouth o' good gabbocks o' skate,
 Powsowdie, and drammock, and crowdie,
 And caller nowt-feet in a plate.

And there will be partans and buckies,
 And whitens and speldings enew,
 With singit sheep-heads and a haggis,
 And scadlips to sup till you spew.

And there will be lapper'd-milk kebbucks,
 And sowens, and farles, and baps,
 With swats and weel-scraped paunches,
 And brandy in stoups and in caps.
 And there will be meal-kail, and porrage,
 With skink to sup till ye rive,
 And roasts to roast on a brander,
 Of fleuks that were taken alive.

Scrap't haddocks, wilks, dulse, and tangle,
 And a mill of good snishing to prie,
 When weary wi' eating and drinking,
 We'll rise up and dance till we die.
 Then fy let us a' to the bridal,
 For there will be lilting there,
 For Jock's to be married to Maggie,
 The lass wi' the gowden hair.

The Old Clothes Man.

SHOES, hats, and old clothes, hare skin, rabbit skin,
 Come my pretty maids, old clothes, old clothes,
 About the squares,
 I cry my vares,

When to open the findow the maid begin,
 So den I vait,
 At de airy gate,
 And coax um and chuck 'em under the chin.

Spoken.] Vat you got for me diss time, mine dear?
 Ah, vat is tiss? Ah, tiss is de coat, de plack coat,
 de plack coat is ferry koot coat; but, ven he ket
 shabby, he ket ferry shabby. Beside, nobody
 veer de black coat but de parson, and de master
 parson pye de new coat, and de churneyman par-
 son can't afford to pye any coat at all. I kiff you
 tree shilling for te plack coat. Nonsense, ket
 away, I vant to talk to diss laty bout the chishen
 stuff: vel, vel, I kiff you fife, but den you mosse
 kiff me dat shoe, dat handkerchief, dat stocking.
 Ah, dat is for pretty girl, good morning my lofe,
 I fish you great luck vid de kishen stofe.

So I trick all de flat again and again,
 Till by dat time I come to Rosemary-lane,
 Like a snow-ball, still bigger and bigger I crows,
 While loudly I cry, shoes, hats, and old clothes,
 So I tink no sin
 To take 'em in;
 Shoe, stocking, every ting make my own,
 As I trick de flat,
 One, two, three hat.
 I look like the pope with my triple-crown.

Spoken.] Ah Monsieur le Valet! vat you got tiss
 morning? Ah, vat is de breeches, de small clothes,
 de inexpressible? Ah, tis te preeches, de fine
 dashing fellow stare de laty de face, knock down
 de fatchman, get his nose pull a little, some time,
 ferry bad stain in the front; ah, nothing coot put
 de pocket; ferry coot pocket, coot as new. Never

ket no money to put in um, and so never fare um ote. Stay let me look de faiscoat. Var it tiss? oh, it is de tayler bill; damme so long my arm; tiss is te fay: te young chentleman alfay sell his clothes afore he pay for um. Vel, I give you tree sixpence. Oh, Moses, you must stand my friend, I fant a guinea. A kinny! yes, I got my master fatch, I take to te fatch-maker, I kif you for little pawn, I kot un appointment tiss evening; tam fine girl, Moses. Fell, fell, I take de fatch. Dam fool; vortey, fifty pone, I ket all his kuts out before he come home again; but, pon my soul you ferry great rogue, pawn your master fatch! you must not keep company with man my character.

So I tricks all de flats again, and again,
Till, by dat time I kets to Rosemary-lane,
Like a snow-ball still bigger and bigger I crows,
As loudly I cries, shoes, hats, and old clothes.

For de last ting of all,

On the dasher I call,

Dat tak genteel airing on the highway,

He take in a fright,

I soon set him right,

So of de business secretly we talk afay.

Spoken.] Fell, you kot goot booty? Oh fine booty. Ah vat is tiss? Ah, fill you have a sup, Moses? I rop an old maid. I ax her for te vatch, she kif me te pocket pistol; tam good brandy, Moses, haf a sup? Ah, an is tiss all? All? Oh no, I make mistake, and ko into nudder chentilman hose stid my own; make free with a few spoon, waiter, candlestick, all tiss is ferry coot; te silvers he fill melt done, make into ferry fine vite soup. Vat you ax for altogetther; Fife kinny, Moses, Fife kinny! I kiff dirty shilling. Tam your dir-

ty shilling, I font have it. Ferry fell, ferry fell,
 stay, be sone fone ote; ket hang. Oh te tam
 shew dog, he fill peach. Vat you say dare, I say,
 Moses? I belief you mose have it, tam shoe vil-
 lain. Ah, dat is right, go on and prosper.

So I tricks all de flats, again and again,
 Till by dat time I kets to Rosemary-lane,
 Like a snow-ball still bigger and bigger I crows,
 As loudly I cries, shoes, hats, and old clothes.

Fun at Sea.

WHEN at sea, we slave both far and near,
 Flip, beer, and brandy, our spirits cheer;
 And the toast goes round to Poll, Peg, or Sue,
 And on deck we dance like a merry crew!

Fal de ral, &c.

When old Sam, he jaws of sprites and ghosts,
 And Tom, he of strength and wenches boasts,
 And the master brags what knots he can sail,
 A cracker Dick claps to the chaplain's tail!

Fal de ral, &c.

When poor Jack with grog is running o'er,
 And tells them a tale oft told before;

By a sly slipt noose the story is marr'd,
 And away goes Jack up to the top-sail yard !
 Fal de ral, &c.

Gig and fun, boys, is our life at sea,
 When storms blow o'er, we from tempests free ;
 Drink, dance, and sing, and again tempt the main,
 In hopes to sing, dance, and drink once again !
 Fal de ral, &c.

Song in the Travellers.

As the snow-drop, fair was my lovely maid,
 Her hair just like the curling endive play'd ;
 Oh, her fragrant breath sweet as jessamin,
 And her pearly teeth like the kidney-bean !
 Oh, dear, oh !

Her teeth were like the kidney-bean !

Her bright sparkling eyes like daisies in bloom,
 And her panting breast like the white mushroom ;
 Her shape like a poplar, straight as a fir,
 But her heart was cold as a cucumber.

Oh, dear, oh !

Her heart was as cold as a cucumber !

Lizy Liberty.

THERE lives a Lassie on the brae
 O! but she is a bonny-creature ;
 They ca' her Lizy Liberty,
 And mony ane's wooing at her.
 Wooing at her, fain wad hae her,
 Courting at, but canna get her,
 Bonny Lizy Liberty,
 There's o'er mony wooing at her.

Her mither wears a plettit mutch,
 Her father is an honest dyker ;
 An' she hersell's a thumping dame,
 Ye winna shaw me mony like her.
 Wooing at her, &c.

A pleasant lass she's kent to be,
 Wi' fouth of sense and smeddum in her,
 There's no a swanky far or near,
 But tries wi' a' his might to win her.
 Wooing at her, &c.

But sweet and pleasant as she is,
 She winna thole the marriage tether ;
 But likes to rant and rove about,
 Like highlan' cout among the heather.
 Wooing at her, &c.

It's seven years and something mair
 Sin' Matthew Dutch made courtship till her ;
 A merchant bluff ayont the burn,
 Wi' heaps o' breeks and bags o' siller.
 Wooing at her, &c.

The next to him was Baltic John,
 Stept up the brae and keekit at her,
 Syne turn'd as great a fool's he came,
 And in a day or twa forgat her.
 Wooing at her, &c.

Now Laurie French has ta'en the whim,
 To toss his airs, and frisk about her,
 And Malcolm Fleeming puffs an' swears
 He disna value life without her.
 Wooing at her, &c.

They've casten out wi' a' their kin,
 Thinking that wad gar them get her,
 Yet after a' the fash they've ta'en,
 They maybe winna be the better.
 Wooing at her, &c.

But Donald Scot's the happy lad,
 Wha seems to be the coshest wi' her ;
 He never fails to get a kiss,
 As often as he likes to see her.
 Wooing at her, &c.

Ye're weel and watsnae, as we say,
 In getting leave to dwell beside her ;
 And gin ye had her mair your ain,
 Ye'd maybe find it waur to guide her.
 Wooing at her, &c.

Ah! Laurie, ye've debauch'd the lass
 Wi' vile new-fangl'd tricks ye've play'd her;
 Deprav'd her morals, like an ass,
 Ye've courted her, an' syne betray'd her;
 Wi' hanging of her, burning of her,
 Cutting, hacking, flashing at her,
 And bonny Lizy Liberty
 May ban the day ye ettl'd at her.

O dear, Ladies I have plenty.

O DEAR, ladies I have plenty, Sir,
 Dear, dear, from fifteen to twenty, Sir,
 O dear, ladies I have plenty, Sir,
 I am the lad for the fair.
 O dear, &c.

I've a beautiful nymph with her nose rather hook'd,
 Sir,
 A tongue like a bell, and her back rather crook'd,
 Sir,
 A little awry, but a pretty form'd creature,
 Tho' just turn'd to twenty I swear.
 O dear, &c.

O dear, I have another, Sir,
 Dear, dear, the child of her mother, Sir,
 Tho' blind of one eye she can see with the other, Sir,
 Ne'er was the like I declare.
 O dear, &c.

O dear, I have a maiden, Sir,
 Dear, dear, a beautiful maiden, Sir,
 O dear, ne'er was a maiden, Sir,
 Half so engaging and fair.
 O dear, &c.

Then who can match her for romping and spinning,
 Make a bed, scour the stairs, and make up your
 fine linen :
 'Turn her hands unto all work, and make a plumb
 pudding,
 And came from the Devil knows where.
 O dear, &c.

Her lily white cheeks shame the lily and rose, Sir,
 Her two sparkling eyes are as black as the sloe, Sir,
 With her red coral lips, cry aye come and kiss me,
 And tie up my bonny brown hair.
 O dear, &c.

Epilogue Song to John Bull.

SINCE Epilogue speaking to me is quite new,
 Pray allow me the help of a fiddle or two ;
 I'm as strange to this job as the man in the moon,
 But I think if I sing, I shall speak to some tune.
 Fal, lal, lal, la, &c.

Now touching this comedy, critics may say,
 'Tis a trumpery, Bartlemy-fair kind of play :
 It smells, faith, of Smithfield, we all must allow,
 For 'tis about Bull, and the scene's a Red Cow.

Yet not without moral the author indites,
 For he points to the blessings of Englishmen's rights ;
 Let a duke wrong a brazier, the barristers all
 Know that brass can do wonders at Westminster Hall.

But was ever a tale so improbable told,
 As Peregrine swimming with huge bags of gold ?
 Should a man who sinks cash with his cash wish to
 swim,
 For a pound to a shilling his cash will sink him.

Let us find some excuse for this strange oversight,
 Let's suppose that his guineas were most of 'em light ;
 Nay the guineas for grappling the shore he must
 thank,
 'Tis amazing of late how they stick in the Bank.

Now in art, if not nature, Tom Shuffleton's found ;
 He's one of those puppies who better were drown'd,
 Of the worst Bond-street litter, such whelps none
 admire,
 Chuck 'em all in the Thames they won't set it on fire.

Now I've touch'd on the principal parts of the play,
 Shall it run a few nights, or to night run away ?
 Your votes, friends and critics, we now rest upon ;
 The ayes have it, I think—though it mayn't be *nem*
 con.

Oh ! Mr Dennis Bulgruddery lives with his dear,
 They're in style, and agree just like thunder and
 beer ;

An Irishman's blunders are pretty well hack'd,
But how charmingly, sure, Mister Noble did act !

Then success to John Bull, let his toast be his pride,
Bless the king of John Bull, and John Bull's fire-side ;
At John Bull's fire side should a foe dare to frown,
May John ne'er want a poker to knock the foe down.

The Turnimspike.

HERSELL be Highland shentleman,
Be auld as Pothwel prig, man ;
And mony alterations seen /
Amang te Lawland whig, man.
Fal lal lal, &c.

First when her to the Lawlands came,
Nainsell was driving cows, man :
There was nae laws about him's n—,
About the preeks or trews, man.

Nainsell did wear the philibeg,
The plaid prickt on her shoulder ;
The guid claymore hung pe her pelt,
The pistol sharg'd wi' powder.

But for whereas these cursed preeks,
Wherewith her n— be lockit,

O hon ! that e'er she saw the day !
 For a' her houghs be prokit.

Every t'ing in te Highlands now
 Pe turn't to alteration ;
 The sodger dwall at out toor-sheek,
 And tat's te great vexation.

Scotland be turn't a Ningland now,
 An' laws pring on te cadger :
 Nainsell wad durk him for her deeds,
 But oh ! she fears te sodger.

Anither law came after that,
 Me never saw te like, man ;
 They mak a lang road on te crund,
 And ca' him Turnimspike, man.

An' wow ! she pe a ponny road,
 Like Louden corn-rigs, man ;
 Where twa carts may gang on her,
 An' no preak ithers legs, man.

They sharge a penny for ilka horse,
 In troth, she'll no pe sheaper,
 For nought put gaen upo' the crund,
 And they gi'e me a paper.

Nae doubts, nainsell maun tra her purse,
 And pay them what hims like, man :
 I'll see a shugement on his toor,
 T'at filthy Turnimspike, man !

But I'll awa' to te Highland hills,
 Where te'il a ane dare turn her,
 And no come near her Turnimspike,
 Unless it pe to purn her.

Bacchanalian Song.

Of all the words in Lexicon,
 Not one, to my poor thinking,
 Can make a man so wise a Don,
 As those in use for drinking.
 To say he's drunk, so coarse the sound,
 That Bacchus ask'd Apollo,
 To give some terms, in wit profound,
 And he the phrase would follow.
With a fal lal lal lal la, &c.

When ladies drink, why then they're gay,
 But, to a toping gipsey
 Of vulgar rank, we sneering say,
 Upon my soul she's tipsey.
 When lords are bubb'd they're in the sun,
 And cits are mighty muddled,
 But when a husband up is done,
 The wife cries, "deary's fuddled."
With my fal lal, &c.

When Jack is grogg'd, he's shipp'd his beer,
 He cries, "you're half seas over;"
 And bosky damon roars, "My dear,
 "I'm prim'd just for a lover:"

And some are rocky, some are muz'd,
 And some disguis'd and mellow :
 But goddesses must now be buss'd,
 For I'm a merry fellow.

With my fal lal, &c.

The Turnkey.

WHAT a mighty fine thing to be vested with powers,
 Like me, de grand keeper of de seven towers,
 De Sultan my massa one great man make me ;
 Me lock up de gates, so am knight of de key ;

With my strut about,

Captives flout,

Irons clang,

Bowstrings twang,

While me rattle my keys, and look big as a king,
 But my frown's soon dispell'd when de goldfinches
 sing.

With my chick a ching, chick a chink,
 chick a ching cherry.

Many great folks come here in one cursa bad hour,
 Whom me force to lock up, Sir, in one of dem tower:
 Perhaps dey never come out, but that's nothing to me,
 'Tis de Sultan's command, so from sin I am free.

With his chick, &c.

You may call mine von school, where all nations
do jumble,

Yet few, very few of their treatment do grumble :
Here Jews, Turks, and Christians to manners are bred,
Since de sabre soon teach dem to lower their head.

With its chick, &c.

A Bashaw with three tails, Sir, one very great man,
Once ask me to free him—Says I if I can ;

So he slip me one purse, de next morn he was fled,
And one other captive was kill'd in his stead.

With my chick, &c.

Thus me serva my massa, and helpa myself,
And where is de harm, Sir, to pocket de pelf ;
No great man, I'm sure, should you shew him a fee,
Would think it was wrong to have acted like me.

With de chick, &c.

Cupid is a Little Devil.

COME, here behold each female face,
And if your thoughts with mine agree,
From fifteen years to fifty's space,
Here love in every eye you'll see.

Here Cupid keeps his constant revel,
Yet Cupid is a little Devil.

With a fal la! la, &c.

Colour and shape, fair limbs and face,
 Sweetness and wit, in all you'll find ;
 In motion, speech, in voice, in grace,
 All models here, of woman kind.

'Tis Cupid keeps this pleasant revel,
 Yet Cupid is a little Devil.

With a fal la la, &c.

If fat, her plenty feeds each heart,
 If lean, 'tis love that makes her so ;
 If straight, her form is Cupid's dart,
 But if she's bent she's but his Bow.

Then share with us, love's constant revel,
 Tho' Cupid is a little Devil.

With a fal la la, c.

Burlesque Song.

WHEN war with horrid din,
 Flirts, and flings, and vapours,
 Death's on the broad grin,
 To see the blades cut capers ;
 So when prophets roar,
 ' My bed that I an't safe in !'
 I think it all a bore,
 And crack my side a laughing.
 Tol, lol, &c.

When tongues in rage declare,
 That red-hot war we're waging,

I'll take especial care,
 To bumpers be engaging ;
 I'll fight—but let that pass,
 The more I box grow bolder,
 My second is my glass,
 Myself the bottle holder.

Tol, lol, &c.

Tho' Alexander—Pshaw !—
 Be term'd a fighting fellow,
 He never nabs eclat,
 'Till boozing's made him mellow ;
 And if with me the prig
 Would fight for crown and plunder,
 Him sucky soon I'd swig,
 And make the Don knock under.

Tol, lol, &c.

More Asses than One.

SINCE asses are now all the go,
 I'll make them the theme of my ditty,
 And the different species I'll shew
 Which reside both in country and city ;
 Yes, I'll make it right plainly seen
 That their number by far, Sir, surpasses
 The ladies who now on the Steyne
 Each day are seen riding on asses.

Ri tum, &c.

A counsel who pleads without fee,
 A husband that keeps to his duty,
 Or a maid who from envy keeps free,
 When she's lost all pretensions to beauty,
 A friend that will stand to his test,
 Are wonders which all things surpasses,
 And would be look'd on by the rest
 Of the world as a parcel of asses.
Ri tum, &c.

A wife that don't know how to scold,
 A miser who parts with his pence,
 A bachelor owning he's old,
 Or a fop boasting of his good sense,
 A courtier who flattery hates,
 An alderman turtle who passes,
 We'd look on as crack'd in their pates,
 And regard them as so many asses.
Ri tum, &c.

Little Boney too makes a great fuss,
 With his flat-bottom'd boats, Sir, so clever,
 That if he comes over to us
 He'll ruin old England for ever !
 But he reckons his chickens too soon ;
 For if ever the channel he passes,
 We'll make him soon alter his tune,
 And add to our cargo of asses.
Ri tum, &c.

Song.

TUNE—"Sir John Malcom."

KEN ye ought o' Captain Grose?

Igo & ago.

If he's amang his friends or foes?

Iram, coram, dago.

Is he South, or is he North?

Igo, & ago.

Or drowned in the river Forth?

Iram, coram, dago.

Is he slain by Highland bodies?

Igo, & ago.

And eaten like a weather-haggis?

Iram, coram, dago.

Is he to Abram's bosom gane?

Igo, & ago.

Or haudin Sarah by the wame?

Iram, coram, dago.

Where'er he be, the Lord be near him?

Igo, & ago.

As for the deil he daurna steer him,

Iram, coram, dago.

But please transmit th' inclosed letter,
 Igo, & ago.
 Which will oblige your humble debtor,
 Iram, coram, dago.

So may ye hae auld stanes in store,
 Igo, & ago.
 The very stanes that Adam bore,
 Iram, coram, dago.

So may ye get in glad possession;
 Igo, & ago,
 The coins o' Satan's coronation?
 Iram, coram, dago.

Song.

TUNE—"My Jo Janet."

HUSBAND, husband, cease your strife,
 Nor longer idly rave, Sir;
 Tho' I am your wedded wife,
 Yet I am not your slave, Sir.

"One of two must still obey,
 "Nancy, Nancy,
 "Is it man or woman, say,
 "My spouse Nancy?"

If 'tis still the lordly word,
 Service and obedience ;
 I'll desert my sov'reign lord,
 And so good b'ye allegiance !

“ Sad will I be, so bereft,
 “ Nancy, Nancy ;
 “ Yet I'll try to make a shift,
 “ My spouse Nancy.”

My poor heart then break it must,
 My last hour I'm near it :
 When you lay me in the dust,
 Think, think how you will bear it.

“ I will hope and trust in heaven,
 “ Nancy, Nancy ;
 “ Strength to bear it will be given,
 “ My spouse Nancy.”

Well, Sir, from the silent dead
 Still I'll try to daunt you ;
 Ever round your midnight bed
 Horrid sprites shall haunt you.

“ I'll wed another, like my dear
 “ Nancy, Nancy ;
 “ Then all hell will fly for fear,
 “ My spouse Nancy.”

Matthew Muggins.

SOME say that a bachelor's life won't do,
Others say that it's merry and mellow;
Some say it is like an old glove or a shoe,
Good for nothing—for want of a fellow:
A bachelor I, to wed not afraid,
If a partner for life I can gain;
I'm warm in the pocket, a Chandler by trade,
Matthew Muggins, of Mincing-lane.

I think I had best advertise for a wife,
As our general method in trade is;
“A gentleman wanting a partner for life,
Gives this gentle hint to the ladies:
I don't care how pretty she is, if no shrew,
If good-humour'd, don't mind if she's plain;
If wearing the small-clothes she'll always leave to
Matthew Muggins of Mincing-lane.”

If nineteen to the dozen, when kind her tongue goes,
I could listen all day to her prattle;
If her clapper runs cross, I need only suppose,
'Tis the watchman a springing his rattle.
She may dress as she likes, only dress'd let her go,
Naked Venuses don't suit my vein;
Such, such is the wife for the neat little beau
Matthew Muggins, of Mincing-lane.

Mr Mullins and Miss Whack.

ON Ireland's ground, seat of true hospitality,
 One Pat Mullins liv'd till he died, poor man,
 A martyr he fell to his conviviality,
 And the last thing he grasp'd was a flowing cann;
 'Tis the spirit, my dear,
 Of whisky that is here,
 Then take Paddy Mullins by the hand;
 Let my own spirit move
 With the spirit I love,
 And Mullins is at your command,
 Mister Death, at your command.
 Sing Roughinha Stockinha rondelum whack !
 Sing Roughinha Stockinha rondelum whack !

Poor Pat left behind him to grief's formality—
 One ugly small boy—and his name it was Jack !
 And he was in love to all dismality,
 With an ugly old maid—they call'd Noreen
 Whack !
 Och—this pretty brown fair,
 With her sooty black hair,
 Took little Jacky Mullins by the hand !
 But how the folks all star'd,
 When this couple were pair'd,
 And old Fogarty stroak'd his band !
 Mr Mullins touch'd the priest's hand.
 Sing Roughinha, &c.

Then poor Jackey's eye—for Nature's nigg'rality,
 Had stinted poor Mullins—and he had but one,
 Like a gooseberry sparkled, and Nature's liberality
 Stretch'd his mouth like a horse-shoe—his nose it
 was long !

But then little Miss Whack,
 Had a hump on her back,
 And her joints loop'd together on slings ;
 For, between you and I,
 She was like a goose-pie,
 All giblets, and gizzards, and wings !
 Miss Whack ! all giblets and wings !
 Sing Roughinha, &c.

This ugly sweet pair—join'd in connubiality,
 So neat they agree—like the dog and the cat !
 Yet their quarrels are manag'd with such mutuality,
 If she raises her fist—he knocks her down flat !
 Cups, saucers, joint stools,
 Pots, pans, working tools,
 Mrs Mullins whacks at the head of poor Jack !
 So let them fight it out—
 Break an arm, bruise a snout—
 Good night Mr Mullins—and Miss Whack !
 Mr Mullins good night, and Miss Whack !
 Sing Roughinha, &c.

Meg o' the Mill.

O KEN ye what Meg o' the Mill has gotten,
An' ken ye what Meg o' the Mill has gotten?
She has gotten a coof wi' a claute o' siller,
And broken the heart o' the barley Miller.

The Miller was strappin, the Miller was ruddy;
A heart like a lord and a hue like a lady:
The Laird was a widdiefu', bleerit knurl;
She's left the gude-fellow and ta'en the churl.

The miller he hecht her, a heart leel and loving:
The Laird did address her wi' matter mair moving,
A fine pacing-horse wi' a clear chained bridle,
A whip by her side, and a bonny side-saddle.

O wae on the siller, it is sae prevailing:
And wae on the love that's fix'd on a mailin!
A tocher's nae word in a true lover's parle,
But, gie me my love, and a fig for the warl'.

The great Nation.

OF our island we've sung
Till the welkin has rung,
With no small cause for congregation;
Now in jingling verse,
I'll attempt to rehearse,
A little about the great Nation.
O, it's a very great Nation!
Inspiring with such trepidation;
Our Island they scorn,
And all folks who are born
Independent of such a great Nation.

Now the matter is this,
While the Dutch and the Swiss,
Have submitted to fraternization,
And the Pope and old Spain,
Have contended in vain,
Against such a very great Nation;
Yet tho' it's a very fine Nation!
Whose friendship is all botheration,
John Bull, like a fool,
Says he wont go to school
From home for a French education.

'Their king they destroy'd,
And all Europe annoy'd,

About freedom and equalization ;
 Yet the farce was scarce done,
 When behold they all run,
 To shew of a new Coronation :
 It's as true as I hope approbation,
 They're so fond of each fresh variation,
 That I'm really perplexed,
 To think what they'll find next,
 To humbug a new generation.

Little Boney declares,
 And he stamps and he stares,
 And he wishes it told the whole Nation,
 That he wants some more ships,
 To take West India trips,
 And get commerce and colonization.
 But I think it will give him vexation,
 When first he receives information,
 That his fleets, when combin'd,
 Run, leaving behind
 Twenty ships for the English Nation.

I must'nt forget,
 There's some more good news yet,
 And fresh cause for our just exultation,
 To ships taken before,
 Strachan has added four more,
 To the enemy's mortification.
 And now as a retaliation,
 A boat at the nearest French station,
 May wish joy, *comme il faut*,
 Of his great overthrow,
 To the chief of the little great Nation.

Now as to invasion,
 There's little occasion,

For us to indulge speculation,
Unless we send over,
And fetch 'em to Dover,
We never shall meet the great Nation.
Then while here we've true civilization,
And laws which apply to each station,
We'll stand by our King,
Heart and hand, and still sing,
Little England against the great Nation.

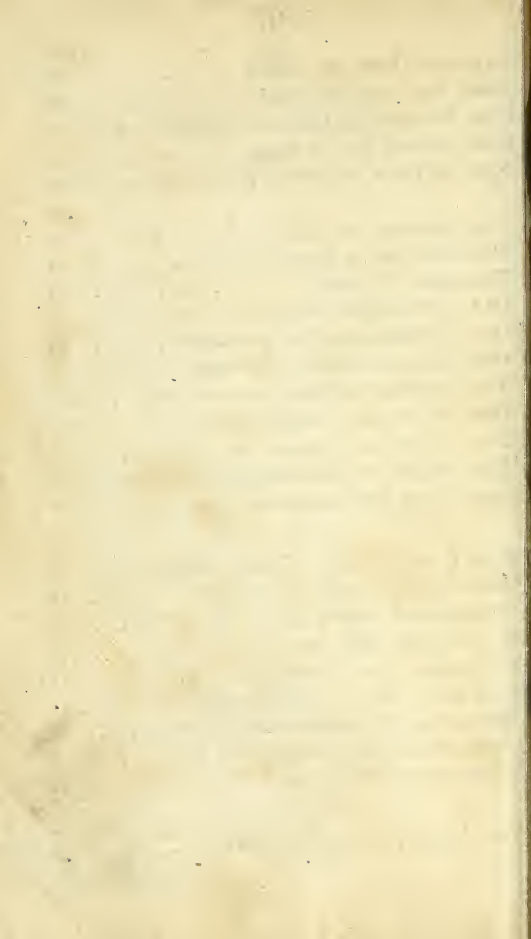
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FRONTISPIECE



Mark our Jovial Ragged Ring

Jolly Beggars

Gen 5 (2)

(OLIVER'S)
(Choice Selection)
(of)
(Comic Songs)



Designed by J.D. Wilson

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COMIC SONGS.



Vocal and Rhetorical Imitations of Beggars and Ballad-Singers.

THERE's difference to be seen
'Twixt a beggar and a queen,
And the reason I'll tell you why ;
A queen cannot swagger,
And get drunk like a beggar ;
Nor be half so happy as I.

Why, how the d—l shou'd she, she must support
her own dignity, likewise other people's dignity ;
as for me, I please myself ; and as for my dignity,
like a many great men's, it's all—

Tol lol, &c.

Merry Proteus of old,
As by Ovid we're told,
Could vary his shape as he chose ;
'Tis proper that he,
My model should be,
When in charity's name I impose.

For you must know, good folks, I belong to the
 worshipful fraternity of beggars, and change shapes
 as often as a Player—I am arbidexter—deal in le-
 gerdemain—and as for my honesty, like an at-
 torney's, it's all—

Tol lol, &c.

Then a sailor from the wars,
 Cover'd over with scars,
 In this I'm at home to a peg;
 My knuckles I hold flat,
 And t'other hand my hat,
 And this way I holds up my leg.

Heavens bless you, my worthy masters; look down
 with an eye of pity upon a poor disabled seaman.

(*Sings.*) My starboard arm I lost in action soon,
 And larboard gam, on the glorious first
 of June.

Here, take this, my honest fellow, you're an ho-
 nour to your country. To be sure I am, but,
 like many other honourable gentlemen, all my
 honour consists in

Tol lol, &c.

In another disguise,
 Appear to want eyes,
 But eyes very soon I can find;
 Led by my little dog,
 Thro' the village I jog,
 And no one suspects but I'm blind.

Pity the sorrows of a poor old man—I'm stone blind
 —blind, blind—stone blind. Stop, let's hand him

over some rhino, the poor fellow's blind. Avas,
don't you see it's all my eye and—Tol lol, &c.

With a hump on my back,
People's charity I sack,
And from all, great and small, do I beg,
With a snuffle in my nose,
I their feelings discompose,
And this way contract up my leg.

Pity a poor unfortunate fellow, that has lost the
bridge of his nose by an accident. "What, you're
unfortunate, are you?" Yes, your honour. "Why,
you rascal, didn't I put you in Bridewell when I
was church-warden? There, take that, there's a
horse-whip for you." Why, you've got the whip-
hand of me to be sure; but as for your charity,
like most church-wardens, it's all—Tol lol, &c.

Then there's Dolly and I,
When our ballads we cry,
On a couple of stools take our stand,
The people all crowd,
While she hawls aloud,
And I takes my fiddle in hand.

Come, good customers, here's an entire new song,
call'd "I am a wild and a roving boy;" come,
play up—stop, let's rosin. "I am a wild and a
roving boy"—'Here, give us one.' Yes, Sir.
'Why, this is not the song you're singing, this is
Abraham Newland.' Why, then, you ought to
be content, I think, to get Abraham Newland for
a halfpenny; for without that, neither you, I, nor
a many other great men, could sing—Tol lol, &c.

The Jolly Beggars.

A CANTATA.

RECITATIVO.

WHEN lyart leaves bestrow the yird,
Or wav'ring like the Baukie bird,
Bedim could Boreas' blast ;
When hailstones drive wi' bitter skyte,
An' infant frosts begin to bite,
In hoary cranreugh drest ;
Ae night at e'en a merry core
O' randie, gangrel bodies,
In pousie-Nansie's held the splore,
To drink their orra duddies :
 Wi' quaffing an' laughing,
 They ranted an' they sang ;
 Wi' jumping an' thumping,
 The vera girdle rang.

First neist the fire, in auld red rags,
Ane sat, weel brac'd wi' mealy bags,
An' knapsack a' in order ;
His doxy lay within his arm,
Wi' Usquebae an' blankets warm,
She blinket on her soger ;
An' ay he gied the tozie drab
The tither skelpin kiss,

While she held up her greedy gab,
 Just like an amous dish.
 Ilk smack still, did crack still,
 Just like a cadger's whup,
 Then staggering an' swaggering
 He roar'd this ditty up—

AIR.

TUNE...Soldier's Joy.

I am a son of Mars, who have been in many wars,
 And show my cuts and scars wherever I come ;
 This here was for a wench, and that other in a trench,
 When welcoming the French at the sound of the
 drum.

Lal de daudle, &c.

My prentiship I past, where my leader breath'd his
 last,
 When the bloody dye was cast on the heights of
 Abram,
 I serv'd out my trade when the gallant game was
 play'd,
 And the Moro low was laid at the sound of the drum.

Lal de daudle, &c.

I lastly was with Curtis, among the floating batt'ries,
 And there I left for witness an arm and a limb ;
 Yet let my country need me, with Elliot to head
 me,
 I'd clatter on my stumps at the sound of a drum.

Lal de daudle, &c.

And now, tho' I must beg with a wooden arm and
 leg.
 And many a tatter'd rag hanging over my bum,

I'm as happy with my wallet, my bottle, and my
callet,
As when I us'd in scarlet to follow a drum.
Lal de daudle, &c.

What tho' with hoary locks, I must stand the win-
ter shocks,
Beneath the woods and rocks oftentimes for a home ;
When the 'tother bag I sell, and the 'tother bottle
tell,
I could meet a troop of hell at the sound of the drum.
Lál de daudle, &c.

RECITATIVO.

He ended, an' the kebars sheuk,
Aboon the chorus roar ;
While frightened rattons backward leuk,
An' seek the benmost bore :
A fairy fiddler frae the neuk,
He skirl'd out encore !
But up arose the martial chuck,
An' laid the loud uproar.

AIR.

TUNE...Soldier Laddie.

I once was a maid, tho' I cannot tell when,
And still my delight is in proper young men ;
Some one of a troop of dragoons was my daddie,
No wonder I'm fond of a soger laddie.
Sing, Lal de lal, &c.

The first of my loves was a swaggering blade,
To rattle the thundering drum was his trade ;

His leg was so tight, and his cheek was so ruddy,
Transported I was with my soger laddie.
Sing, Lal de lal, &c.

But the godly old chaplain left him in the lurch,
The sword I forsook for the sake of the church:
He ventur'd the *soul*, and I risked the *body*,
'Twas then I prov'd false to my soger laddie.
Sing, Lal de lal, &c.

Full soon I grew sick of my sanctified sot,
The regiment at large for a husband I got;
From the gilded spontoon to the fife I was ready,
I asked no more but a soger laddie.
Sing, Lal de lal, &c.

But the peace it reduc'd me to beg in despair,
'Till I met my old boy at Cunningham fair;
His *rags regimental* they flutter'd so gaudy,
My heart it rejoic'd at my soger laddie.
Sing, Lal de lal, &c.

And now I have liv'd—I know not how long,
And still I can join in a cup or a song;
But whilst with both hands I can hold the glass
steady,
Here's to thee, my hero, my soger laddie.
Sing, Lal de lal, &c.

RECITATIVO.

Poor merry Andrew i' the neuk,
Sat guzzling wi' a tinkler hizzie;
They mind't na wha the chorus took,
Between themselves they were sae bisy.

At length wi' drink an' courting dizzy,
 He stoiter'd up an' made a face ;
 Then turn'd an' laid a smack on Grizzy,
 Syne tun'd his pipes wi' grave grimace.

AIR.

TUNE...Auld Sir Symon.

+
 Sir Wisdom's a fool when he's fou,
 Sir Knave is a fool in a session ;
 He's there but a prentice I trow,
 But I am a fool by profession.

My Grannie she bought me a beuk,
 An' I held awa to the school ;
 I fear I my talent misteuk,
 But what will ye hae of a fool.

For drink I would venture my neck,
 A hizzie's the half of my craft ;
 But what could ye other expect,
 Of ane that's avowedly daft ?

I ance was tied up like a stirk,
 For civilly swearing an' quaffing ;
 I ance was abus'd i' the kirk,
 For towzling a lass i' my daffin.

Poor Andrew that tumbles for sport,
 Let naebody name wi' a jeer ;
 There's ev'n, I'm tald i' the court,
 A *Tumbler* ca'd the *Premier*.

Observ'd ye yon *reverend* lad,
 Mak faces to tickle the mob ;

He rails at our mountebank squad,
It's *rivalship* just i' the job.

And now my conclusion I'll tell,
For faith I'm confoundedly dry,
The chiel that's a fool for himsel,
Guid L—d, he's far dafter than I.

RECITATIVO.

'Then neist outspak a raucle carlin,
Wha kent fu' weel to cleek the sterling,
For mony a pursie she had hooked,
An' had in mony a well been ducked.
Her Dove had been a Highland laddie,
But weary fa' the waefu' woodie !
Wi' sighs an' sobs she thus began
To wail her braw John Highlandman.

AIR.

TUNE...O an' ye were dead gudeman.

A Highland lad my love was born,
The Lalland laws he held in scorn ;
But he still was faithfu' to his clan,
My gallant braw John Highlandman.

CHORUS.

Sing, hey my braw John Highlandman !
Sing, ho my braw John Highlandman !
There's not a lad in a' the lan',
Was match for my John Highlandman.

With his philibeg an' tartan plaid,
An' gude claymore down by his side,

The ladies hearts he did trepan,
 My gallant braw John Highlandman,
 Sing, hey, &c.

We ranged a' from Tweed to Spey,
 An' liv'd like lords and ladies gay ;
 For a Lalland face he feared nane,
 My gallant braw John Highlandman.
 Sing, hey, &c.

They banish'd him beyond the sea,
 But ere the bud was on the tree,
 Adown my cheeks the pearls ran,
 Embracing my John Highlandman.
 Sing, hey, &c.

But, oh ! they catch'd him at last,
 And bound him in a dungeon fast ;
 My curse upon them every one,
 'They've hang'd my braw John Highlandman.
 Sing, hey, &c.

And now a widow, I must mourn
 The pleasures that shall ne'er return ;
 No comfort but a hearty can,
 When I think on John Highlandman.
 Sing, hey, &c.

RECITATIVO.

A pigmy scraper wi' his fiddle,
 Wha us'd at trysts an' fairs to driddle,
 Her strappan limb an' gaucy middle
 (He reach'd nae higher,)
 Had hol'd his heartie like a riddle,
 An' blawn't on fire.

Wi' hand on haunch, an' upward ee,
 He croon'd his gamut, one, two, three,
 Then in an Arioso key,

The wee Apollo,
 Set aff wi' *Allegretto* glee
 His giga solo.

AIR.

TUNE...Whistle o'er the lave o't.

Let me ryke up to dight that tear,
 An' go wi' me to be my dear,
 An' then your ev'ry care an' fear,
 May whistle owre the lave o't.

CHORUS.

I am a fiddler to my trade,
 An' a' the tunes that e'er I play'd,
 The sweetest still to wife or maid,
 Was whistle owre the lave o't.

At kirns an' weddings we'se be there,
 An' O ! sae nicely's we will fare ;
 We'll bouse about, till Daddie Care
 Sing whistle o'er the lave o't,
 I am, &c.

Sae merrily's the banes we'll pyke,
 An' sun oursells about the dyke,
 An' at our leisure, when we like,
 We'll whistle o'er the lave o't.
 I am, &c.

But bless me wi' your heaven o' charms,
 An' while I kittle hair on thairms,

*Hunger, cauld, an' a' sic harms,
 May whistle owre the lave o't.
 I am, &c.*

RECITATIVO.

Her charms had struck a sturdy Caird,
 As weel as poor Gut-scraper ;
 He tak's the fiddler by the beard,
 An' draws a rusty rapier.—
 He swore by a' was swearing worth,
 To speet him like a plever,
 Unless he would, from that time forth,
 Relinquish her for ever.

Wi' ghastly ee, poor tweedle-dee
 Upon his hunkers bended,
 An' pray'd for grace, wi' ruefu' face,
 An' sae the quarrel ended.
 But though his little heart did grieve,
 When round the tinker press'd her,
 He feign'd to snirtle in his sleeve,
 When thus the Caird address'd her :

AIR.

TUNE...Clout the Caudron.

My bonny lass, I work in brass,
 A tinker is my station ;
 I've travell'd round all Christian ground,
 In this my occupation.
 I've ta'en the gold, I've been enroll'd
 In many a noble squadron ;
 But vain they search'd, when off I march'd
 To go and clout the caudron.
 I've ta'en the gold, &c.

Despise that shrimp, that wither'd imp,
 Wi' a' his noise an' caprin',
 An' tak a share wi' those that bear
 The *budget* an' the *apron*.
 An' by that stowp ! my faith an' houe,
 An' by that dear Kilbaigie,
 If e'er ye want, or meet wi' scant,
 May I ne'er weet my craigie.
 An' by that stowp, &c.

RECITATIVO.

The Caird prevail'd--th' unblushing fair
 In his embraces sunk,
 Partly by love o'ercome sae sair,
 An' partly she was drunk.
 Sir Violino wi' an air,
 That show'd a man o' spunk,
 Wish'd *unison* between the pair,
 An' made the bottle clunk,
 To their health that night.

But hurchin Cupid shot a shaft
 That play'd a dame a shavie,
 The fiddler rak'd her fore an' aft,
 Behint the chicken cavie.
 Her lord, a wight o' Homer's craft,
 Tho' limpin wi' the spavie,
 He hirpl'd up, an' lap like daft,
 An' shor'd them dainty Davie
 O' boot that night.

He was a care-defying blade
 As ever Bacchus listed ;

Tho' Fortune sair upon him laid,
 His heart she ever miss'd it.
 He had no wish but—to be glad,
 Nor want but—when he thirsted;
 He hated nought but—to be sad,
 An' this the muse suggested
 His sang that night.

AIR.

TUNE...For a' that, an' a' that.

I am a bard of no regard,
 Wi' gentle folks, an' a' that;
 But *Homer-like* the glowran byke,
 Frae town to town I draw that.

CHORUS.

For a' that, an' a' that,
 An' twice as muckle's a' that;
 I've lost but ane, I've twa behin',
 I've *wife eneugh* for a' that.

I never drank the Muses stank,
 Castalia's burn, an' a' that;
 But there it streams, an' richly reams,
 My *Helicon* I ca' that.
 For a' that, &c.

Great love I bear to a' the fair,
 Their humble slave, an' a' that;
 But lordly will, I hold it still
 A mortal sin to thraw that.
 For a' that, &c.

In raptures sweet this hour we meet,
 Wi' mutual love an' a' that ;
 But for how lang the *flie may stang*,
 Let *inclination* law that.
 For a' that, &c.

Their tricks an' craft hae put me daft,
 They've ta'en me in, an' a' that ;
 But clear your decks, an' here's the *sex* !
 I like the jads for a' that.

For a' that, an' a' that,
 An' twice as muckle's a' that ;
 My *dearest bluid*, to do them guid,
 They're welcome till't, for a' that.

RECITATIVO.

So sung the bard—an' Nansie's wa's
 Shook wi' a thunder o' applause,
 Re-echo'd from each mouth ;
 They toom'd their pocks, an' pawn'd their duds,
 They scarcely left to co'er their fuds,
 To quench their lowan drouth.
 Then owre again, the jovial thrang,
 The poet did request,
 To lowse his pack an' wale a sang,
 A bal'ad o' the best.
 He, rising, rejoicing
 Between his twa Deborahs,
 Looks round him, an' found them
 Impatient for the chorus.

AIR.

TUNE...Jolly mortals fill your glasses.

See the smoking bowl before us,
 Mark our jovial ragged ring!
 Round and round take up the chorus,
 And in raptures let us sing.

CHORUS.

A fig for those by law protected!
Liberty's a glorious feast!
 Courts for cowards were erected,
 Churches built to please the priest.

What is title? what is treasure?
 What is reputation's care?
 If we live a life of pleasure,
 'Tis no matter *how* or *where*.
 A fig, &c.

With the ready trick and fable,
 Round we wander all the day;
 And at night, in barn or stable,
 Hug our doxies on the hay.
 A fig, &c.

Does the train-attended carriage,
 Through the country lighter rove?
 Does the sober bed of marriage,
 Witness brighter scenes of love?
 A fig, &c.

Life is all a variorum,
 We regard not how it goes;
 Let them cant about *decorum*,
 Who have characters to lose.
 A fig, &c.

Here's to budgets, bags, and wallets :

Here's to all the wand'ring train :

Here's our ragged *brats and callets* !

One and all cry out, Amen !

A fig, &c.

Seven Ages.

Our immortal poet's page

Tells us all the world's a stage,

And that men, with all their airs,

Are nothing more than players,

Each using skill and art,

In his turn to top his part,

All to fill up this farcical scene O ;

Enter here, exit there,

Stand in view, mind your cue ;

Heigh down, ho down, derry derry down,

All to fill up this farcical scene O.

First, the infant on the lap,

Muling, puling with his pap,

Like a chicken that we truss,

Is swaddled by its nurse,

Who, to please the poppet, tries,

Whilst it giggles and it cries,

All, &c.

Hush a bye, wipe an eye,

Suckee titty, that's a pretty,

Heigh down, &c.

Then the pretty babe of grace,
 With a shining morning face,
 With satchel on his back,
 To school, alas ! must pack,
 And like a snail he creeps,
 And for bloody Monday weeps,

All, &c.

Book mislaid, truant play'd,
 Rod in pickle, bum to tickle.

Heigh down, &c.

Then the lover next appears,
 Soused over head and ears,
 Like a lobster on the fire,
 Sighing ! ready to expire,
 And a deep hole in his heart,
 You may through it drive a cart,

All, &c.

Beauty spurns him, passion burns him,
 Like a wizzard, guts, and gizzard.

Heigh down, &c.

Then the soldier, ripe for plunder,
 Breathing slaughter, blood and thunder ;
 Lord ! at what a tale he runs,
 About drums, and swords, and guns ;
 And talks of streaming veins,
 Shatter'd limbs, and scatter'd brains,

All, &c.

What foes he thrash'd, cut, and slash'd,
 And here he popp'd 'em, there he dropp'd 'em.

Heigh down, &c.

Then the justice in his chair,
 With his broad and vacant stare,
 His wig of formal cut,
 And belly like a butt,

Well lin'd with turtle hash,
Callipee and callipash,

All, &c.

Pimp and cull, bawd and trull,
At his nod, go to quod.

Heigh down, &c.

Then the slipper'd pantaloon,
In life's dull afternoon,
Shrunk shank in youthful hose,
And spectacles on nose;
His voice, once big and round,
Now whistling in the sound,

All, &c.

Vigour spent, body bent,
Shaking noddle, widdle waddle.

Heigh down, &c.

Then at last, to end the play,
Second childhood leads the way,
When, like sheep that take the rot,
All our senses go to pot;

Then leath amongst us pops,
And so the curtain drops,

All, &c.

Then the coffin we move off in,
When the bell tolls the knell

Of high and low down into the cold ground;
Here's an end to the farcieal scene O.

My Grandmother's Eye-Water.

OF all sorts of drops drooping spirits to cure,
 A good drop of Comfort's the best, I am sure;
 Some take their drop open, and some take it sly,
 But the drop I like best is a drop in my eye.

Tol, lol, &c.

We all love a drop now and then, we do.

Your delicate ladies pretend, you know,
 As how they never get muzzy, or so;
 But they're all in their *cups* when the *tea* they touch,
 And they now and then get a cup too much.

Tol, lol, &c.

My granny, because I've bad eyes, gave me
 The genuine Eye-water; only see:

[Holds up a bottle or glass.]

But my hand shakes so, north, east, west, south,
 I never can get it beyond my mouth.

Tol, lol, &c.

I'm a very dry creature, the people say,
 Of course I must drink to moisten my clay;
 And when it's too moist, drink again, you know,
 For the more you drink, the drier you grow.

Tol, lol, &c.

Tailor's Dream.

A TAILOR who cabbag'd, as tailors will do,
 Not an inch from an ell, but a yard out of two ;
 Soho, boy, fair and softly !
 Awaking one night
 In a terrible fright,
 Felt conscience's oozings adown his face trickle,
 Lest his cabbage should turn out a terrible pickle ;
 For he dream'd such a dream as was ne'er dream'd
 before,
 And he vow'd and protested "he'd cabbage no more;"
 But his wife with a hint begg'd his mind to refresh,
 "What's bred in the bone won't come out of the
 flesh."
 And soho, &c.

He dream'd that he saw a great patch-work unroll
 From the skies, made of pieces of cabbage he'd stole ;
 Soho, &c.
 It reach'd to the ground,
 Broad as long, I'll be bound,
 And was made of all colours art ever invented ;
 So, conscience-struck, thus to his dear he lamented ;
 "I'll no more be a sinner and cabbage," cried he,
 "For fear that Old Nick, in the end, cabbage me."
 But his wife, &c.

"Whenever, wife, going to cabbage am I,
 "Of my dream to remind me be sure that you cry,
 "Soho, boy, fair and softly!"

She thus, as we hear, kept him honest a year,
 Nay, some folks say two, but at wonders they're
 spelling,

As we all know that stories lose nothing by telling;
 Of his courage Snip bragg'd, for temptation was
 strong,

While his wife replied with the fag-end of a song,
 By way of hint just, &c.

Of his honesty Snip to all boasted, with pride,
 While, in his sleeve laughing, old Belzebub cried,
 "Soho," &c.

At length a beau goes with cloth for new clothes;
 "Such a texture and colour I ne'er saw," so nimble
 Cried Snip, for egad he'd his eye on the thimble;
 Old Nick whisper'd "cabbage!" Snip answer'd, "I'll
 shew

"How boldly I'll baffle temptation—heigh ho!"
 While his wife humm'd her ditty, his, &c.

Snip cut and contriv'd, and severe was the strife
 Between nature and conscience, Old Nick and his
 wife;
 Soho, &c.

"Your dream, Snip," said she; "I remember,"
 cried he,

"The patch-work I saw, tho' no doubt meant a
 warner,

"To make square, wanted a yard at the corner;

"Then this colour I thro' the whole peice couldn't
 meet it,

"So I must, and I will, have a yard to complete it."

Says his wife, "wa'n't I right, Snip, your mind, &c.

The Little Soldier.

THO' I measure five feet and an inch very near,
They tell me I'm low for a smart Grenadier ;
For Light-bob, Battalion, for Officer, or Ranks,
That my size dos'n't answer from centre to flanks.
Tol, lol, lol, &c.

To make me a Drummer it seems their design,
Tho' my elbows are loose, it is'n't yet mine ;
To be hum'd, Sir, or drum'd, are affairs I don't like,
As my class is the 4th, can't I shoulder my pike.
Tol, lol, lol, &c.

Let me see when I'm wanted, a soldier in town,
From the silver-lac'd beau to the clod-pated clown,
That will venture his life, and more cheerfully sing,
In defence of the Nation, the Law, and the King.
Tol, lol, lol, &c.

Beware sluggish mortals, now in the back-ground,
Who in person or purse thro' our ranks can't be found ;
Shou'd a battle take place you'll be not worth a curse,
They will pocket your gold—then bestow you the
purse.

Tol, lol, lol, &c.

Let your hearts and your purses be open and free,
Assist a just cause, tho' not taller than me ;
While a symptom of danger to Britain appears,
Fight or die in its ranks, with our brave Volunteers.
Tol, lol, lol, &c.

Parody on the Vicar of Bray.

IN Charles the Second's merry days,
 For wanton frolics noted,
 A lover of cabals I was,
 With wines like Bacchus bloated.
 I preach'd unto my crowded pews,
 Wine was by God's command, sir.
 And damn'd was he who did refuse
 To drink while he could stand, sir.
 And this is law I will maintain
 Unto my dying day, sir:—
 That, whatsoever king shall reign,
 I'll drink a gallon a day, sir.

When James the sot assum'd the throne,
 He strove to stand alone, sir;
 But quickly got so drunk, that down
 He tumbled from the throne, sir,
 One morning—crop-sick, pale, and queer,
 By sitting up with gay men,—
 He reel'd to Rome, where priests severe
 Deny the cup to laymen.
 And this is law, &c.

Then Will, the tipling Dutchman, sav'd
 Our liberties from sinking;
 We crown'd him king of cups, and crav'd
 The privilege of thinking.

He drank your Holland's gin, 'tis said,
 And held predestination :
 Fool ! not to know the tippling trade
 Admits no trepidation !
 And this is law, &c.

When Brandy-Nan became our queen,
 'Twas all a drucken story ;
 I sat and drank from morn till e'en,
 And so was thought a Tory.
 Brim full of wine, all sober folks
 We damn'd and moderation ;
 And for right Nantz, we pawn'd to France
 Our dearest reputation.
 And this is law, I will maintain,
 For ever and for aye, sir :
 That whatsoever king shall reign,
 I'll drink a gallon a day, sir.

King George the First then fill'd the throne,
 And took the resolution
 To drink all sorts of liquors known,
 To save the Constitution.
 He drank success in rare old rum,
 Unto the State and Church, sir,
 Till with a dose of Brunswick mum,
 He dropp'd from off the perch, sir.
 And this is law, &c.

King George the Second then arose,
 A wise and valiant soul, sir ;
 He lov'd his people, beat his foes,
 And push'd about the bowl, sir.
 He drank his fill to Chatham Will,
 To heroes, for he chose 'em !

With us true Whigs he drank until
 He slept in Abram's bosom.
 And this is law, &c.

His present Majesty then came,
 Whom heaven long preserve, Sir !
 He glory'd in a Briton's name,
 And swore he'd never swerve, Sir ;
 Though evil counsellors may think
 His love from us to sever,
 Yet let us loyal Britons drink—
 King George the Third for ever !
 And this is law I will maintain,
 For ever and for aye, Sir :
 That whatsoever king shall reign,
 I'll drink both night and day, Sir.

Miss Bailey.

A CAPTAIN bold in Halifax,
 Who liv'd in country quarters,
 Seduc'd a maid that hang'd herself
 One morning in her garters ;
 His wicked conscience smited him,
 He lost his stomach daily ;
 He took to drinking ratafy,
 And thought upon Miss Bailey.
 O ! Miss Bailey, unfortunate Miss Bailey, &c.

One night betimes he went to bed,
 For he had caught a fever,

Says he, "I am a handsome man,

"But I'm a gay deceiver:"

His candle, just at twelve o'clock,

Began to burn quite palely,

A ghost tript up to his bed-side,

And said, "Behold Miss Bailey!"

"Avaunt, Miss Bailey," then he cried,

"Thy face looks white and mealy!"

Says she, "O, cruel Captain Smith,

"You've us'd me ungentlely:

"The crowner's 'quest goes hard with me,

"For I have acted frailly,

"And Parson Briggs wont bury me,

"Altho' I'm dead Miss Bailey!"

"Poor ghost," says he, "since you and I

"Accounts must once for all close,

"I've got a one-pound note

"In my regimental small-clothes,

"'Twill bribe the sexton for your grave;"—

The ghost then vanish'd gaily,

Crying, "Heaven bless you, Captain Smith,—

"Remember poor Miss Bailey!"

Additional Verse.

Next morn, his man rapp'd at his door,—

"O, John," says he, "come dress me,

"Miss Bailey's got my one-pound note;"—

Cried John, "Good Heaven bless me!

"I shouldn't care if she had ta'en

"No more than all your riches,

"But with your one-pound note, i' faith,

"She's ta'en your leather breeches!"

❶! Miss Bailey, the wicked ghost, Miss Bailey.

A Parody on Miss Bailey.

A LADY fair in deep despair who pleas'd the beaus
in singing,
From off the tester of her bed one morning she was
swinging,
Her father's trusty servant-man, they call'd him
Darby Daly,
He seiz'd her by the slender waist, and cried---is
this Miss Bailey.
Oh, Miss Bailey, unfortunate, &c.

The poor maid in convulsions lay, all thought she
had departed,
When Darby with the bellows blew her windpipe
till she started ;
She sigh'd, and call'd for Captain Smith, the crea-
ture look'd quite palely,
While Darby roar'd---the wicked thief, he mur-
der'd poor Miss Bailey.

Then with a cudgel in his fist, ran to the Captain's
chamber,
Who thought it was another ghost, or some unwel-
come stranger,
When Darby made him humble so, he flourish'd his
Shelelah,
And by the neck he lugg'd him off to visit poor
Miss Bailey.

The Captain bold, had now arriv'd, says Darby,
 here I charge ye,
 Make up affairs without delay, I'm going for the
 clargy ;
 He then lock'd up bold Captain Smith, who own'd
 he'd acted frailly,
 And with a kiss, to reconcile, he greeted poor Miss
 Bailey.

Next Darby came with Parson Briggs, and begg'd
 the knot he'd tie, Sir,
 Saying, if you don't, upon my soul, the creature
 she will die, Sir ;
 The Captain took her by the hand---no couple
 look'd more gaily,
 While Darby roar'd aloud, Amen,---and married was
 Miss Bailey.

Oh, Miss Bailey, &c.

A Sup of good Whisky.

A sup of good whisky will make you glad,
 Too much of the creature will set you mad ;
 If you take it in reason 'twill make you wise,
 If you drink to excess it will close up your eyes ;
 Yet Father and Mother,
 And Sister and Brother,
 They all love a sup in their turn.

Some Preachers will tell you to drink is bad ;
 I think so too—if there's none to be had :

The Swadler will bid you drink none at all,
But while I can get it, a fig for them all.

Both Layman and Brother,
In spite of this pothor,
Will all take a sup in their turn.

Some Doctors will tell ye 'twill hurt your health,
And Justice will say, 'twill reduce your wealth;
Physicians and Lawyers will both agree,
When your money's all gone, they can get no fee;

Yet Surgeon and Doctor,
And Lawyer and Proctor,
Will all take a sup in their turn.

If a soldier is drunk on his duty found,
He soon to the three-leg'd horse is bound,
In the face of his regiment oblig'd to strip,
A naggin will soften the nine-tail'd whip!

For Serjeant and Drummer,
And likewise his Honour,
Will all take a sup in their turn.

The Turks who arriv'd from the Porte Sublime,
All told us that drinking was held a great crime;
Yet after their dinner away they slunk,
And tippled their wine till they got quite drunk.

The Sultan and Crommet,
And even Mahomet,
They all take a sup in their turn.

The Quakers will bid you from drink abstain,
By yea, and by nay, 'tis a fault in the vain:
Yet some of the broad-brims will get to the stuff,
And tipples away till they've tippled enough;

For Stiff-rump and Steady,
And Solomon's Lady,
Would all take a sup in their turn.

The Germans will say they can drink the most,
 The French and Italians will also boast ;
 Hibernia's the country (for all their noise)
 Fo generous drinking and hearty boys ;
 There each jovial fellow
 Will drink till he's mellow,
 And take off his glass in his turn.

Tirry How.

Now we're on a merry key,
 Let's be hearty, blythe, an' free,
 An' spend this night wi' mirth an' glee,
 Wi' a tirry how, tirry dan dan.
 An' let us a' as ane unite,
 For to mak this a hearty night,
 An' banish a' envy an' spite,
 Frae 'mang this chosen few.
 But let's hae mirth, an' let's hae glee,
 Let us hae wit, an' let's be free,
 With a tirry how, an' a tirry how,
 Tirry hi, tirry ho, tirry dan dan.

I hope there's nane our scheme will bawk,
 By ony rotten filthy talk,
 But sensibly will sing an' crack,
 Wi' a tirry how, tirry dan dan.
 An' spare the ladies modest blush,
 Indecency we a' should crush,
 Or else this night's no worth a rush ;
 Ye may believe 'tis true.

But mirth an' wit wi' humour join;
 Let love an' friendship ay combine,
 Wi' a tirry how, a tirry how,
 Tirry hi, tirry ho, tirry dan dan.

There's nane here sic a barkin tyke,
 As against our scheme to strike,
 But what must own there's naething like
 A tirry how, tirry dan dan.
 For it maks the cares o' life gae down,
 It taks awa misfortune's frown,
 It a' our griefs in mirth does drown,
 An' happy maks us a'.
 It maks us canty, maks us cheery,
 Maks us friendly, maks us merry;
 A tirry how, a tirry how,
 Tirry hi, tirry ho, tirry dan dan.

Awa then wi' ill-natur'd spleen,
 Hae, tak a snuff, an' clear your een,
 Syne tak a glass, then foot it clean,
 To tirry how, tirry dan dan.
 I care na what the warld says,
 For I could sing in Tirry's praise,
 The maist feck o' a' my days,
 But I hae surg enow.
 May't be the business of our lives,
 To please our sweethearts an' our wives,
 Wi' a tirry how, a tirry how,
 Tirry hi, tirry ho, tirry dan dan.

The Jew Pedlar.

THO' late I vas a pedlar, my shop vas in my box,
 So sure as I'm a smouch, and my name is Mor-
 decai ;

In cheating of de vorld against whipping-post or
 stocks,

For I never stick for trifles, when dere's monies
 in de vay.

I cuts gold rings for copper gilt, and so I gets my
 bread,

With sealing-vax of brick-dust, and pencils without
 lead.

Vid my pick-pack, nick-nack, trick-track, jim-
 mack,

And sing, tink, ring chink, is de music still for me.

Suppose I do de business of a doctor or a priest,

And in vant of my assistance, a poor man sends
 for me ;

In doing of my business, I should mind myself at
 least,

If I spies a good fat piece of pork, and he could
 give no fee,

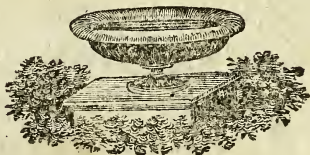
He'd think I wou'd refuse it ; but bless me, he's
 mistaken,

I cou'd sell it, if not eat it, and dat wou'd not
 save his bacon.

Vid my pick-pack, &c.

Suppose I vas a judge, or a justice of de peace,
 And venev'er prosecutor brings a thief before de
 bench,
 They must swear upon de thief, till dey all be
 black in face;
 If de prisoner bring good argument, a fig for
 evidence;
 But if that dog be pennyless, my vork I must go
 thro',
 As my conscience vould not let me rob de gal-
 lows of its due.
 Vid my pick-pack, &c.

Suppose I vas in Parliament, de scheme I vou'd
 propose;
 So sure as I'm a smouch and my name is Mordecai,
 I'd be like de little plow-boy, sell off my ayes and
 noes,
 For I never sticks for trifles, ven dere's monies
 in the vay;
 And before I vould stand out, vere dere's plenty
 of the pelf,
 If the devil vas de purchaser, by got I'd sell myself.



Murder in Irish.

WITHOUT the help of gammot, note, demi-semi-quaver,
crotchet, or minum,

Or any other sort of sounds that have no meaning in'em;
Without going round the bush, and round the bush,
playing at hide and go seek;

A man without any tune at all at all, may sing, ust as
well as he can speak.

Tiddy ti tol lol lay, tiddy ti tol lol lay,

Phillilu, drimandru,

Subbaboo, mushagrah.

When singing and speaking was such a sort of undertak-
ing as was executed according to nature,

He or she who attempted to execute either, was some-
thing like a rationable creature;

And your stage-players of old, to be sure we are told,
they could strut like a turkey or bustard;

But they knew no more about grinning and grunting,
and making faces at one another, than they did
about making of mustard.

The great Turk, in a pet, I mean Bajazet, when by
Tamerlane was taken in battle,

Like a bear, with head sore, blood and turf! how he'd
roar, while his chains did melodiously rattle;

And old Shylock the Jew, his long knife he drew,
to be sticking in the poor merchant's beef,

But devil a christian soul, but what said to him, in their
hearts, bad luck to you, you butch'ring old thief.

Then thick-lipp'd Othello, that sooty-fac'd fellow ; that
 choack'd his poor wife in her bed sir,
 Wou'd have made all the blood in your body run cold,
 and the hair almost stand on your head, sir ;
 And when crooked king Dick bid his kingdom for a
 horse, it's true upon my life, it's no fable,
 The devil a one in the whole place wou'd lend him a
 jackass, tho' they'd half a score in the stable.

Then Macbeth stuck the poor King in his sleep, with
 a pair of d—n French looking daggers ;
 Struck the folk with his guilt, and the blood that he
 spilt, like a horse when he's struck with the staggers.
 And Macheath sung, when he was going to be hung ;
 a man can die bolder by brandy ;
 And the ladies in the boxes, from the Duchess to the
 doxies, wou'd be saying, to be sure he's quite the
 tippy and the dandy.

Now to make an end of my Song, to be sure it's rather
 long, but then as to the words and the tune ;
 You're not only welcome as the flowers in May, but wel-
 come as the roses in June.
 Now don't take it in your noddle to say it is the twad-
 dle, nor let any of it put you in a passion ;
 Because, upon my conscience, a little bit of nonsense,
 now a days, is the very tippy and pink of the fashion.



The Yorkshire Concert,

OR MADAM FIG'S GALA.

I'ZE a Yorkshireman just come to town,
 And my coming to town was a gay day,
 For fortune has here set me down
 Waiting gentleman to a fine lady.
 My lady gives galas and routs,
 And her treats of the town are the talks here,
 But nothing I'ze seen hereabouts
 Equals one that were given in Yorkshire.
 Rum ti, &c.

Johnny Fig were a white and green grocer,
 In business as brisk as an eel, sir,
 None than John to his shop could stick closer,
 But his wife thought it quite ungenteel, sir;
 Her neighbours resolv'd to cut out,
 And astonish the rustic parishioners,
 She invited them all to a rout, sir,
 And ax'd all the village musicianers.
 Rum ti, &c.

The company met gay as larks, sir,
 Drawn forth all as fine as blown roses;
 The concert commenc'd with the clerk, sir,
 Who chanted the Vicar and Moses.

The barber sung Gallery of Wigs, sir,
 The gem'men all said 'twas the dandy :
 And the ladies encor'd Johnny Fig, sir,
 Who volunteer'd Drops of Brandy.
 Rum ti, &c.

The Baker he sung a good batch,
 While the Lawyer, for harmony willing,
 With the Bailiff he join'd in the catch,
 And the notes of the Butcher were killing ;
 The Wheelwright he put in his spoke,
 The Schoolmaster flogg'd on with furor,
 The Coalman he play'd the Black Joke,
 And the Fishwoman sung a Bravura.
 Rum ti, &c.

To strike the assembly with wonder,
 Madam Fig scream'd a song loud as Boreas,
 Soon awak'd farmer Thrasher's dog Thunder,
 Who jumping up join'd in the chorus ;
 While a jack-ass the melody marking,
 Chim'd in too, which made a wag say, sir,
 Attend to the Rector of Barking's
 Duet with the Vicar of Bray, sir.
 Rum ti, &c.

A brine tub half full of beef salted,
 Madam Fig had truck'd up for a seat, sir,
 Where the Taylor to sing was exalted,
 But the coovering crack'd under his feet, sir,
 Snip was sous'd in the brine, but soon rising,
 Bawl'd out, while they laugh'd at his grief, sir,
 Is't a matter so monstrous surprising,
 To see pickled cabbage with beef, sir?
 Rum ti, &c.

To a Ball then the Concert gave way,
 And for dancing no souls could be riper,
 So they struck up the Devil to Pay,
 While Johnny Fig paid for the piper.
 But the best thing com'd after the Ball;
 For to finish the whole with perfection,
 Madam Fig ax'd the gentlefolks all,
 To sup on a cold *collection*.
 Rum ti, &c.

John Bull was a Bumpkin.

JOHN Bull was a bumpkin born and bred,
 At a clodhopping village in Gloucestershire,
 And as for this world, or the world that's to come,
 For to puzzle his noddle 'twas never the near:
 For he never was known to set foot in a church,
 Till the day he took Dorothy there for a wife;
 And, says John, by the Lord, I was never before,
 In a place like a church all the days of my life.

For there I look'd up, and zeed nine or ten fellows,
 A zinging as loud as their lungs could clink;
 So, thinking that I was got into an alehouse,
 I look'd up and ax'd if they'd nothing to drink;
 When up came a man, and he pull'd off my hat,
 And he told me no drink was allow'd in the place:
 I thought that for zartin he must be the landlord,
 Or else I'd a fetch'd him a punch in the face.

Howsomdever I fancied 'twas never the near,
 For to kick up a dust and to frighten the bride,
 So I went further in for to look at the place,
 And the Lord what a comical zight I espy'd:

There were menfolks and womenfolks penn'd up
together,

Like so many wethers and ewes at a fair ;
Besides a long booby-hatch built up for holding
The whole corporation, just-asses and may'r.

Then up got a little man into a tub,
And he look'd just as tho'f he'd been roll'd in the
dirt,

For you could not suppose he could be very clean,
When he'd got nothing on but a long black shirt,
Except a little white slabbering-bib,
Tuck'd under his chin and just slit in two ;
To be perch'd in a tub and to have a black shirt,
I was puzzled to think what a plague he could do.

For a while he did turn up the whites of his eyes,
And for mercy upon us did heartily pray !
Another below him that sat in a chest,
Was mocking him every word he did say ;
And when he had fairly tired him out,
To the very last word—to do nothing by ha'ves,
I verily thought he was going to fight him,
For he stood up, and call'd for a couple of staves.

But the little man, tho'f he'd a black shirt on,
Whipp'd over another as white as a clout,
And then in a twink, with a twirl of his fist,
He set open the tub and he let himself out ;
Upon which he took hold of a poor little babe,
As tho'f he had neither got shame nor grace,
He dipped his finger into a trough,
And splash'd the cold water all over his face.

To be sure I thought 'twas a shameful thing,
To serve a poor babe such a woundy trick ;

For, tho'f he did squeal like a pig that is stuck,
 They'd mind him no more than a goosemun-chicky
 Odsbobs, and I thought if the maggot should bite,
 And they wanted to make but a child of a man,
 Who could tell but in turn such a baby as I,
 May be sous'd in the trough, like a sop in a pan.

So I took to my heels, and scamper'd away,
 Like a lusty fellow, for sure and sure,
 And swore, by my faith, if they ever catch'd I
 O' the in-a-door-side of a church any more,
 They should plump me up to the ears in a hog-trough,
 Just like a toast in a tankard then,
 And souse me and sop me, and sop me and souse me,
 A hundred times over and over again.

The Irish Haymaker.

AND did you not hear of an Irish haymaker,
 One Mr O'Rafferty—then it is me;
 And my daddy he was—yes he was a staymaker,
 And I am the whalebone he danc'd on his knee;
 And och, ever since with the girls I've been jigging,
 Who cry, but don't mean it—Pat, leave me alone;
 Then for whisky, I an't joy eternally swigging,
 By my soul, from my cradle I've suck'd it I own.

Then what d'ye think of an Irish haymaker,
 Och, an't he a devil the lasses to smack;
 With his dideroo bub, and his little shelaly,
 Sing up and down frisky, and fire away whack.

There's Judy Mac Brown, and I'll never forsake her,
 For faith we are tied, so we can't get away ;
 Then she sings like an owl, when the maggot does,
 take her,

And growls, bites, and scratches, the long summer's
 day.

Then her friend, as she calls him, one Teddy O'-
 Shafferty,

To be sure she don't hug him as puss did the
 mouse,

While he fondles and calls her his dear Mrs Rafferty;
 What a blessing to have such a friend in a house!

Then what do you think, &c.

Then do what I will, wherever I'm walking,

By my soul I am watch'd till I'm ne'er out of
 sight ;

Nor the devil a word they believe when I'm talking,
 As if I was given to swear black is white.

One day, to be sure, I look'd into the kitchen,

And saw the pot boiling, but not for poor Pat,
 But for love, or for thieving, I'd always an itching,
 So I took out the mutton and popp'd in the cat.

Now what do you think, &c.

Och, luck to sweet summer, the fields, and the
 lasses,

For sure we don't frisk it up hill and down dale,
 And then the dull liquor so merrily passes,

When we can't catch the pig for the grease on
 his tail.

But the best joke of all, and it's joy's past expressing,
 E'en the thought of it now makes me burn with
 delight,

Is Sheela's soft lips when I give her a blessing,
 And we roll in the hay on a sun-shiny night.

Now what do you think, &c.

Feyther and I.

MOTHER were dead and sister were married,
And there were nobody at home by Feyther and I.
So I thought before I longer tarried,
To get a good-wife my fortune to try :
But I swore she the model should be of my mother,
For ne'er were a better woif under the sky :
So we mounted our nags to find out such another,
So we mounted our nags to find out such another,
And set out a-courting, Feyther and I :
Feyther and I—Feyther and I.
And set out a-courting, Feyther and I.

Farmer Chaff had a daughter was famous for breeding,
She do dance, and do sing, and do play, and do
write ;
But she never could talk, she were always a-reading,
'Bout devils and ravishments, and ghosts in white:
Wounds, girl, at that fun you wont find a good un,
To be mine, at far other guests fish you must fry:
For the woif for my money must make a good pud-
ding ;—&c.
So I wish you good-morning, Feyther and I.
Feyther and I, &c.

As to Lunnin, to manage like other folks scorning,
They sit down to breakfast when we go to sup ;
At midnight they dine, they sup in the morning,
And then go to bed at the time we get up.

Then so poor, but at that I'd no heart to make fun
on,

They could not afford any covering to buy ;
So shivering with cold, we the girls left in Lunnin,
&c.

And came back to the country, Feyther and I.
Feyther and I, &c.

But Lord, farmer's daughters be as bad as their
betters ;

For prudence and decency left in the lurch,
They paint faces and pictures, write stories and let-
ters,

And look like ghostes's stuck up in a church :
Instead of staying at home, shirts and table-clothes
darning,

Or pickling a cabbage, or making a pie,
The clowns are a-standing, as stunn'd at their learn-
ing :——&c.

Sad woives to the loiks of Feyther and I.
Feyther and I, &c.

So just as I didn't know what to be after,

Ods, wounds ! says Feyther, a neighbour of mine
Died a twelvemonth ago, left a sister and daughter ;
And they both can milk cows and make goose-
berry wine :

An' to see them we went, (this fell out on a Sunday)
Nor look'd shilly shally, or foolish, or shy :
So the licence were bought, and the very next Sun-
day——&c.

They were both of them married to Feyther and I,
Feyther and I, &c.

Bundle of Proverbs.

My name's Obadiah, a Quaker I am,—(hum !)
 In spirit a lion, in figure a lamb ;
 'Tis true I cant sing like the knaves of the town,—
 (hum !)

But I now and then chant out a stave of my own ;
 In Britain's praise,
 My voice I'll raise,
 May no foreign follies her sons ere bewitch!—(hum!)
If the blind lead the blind, both will fall in the ditch—
 (umph !)

The French in their pride talk of conquering, true,
 But 'tis one thing to say and another to do :
 Let them meet our brave tars and they'll quickly
 retire,

For I've heard that *burnt children dread sorely the fire.*
 They vaunting, roar,
 They'll soon come o'er,

And get us all under their claws in a trice ;
 But you know *noisy cats very seldom catch mice.*

I own they've done much by their fighting and burn-
 ing,

But *'tis a long lane that has never a turning !*

They rail at our laws and religion, alas !

*These should never throw stones whose got windows of
 glass.*

They proudly boast,
 Their conquering host,

To humble old England shall soon be dispatch'd,
But some reckon their chickens before they are hatch'd.

In numbers they greatly exceed us 'tis clear,
But two prest men's not equal to one volunteer.

In vain are their strivings, mind not their alarms,
Sure they'll not find us all babes tho' we all be in arms ;

Yea, faith and troth,

I'm mov'd to wroth,

Friend, lend me thy weapon—and I for one,
 Will prove the old proverb *as sure as a gun.*

Now tho' I'm a Quaker, I don't quake for fear,
For a thousand hot words won't sour good beer :

If we firmly unite we may laugh at their tricks,
 Let us mind the old tale *of the bundle of sticks.*

In friendship's bands

Join hearts and hands,

Let the spirit of Englishmen move us all !

While the props are firm the old house cannot fall.

The Country Club.

Now we're all met here together,

In spite of wind or weather,

To moisten well our clay ;

Before we think of jogging

Let's take a chearful noggin,

Where's the waiter, ring away.

Where's the glees and the catches,

The tobacco-pipes and matches,

And plenty of brown stout ;

Yet the glasses, e'er we start 'em,

Let's proceed *secundum artem*,

Let the clerk all the names read out.

Spoken.—Gentlemen of the Quizzical Society, please to answer to your names—Farmer Scroggins; why I be here—Doctor Horseleach; here—Parson Paunch; here—Taylor Tit; here—(*So he goes on for about twenty*) at last—you're here, are you, all assembled? All, all, all, all.

So here's to you, Mr Wiggins,
Here's to you, Master Higgins,
So put the beer about, &c.

Come tell us what the news is,
Who wins and who loses,

Of the times what do people say?
Hard, hard, the landlord racks us,
Then we've such a load of taxes,

Indeed! well, and how goes hay?
Why, now, there's master Wiseman,
He tells the Exciseman

That the cause of all this pother and rout—
Order! order and sobriety,
Are the rules of this society,
Let the secretary read them out.

Spoken—Every member of this society, that spills his liquor in his neighbour's pocket, shall forfeit 2d.—Every member of this society that singes his neighbour's wig with his pipe, shall forfeit 2d.—Every member of this society that refuses to laugh at a joke, shall forfeit 2d.—Every member of this society who reproaches his neighbour with coming to distress by unavoidable misfortunes, shall forfeit 2d.—Mr President I move that this forfeit be a shilling; and I second the motion. Are you all agreed? I am unanimously—A noble resolution—D'ye think so.

Why, then, here's to you, Mr Higgins,
Here's to you, Mr Wiggins, &c.

And now the potent liquor,
 Not even spares the vicar,
 But to all their noddles mounts.
 While among this set of queerers,
 All talkers and no hearers,
 Each his favourite-tale recounts :
 The soldier talks of battle,
 The grazier sells his cattle,
 Conversation to provoke ;
 Till the juice of the barrel
 Begets some curious quarrel,
 Whilst the company's lost in smoke.

Spoken—Upon my soul, neighbour, I had no hand in the death of your wife ; it was all in the way of business. Nay, but Doctor, 'twere a cursed un-neighbourly thing of you, not that the woman were any sitch great things, but to put a-body to sitch an expence.—Why you don't tell me so ! kill'd fifteen with your own hand : Fifteen by my laurels ! D'ye hear that butcher ? Hear it, yes ; but I'll lay'n what he dares, he has not kill'd so many as I have by hundreds.—Powder my whiskers.—Come, come, gentlemen, says the bellows-maker, no breezes. Let me exhort you to temperance, says the parson.—Amen, says the Clerk.—That's right says the Undertaker, let us bury all animosities.—That's what I like, says the Fidler, I like to see harmony restored.—D'ye tho' ; you like to see harmony restored !

Why, then, here's to you Mr Wiggins,
 Here's to you, Mr Higgins,
 So put the beer about, &c.

The Friar.

A JOLLY fat friar lov'd liquor good store,
 And he had drunk stoutly at supper;
 He mounted his horse in the night at the door,
 And sat with his face to the crupper.
 "Some rogue," quoth the friar, "quite dead to re-
 morse,
 "Some thief, whom an halter will throttle—
 "Some scoundrel has cut off the head of my horse,
 "While I was engag'd with the bottle—
 "Which went gluggity, gluggity, plug."

The tail of this steed pointed south on the dale,
 'Twas the friar's road home, strait and level—
 But when spurr'd, a horse follows his nose, not his
 tail,
 So he scamper'd due north like the devil.
 "This new mode of docking," the fat friar said,
 "I perceive does not make a horse trot ill;
 "And 'tis cheap, for he never can eat off his head,
 "While I'm engag'd with the bottle."
 Which goes gluggity, &c.

The steed made a stop, in the pond he had got,
 He was rather for drinking than grazing;
 Quoth the friar, "'Tis strange headless horses
 should trot,
 "But to drink with their tales is amazing."

Turning round to find whence this phenomenon rose,
 In the pond fell this son of the bottle ;
 Quoth he, " The head's found, for I'm under his
 nose ;

" I wish I was over the bottle !"

Which goes gluggity, &c.

Blinking Barney.

I LISTED with old Blinking Barney,

A patriot loyal and stout,

Who being the clerk of Killarney,

One Sunday in church he bawl'd out:

" Good people, to-day, all *togidder*,

Since all minds volunteering *absorps*,

In the church-yard we'll meet to consider,

The best way of raising a *corps*."

Sing whack, and sing doraloo, &c.

From a wooden tomb-stone he harangued 'em,

" The French say they'll come, but not when,

When they do, as so often we've bang'd 'em,

The best way's to do it again.

For our Captain, there's Doctor M'Larish,

He'll soon bad enough make their case,

For since he first physic'd this parish,

He's kill'd ev'ry soul in the place.

Sing whack, &c.

" Come, enter then every son's mother,

For hanging back now were a crime ;

Your names I'll take down without bother,
 All together just one at a time.
 If you conquer, success to your capers,
 And if you are *kilt*, with what pride,
 You'll see your own names in the papers,
 And read how like soldiers you died!"

Sing whack, &c.

The red-headed Squire.

It happen'd one night, in a north-country inn,
 That a carrotty 'squire caus'd a terrible din,
 With his cropt curly pole, and his locks all so red ;
 For when lighted up stairs was this red-headed
 squire,
 A wag saw him going, and bellow'd out, fire !
 Such a cry, beyond doubt,
 Put the inn in a rout,
 Lords, parsons, and dollies, and riders rush'd out,
 And met in the passage, half drest, out of bed !

The first who came forth, much more frighten'd
 than hurt,
 Was a travelling Jew, in a mighty short shirt,
 With his box of sham jewelsh, on which he did
 doat ;
 But rather too hasty to save all his riches,
 He tripp'd up Moll Cook in John Boots' leather
 breeches ;

Then they Jew dropt his treasure,
 A taylor his measure,
 A Quaker roll'd over two ladies of pleasure,
 And a Member of Parliament knock'd down a vote.

The mistake being known, a pert limb of the law
 Cry'd, Gentlefolks all of this business I saw :

Many actions will lie---many notes, too, I took ;
 Here's a brute of a Quaker, his crime's somewhat
 rarish,

Has assaulted two ladies from Marybone parish ;

You've been scar'd out of bed,

By a squire whose pate's red,

While a squire's weakest part has been libell'd---his
 head,

And a Jew has unchristianly treated a Cook.

Dan the Waiter's Journey to London.

YOUR zarvant, good gentlefolks, how d'ye all do?

Dont'ee know me again that you stare at me so !

My old measter Brulgruddery he do keep the Red
 Cow,

I be Dan the head waiter, sure you all know me now.

Tol de rol.

But I've left the Red Cow---and betwixt you and I,
 As I've nought else to do, I'll just tell you for
 why---

Says old measter to me, "What have you been a-
bout ;

You'd seduce my old lambkin, but I've now found
you out.

Tol de rol.

Stop measter, cried I, drive that out of your head,
For dame swote not to marry me, till you be dead.

Oh, oh, then says he, if you please Mister Dan,
To get a new measter, and I'll get a new man.

Tol de rol.

I know that I'm pratty, but I cannot help that,
And if old mistress thought so, why she knows
what's what ;

To handsome men ladies were never yet blind,
If I were born a great beauty, why that's no fault
of mine.

Tol de rol.

Next, Mr Deputy Bull for a footman me hir'd,
But of the old figman I were very soon tir'd,
For he call'd me John Lump—and employed me to
guard

A Quakering lady that he call'd his ward.

Tol de rol.

Since then I have liv'd with Matt Mushroom, Es-
quire,

But of him for my character don't you enquire,
For in Family Quarrels he'll have something to do,
But though he were Yorkshire, yet I were York
too.

Tol de rol.

To my employers I've ever been faithful and true,
I have pleas'd all my measters, nay my mistresses too;

And to young dashing spendthrifts I'd have it well
 known,
 I can, for a need, knock a bum-bailey down.
 Tol de rol.

Thus, gentlefolks all, I have told ye my case,
 And I'm cumm'd up to Lunnin to get a new place,
 Should any one here know who wants such a man,
 Pray speak a good ward in behalf of poor Dan.
 Tol de rol.

But 'tis chiefly your smiles I am anxious to gain,
 Your plaudits give pleasure, your censure gives
 pain,
 Believe honest Dan, what he tells ye is true,
 He's the happiest of men if he can but please you,
 Tol de rol.

The Irish Wedding.

SURE won't you hear
 What roaring cheer
 Was spread at Paddy's wedding, O,
 And how so gay,
 They spent the day,
 From the churching to the bedding, O:
 First, book in hand, came father Quipes,
 With the bride's dad-da, the baillie, O,
 While all the way to church the pipes
 Struck up a lilt so gaily, O.

Then there was Mat,
 And sturdy Pat,
 And merry Morgan Murphy, O ;
 And Murdock Maggs,
 And Tirlogh Skeggs,
 Maclochlan, and Dick Durfey, O.
 And then the girls, dress'd out in whites,
 Led on by Dad O'Reily, O,
 All jigging as the merry pipes
 Struck up a lilt so gaily, O.

When Pat was ask'd
 Would his love last ?
 The chancel echo'd with laughter, O !
 Arrah fait, cried Pat,
 You may see dat,
 To the end of the world and after, O ;
 Then tenderly her hand he gripes,
 And kisses her genteelly, O,
 While all in tune the merry pipes
 Struck up a lilt so gaily, O.

Now a roaring set
 At dinner are met,
 So frolicsome and so frisky, O,
 Potatoes galore,
 A skirraig, or more,
 And a flowing madder of whisky, O.
 To the bride's dear health round went the swipes,
 That her joy might be nightly and daily, O,
 And as they guttled, the merry pipes
 Struck up a lilt so gaily, O.

And then at night,
 Oh ! what delight,
 To see them footing and prancing, O,

An opera, or ball,
 Were nothing at all,
 Compar'd to the style of their dancing, O;
 And then to see old father Quipes
 Beat time with his shelaly, O;
 While the chanter with his merry pipes
 Struck up a lilt so gaily, O.

And now the knot,
 So tipsy got,
 They'll go to sleep without rocking, O.
 So the bridemaids fair
 Now gravely prepare
 For throwing of the stocking, O;
 And round to be sure did not go the swipes,
 At the bride's expence so freely, O,
 While to wish them good night the merry pipes
 Struck up a lilt so gaily, O.

The Curly-Headed Boy.

My father was a farmer, and father's son am I,
 And down in these parts I were born;
 When but a saucy urchin, not half a handful high,
 I tended the sheep night and morn.
 My dad and mammy spoil'd me, I was their only joy,
 And they call'd me their pretty little curly-headed boy.
 So I play'd and prank'd it prettily, for life was but a
 toy,
 To the very merry pretty little curly-headed boy.

But soon I shot up taller, ill weeds they grow apace,
 Then who were so likely as I?
 The ruddy glow of healthfulness stood laughing in
 my face,
 And I reckon I look'd pretty sly;
 For the village girls would titter and would cry with
 joy,
 See there goes the pretty little curly-headed boy.
 So I kiss'd and romp'd it prettily, for love was but a
 toy,
 To the very merry saucy little curly-headed boy.

Now dad and mam are dead and gone, the little
 farm's my own,
 But so stupid's a bachelor's life,
 Ize resolv'd for sure and sartain, Ize no longer live
 alone,
 So in that case mun get me a wife.
 Then the image of his dad I shall see, to crown my joy,
 On my knee another pretty little curly-headed boy.
 O, Ize nurse and teach prattily, while wife will cry
 wi' joy,
 How like his dad's the pretty little curly-headed boy.

Giles Scroggins.

GILES Scroggins courted Molly Brown,
 Fol deriddle lol, fol deriddle lido;
 The fairest wench in all the town,
 Fol deriddle lol, &c.
 He bought a ring with posie true,
 "If you loves I as I loves you,
 "No knife can cut our love in two."
 Fol deriddle lol, &c.

But scissars cut as well as knives,

Fol deriddle lol, &c.

And quite unsartin's all our lives,

Fol deriddle lol, &c.

The day they were to have been wed,

Fate's scissars cut poor Giles's thread,

So they could not be mar-ri-ed.

Fol deriddle lol, &c.

Poor Molly laid her down to weep,

Fol deriddle lol, &c.

And cried herself quite fast asleep,

Fol deriddle lol, &c.

When, standing all by the bed-post,

A figure tall her sight engross'd,

And it cried, I beez Giles Scroggins Ghost!

Fol deriddle lol, &c.

The Ghost it said all solemnly,

Fol deriddle lol, &c.

O Molly, you must go with I!

Fol deriddle lol, &c.

All to the grave, your love to cool.—

She says, I am not dead, you fool!

Says the Ghost, says he, Vy that's no rule!—

Fol deriddle lol, &c.

The Ghost he seiz'd her all so grim,

Fol deriddle lol, &c.

All for to go along with him,

Fol deriddle lol, &c.

Come, come, said he, ere morning beam,—

I von't! said she, and she scream'd a scream—

Then she woke and found she dream't a dream.

Fol deriddle lol, &c.

Judy O'Flannikin.

Oh, whack ! Cupid's a mannikin ;
 Smack on my back he hit me a polter ;
 Good lack ! Judy O'Flannikin ?
 Dear she loves neat Looney Mactwolter.
 Judy's my darling ; my kisses she suffers ;
 She's an heiress, that's clear,
 For her father sells beer ;
 He keeps the sign of the cow and the snuffers.
 She's so smart,
 From my heart
 I cannot bolt her :
 Oh, whack ! Judy O'Flannikin ;
 She is the girl for Looney Mactwolter.

Oh, hone ! good news I need a bit ;
 We'd correspond, but learning would choak her ;
 Mavrone ! I cannot read a bit,
 Judy can't tell a pen from a proker.
 Judy's so constant I'll never forsake her ;
 She's as true as the moon ;
 Only one afternoon
 I caught her asleep with a hump-back'd shoe-maker ;
 Oh, she's smart !
 From my heart
 I cannot bolt her :
 Oh, whack ! Judy O'Flannikin ;
 She is the girl for Looney Mactwolter.

Jeremy Scaite.

MAMA's left off bus'ness, and I've sunk the shop,
 So my old trade acquaintance I think I shall drop ;
 Sam Souchong the grocer, Billy Biscuit the baker,
 Tommy Tit the taylor, and Miss Stitch the mantua-
 maker,

Peter Puff the perfumer, Frank Felt the hatter,
 And Sally Score the bar-maid at the Pewter Platter,
 Miss Minnikin the milliner, the pride of city belles,
 And funny Joe Grimaldi, the clown of Sadler's Wells.
 Ti, tiddle, liddle, lol.

All the people direct '*Squire* to me when they write,
 And mama talks of having me made *Barrow-knight*;
 Sir Jeremy Scaite ! O, 'twill sound monstrous pretty,
 And I'll drive my *bar rouché*, dashing, splashing
 through the city :

I'm a high dog—for a frolic, I and a dozen,
 At the tavern, plump behind the fire popp'd the
 landlord's cousin ;
 The landlord cried out, Gentlemen, my cousin would
 you kill ?

Says I, O, *dem* your cousin, you can charge him in
 the bill.

Ti, tiddle, &c.

The Birth of Tom Jolly.

THE night when my hero, Tom Jolly was born,
Gay friends sat carousing till peep'd in the morn ;
The cellar thrown open, the house rang with joy,
And the toast oft went round—Long life to the boy !

Ere twelve years of age, Nature hung on Tom's sign,
Each play-thing he chose was a type of the vine ;
But his favorite toy, for which he would quarrel,
Was rosy-fac'd Bacchus bestriding a barrel.

With each musical sound his ear was struck soon,
But with one, which thro' life he thought most in tune,
'Twas that full note brought out by a skrew or a fork,
The sweet sound of the pop in drawing a cork.

As Tom could sketch figures, he deck'd, while at
school,
Every ceiling and wall with a ladle and bowl ;
And no doors for miles round was he able to pass,
Without drawing upon it a bottle and glass.

Tom rode a nice nag, which he taught to drink beer,
To enliven his pace and his spirits to cheer ;
Conceiving his horse, like himself, ought to feel
That a spur in the head is worth two in the heel.

In the chair always Tom paid the greatest devotion
To Bacchus, by keeping the bottle in motion ;
And a sky-light or heel-tap, he proudly would boast,
He never once suffered, when a bumper the toast.

But, alas! when Tom found that all flesh is grass,
 And Death's scythe near at hand, spite of bottle and
 glass,
 He will'd that his grave 'neath a church-spout should
 lay,
 That the clouds when uncork'd might moisten his
 clay.

Hosts of friends from all parts attended his bier,
 But with this consolation their sorrows to cheer,
 That tho' jolly Tom was cut off in his prime,
 He left plenty of heirs to drink down old time.

At the Dead of the Night.

At the dead of the night, when by whisky inspir'd,
 And pretty Katty Flannigan my bosom had fir'd,
 I tapped at her window, when thus she began,
 "Oh! what the devil are you at? begone you naugh-
 ty man."

I gave her look, as sly as a thief,
 Or when hungry I'd view a fine surloin of beef:
 "My heart is red hot," says I, "but cold is my skin,
 "So pretty Mrs Flannigan, oh, won't you let me in?"

She opening the door, I sat down by the fire,
 And soon was reliev'd from the wet, cold, and mire,
 And I pleased her so mightily, that, long e'er it was
 day,
 I stole poor Katty's tender heart, and so tripp'd away.

The Dutch Fish-Monger.

OF all what strive to live and thrive,
 And by cunning to over-reach man ;
 Whether trade ben dead, or trade ben alive,
 De best trade of all is a Diestman.
 World he fish vat he can get,
 But-all ben fish in the Diestman's net,
 - Ik ben liderlik, du bist liderlick, a lay te.

Mynheer can drink, for dronk by chance,
 Mynheer, by chance, can caper ;
 But ik never let mine vrow go dance,
 Till somebody pay de piper ;
 And if my croopen holt is hond,
 I croak mine pipe, and I nic for stond.
 Ik ben liderlick, &c.

We trade mit de Yonky, and deal mit de Scot,
 And cheaten de taen and de tother ;
 We cheaten de Jew, the better as dat,
 We cheaten one either 'nother ;
 And at Amsterdam, when we come dere,
 We shall cheaten the devil, and that's all fair.
 Ik ben liderlick, &c.

De strange mans comes for de fish, dat's nice,
 And looks as sharp as donder ;

Ik praise mine goods, and I tak mine price,
 And sell him stinking flounder ;
 Den he cry, tief man, ik say yaw !
 Mit mine hond to mine gelt, com' ca'.
 Ik ben liderlick, &c.

When Arthur first at Court began.

WHEN Arthur first at court began
 To wear long hanging sleeves,
 He entertained three waiting men,
 And all of them were thieves.

The first he was an Irishman,
 The second was a Scot,
 The third he was a Welshman,
 And all were knaves I wot.

The Irishman lov'd Usquebaugh,
 The Scot lov'd ale call'd Blue Cap,
 The Welshman he lov'd toasted cheese,
 And made his mouth like a mouse-trap.

Usquebaugh burnt the Irishman,
 The Scot was drown'd in ale,
 The Welshman had like to've been choak'd by a
 mouse,
 But he pull'd her out by the tail.

The Wedding of Ballyporeen.

DESCEND ye chaste Nine to a true Irish Bard,
 You're old maids to be sure, but he sends you a
 card,
 To beg you'll assist a poor musical elf,
 With a Song ready made, he'll compose it himself,
 About maids, boys, a priest, and a wedding,
 With a croud you could scarce thrust your head in,
 A supper, good cheer, and a bedding,
 Which happen'd at Ballyporeen.

'Twas a fine summer's morn, about twelve in the
 day,
 All the birds fell to sing, all the asses to bray,
 When Patrick the bridegroom, and Oonagh the
 bride,
 In their best bibs and tuckers set off side by side :
 Oh ! the piper play'd first in the rear, sir,
 The maids blush'd, the bridesmen did swear, sir,
 Oh ! lord, how the spalpeens did stare,
 At this wedding of Ballyporeen.

They were soon tack'd together, and home did re-
 turn,
 To make merry the day at the sign of the churn,
 When the sat down together, a frolicsome troop,
 Oh, the banks of old Shannon near saw such a group !

There were turf-cutters, threshers, and tailors,
 With harpers, and pipers, and nailers,
 And pedlars, and smugglers, and sailors,
 Assembled at Ballyporeen.

There was Bryan Macdermot, and Shaugnessy's
 brat,
 With Terence, and Triscol, and platterfaced Patt,
 There was Norah Macormick, and Bryan O'Lynn,
 And the fat red-hair'd cook-maid who lives at the
 inn;
 There was Sheelah, and Larry the genius,
 With Patt's uncle, old Darby Dennis,
 Black Thady, and crooked Macgennis,
 Assembled at Ballyporeen.

Now the bridegroom sat down to make an oration,
 And he charm'd all their souls with his kind bo-
 theration,
 They were welcome, he said, and he swore, and he
 curs'd,
 They might eat till they swell'd, and might drink
 till they burst.
 The first christening I have, if I thrive, sirs,
 Here again I do hope you'll all drive, sirs,
 You'll be welcome, all dead or alive, sirs,
 To a christening at Ballyporeen.

Then the bride she got up to make a low bow,
 But she twitter'd and felt so---she could not tell
 how---
 She blush'd and she stammer'd---the few words she
 let fall,
 She whisper'd so low, that she bother'd them all---

But her mother cry'd, "What, are you dead, child"
 "Oh, for shame of you, hold up your head, child,
 "Tho' I'm sixty, I wish I was wed, child,
 "Oh, I'd rattle at Ballyporeen!"

Now they sat down to meat, Father Murphy said
 grace;
 Smoaking-hot were the dishes, and eager each face,
 The knives and forks rattled, spoons and platters did
 play,
 And they elbow'd, and jostled, and wallop'd away:
 Rumps, chines, and fat sirloins did groan, sirs,
 Whole mountains of beef were cut down, sirs,
 They demolish'd all to the bare bone, sirs,
 At this wedding of Ballyporeen.

There was bacon and greens, but the turkey was
 spoil'd,
 Potatoes dress'd both ways, both roasted and boil'd;
 Hogs' puddings, red herrings, the priest got the
 snipe;
 Culcannon, pies, dumplings, cods, cow-heels and
 tripe!
 Then they ate till they could eat no more, sirs,
 And the whisky came pouring *galore*, sirs,
 Oh, how Terry Macmanus did roar, sirs,
 Oh he bother'd all Ballyporeen.

Now the whisky went round, and the songsters did
 roar,
 Tim sung "Paddy O'Kelly", Nell sung "Molly
 astore;"
 'Till a motion was made that their songs they'd for-
 sake,
 And each lad take his sweetheart their trotters to
 shake;

Then the piper and couples advancing,
 Pumps, brogues, and bare feet fell a-prancing,
 Such piping, such figuring, and dancing,
 Was ne'er known at Ballyporeen.

Now to Patrick the bridegroom, and Oonagh the
 bride,
 Let the harp of old Ireland be sounded with pride,
 And to all the brave guests, young or old, grey or
 green,
 Drunk or sober, that jigged it at Ballyporeen.
 And when Cupid shall lend you his wherry,
 To trip o'er the conjugal ferry,
 I wish you may be half so merry,
 As we were at Ballyporeen.

Song of Wonders.

WHAT a wonderful age 'tis my lads,
 And what wonderful people live in it,
 We've wonderful mammys and dads,
 Fresh wonders arise every minute.
 We've wonderiul ships in our navy,
 And wonderful soldiers and sailors ;
 We've wonderful beef full of gravy,
 And wonderful cabbage for tailors.
 Tol lol, &c.

We've wonderful doctors call'd quacks,
 With wonderiul puffs in the papers,
 Will tell you most wonderful facts,
 And cut you most wonderful capers.

With one little wonderful pill,
 They ev'ry disorder keep under,
 And if they can't cure they can kill,
 And pray where's the diff'rence, I wonder?

Take a peep at our wonderful ladies,
 They all look so wonderful pretty,
 Each wig now so wonderful made is,
 'Twill suit grey, auburn, or jetty.
 We've wonderful fine puppet-shows,
 With wonderful sights of beholders,
 We've wonderful boots for the beaux,
 And coats made with wonderful shoulders.

We had wonderful foes on the seas,
 Who kick'd up a wonderful riot,
 But we beat them with wonderful ease,
 And d—n 'em they wont remain quiet.
 In Egypt, (what wonderful works !)
 The French, with their great undertaker,
 Went to take the whole land from the Turks,
 But they could not take one single ACRE.

Now Boney, so wonderful clever,
 Will invade as sure as a gun,
 So let him ; he'll find that he never
 Experienc'd such wonderful fun :
 His scarecrows, he threatens, are ready,
 At Boulogne, at Calais, and Brest ;
 While our soldiers and sailors so steady,
 Cry, " Lord how we'll feather his nest."

But the wonderful wonder of all,
 And wonderful true they have found it,
 Is, that Britain, so wonderful small,
 Should awe the great nations around it,

Huzza ! for each soldier and tar,
 At fighting so wonderful clever,
 When we've finish'd this wonderful war,
 May we all shout, Wonderful Britons for ever !
 Tol lol, &c.

The Chapter of Kings.

THE Romans in England they once did sway,
 And the Saxons after them led the way,
 And they tugg'd with the Danes till an overthrow,
 They both of them got by the Norman beau ;
 Yet, barring all pother,
 The one and the other,
 Were all of them kings in their turn.

Little Willy the Conqueror long did reign,
 But Billy his son by an arrow was slain ;
 And Harry the First was a scholar bright,
 But Stephen was forc'd for his crown to fight.
 Yet barring, &c.

Second Harry Plantagenet's name did bear,
 And Cœur de Lion was his son and heir ;
 But Magna Charta we gain'd from John,
 Which Harry the Third put his seal upon.
 Yet barring, &c.

There was Teddy the First, like a tyger bold,
 But the Second by rebels was bought and sold,

And Teddy the Third was his subjects pride,
 Tho' his grandson Dicky was pop'd aside.
 Yet barring, &c.

There was Harry the Fourth a warlike wight,
 And Harry the Fifth like a cock would fight;
 Tho' Henry his son like a chick did pout,
 When Teddy his cousin had kick'd him out.
 Yet barring, &c.

Poor Teddy the Fifth he was kill'd in bed,
 By butchering Dick who was knock'd in the head;
 Then Harry the Seventh in fame grew big,
 And Harry the Eight was as fat as a pig.
 Yet barring, &c.

With Teddy the Sixth we had tranquil days,
 Tho' Mary made fire and faggot blaze;
 But good Queen Bess was a glorious dame,
 And bonny King Jemmy from Scotland came.
 Yet barring, &c.

Poor Charley the First was a martyr made,
 But Charley his son was a comical blade;
 And Jemmy the Second, when hotly spurr'd,
 Run away, do ye see, from Willy the Third.
 Yet barring, &c.

Queen Ann was victorious by land and sea,
 And Georgey the First did with glory sway;
 And as Georgey the Second has long been dead,
 Long life to the Georgey we have in his stead,
 And may his son's sons
 To the end of the chapter,
 All come to be kings in their turn.

New Song.

I'm a Paddy you see by the sight of my trogue,
And my name's Master Roderick O'Macwhacfenugino :

I was born with no shirt in sweet Ballanahog,
And christened by Father O'Domini Jugino.

Now, upon my conscience, Master Roderick, you are a devilish queer fellow, and devil burn me but I see you are bent upon getting drunk to-night, but I'll take care of you.—*Chorus*, With my duderum, daderam, fuderum, faderam, St Patrick's day in the morning.

'The reverend father got wondrous frisky,
He liked holy water, but he mixt it with whisky;
And in past'ral ale gave me this ghostly warning,
If you're drunk over night, you'll be dry the next morning.

All this time my father's telling the story, I looked about me, and devil burn me but he's at my cupboard taking a swig at my bottle : Oh, says I, dear father, what are you about? Oh you hard-hearted christian, an't I the keeper of your conscience, and devil burn me but I take all the sin upon myself: and devil burn me, father, but you take all the whisky too upon yourself, &c.

With my duderum, &c.

Then he told me the list of his pedigree fait,
 Said his blood was as thick as the best lord in
 christendom;
 Says I, that accounts for your thick-headed pate;
 Then he told all his ancestors' names while I lis-
 ten'd him.

Now, upon my conscience, stop a bit, or I give
 you a toast, "Here's may the hard-hearted father
 never know what it is to have a child," &c.

He got them all but save the father poor elf,
 Cause the mother of him wont quite certain herself;
 And this from the father was all I could gather,
 He must be a wise child that knows his own father.

Devil burn me if I know what to say of it, for
 you know, and I know, and upon my soul every o-
 ther body knows, &c.

Joe and the Shew Folk.

I WAS call'd knowing Joe by the boys of our town,
 Old dad taught me wisely to know folk;
 Cod! I was so sharp, when they laughing came
 down,
 I ax't, how dost do? to the shew folk;
 I could chant a good stave, that I know'd very well;
 No boy of my age could talk louder!
 Crack a joke, tip the wink, or a droll story tell:
 Of my cleverness too, none were prouder:

So, thinks I, its better nor following the plough,
To try with these youths to queer low folk;
Their measter I met; so I made my best bow,

Spoken.]—How do'st do, sir, says I—how do'st do,
sir, says he,—says I, I'se a mighty notion of turn-
ing actor mon—I be main lissom—and wrestles and
boxes very pratty—dances a good jig—and can
play the very devil!

Ax't a pleast, so join'd with the shew-folk.

This pleast that I got, I detarmin'd to keep,
But odzookers! they all were so drollish!
Kings, coblers, and tailors! a prince or a sweep!
And stared so at I—I look'd foolish!

Their daggers and swords, cod! they handled so
cute,

And their leadies were all so bewitching!
When I thought to be droll, I was almost struck
mute

As the bacon-rack that hangs in our kitchen;
They ax'd me to say, how the coach was at the door,
When were seated above and below folk;
Feggs! I was so shamefac'd, I flopp'd on the floor!

Spoken.]—A kind of sort of giddiness seiz'd me all
over! the candles danc'd the hays! t'were as
dimmish as a Scotch mist! I dropped down as a
shot!

And swounded away 'mong the shew-folk!

They laugh'd so, and jeer'd me, as never were seen;
All manner of fancies were playing!

One night I was sent for to wait on a Queen,
Spok.] I believe it were Queen Hamblet of Dunkirk,
(Not thinking the plan they were laying,)

My leady she died on a chair, next her spouse,
 While with pins me behind they were pricking!
 All at once I scream'd out! lent her grace such a
 douse,

That alive she was soon, aye, and kicking!
 The people all laugh'd at, and hooted poor I,
 And the comical dogs did me so joke!
 That I made but one step, without bidding good bye,

Spoken.]—From their steage, Cod! I never so much
 as once look'd behind me—tumbled over a barrel
 of thunder—knock'd down a hail-storm—spoilt a
 bran new moon—roll'd over the sea—and darted
 like lightning through the infernal regions;

And so took my leave of the shew-folk.

Jacob Gawkey's Ramble to Bath.

RECITATION.

DANG it! I be glad to zee ye all, I vow.
 What, don't ye knaw me?—I'd forgot my vow.
 Why, I be Jacob Gawkey—zure you can't well
 vail,
 To knaw me, when you see my vine pig's tail.

In Lunnnon town, I liv'd a zorry life,
 But some do love a deecal of noise and strife;
 It wouldn't do vor I—zoo down I come,
 And vor this good while past I've liv'd at whoame.
 I often laugh to think—I can't tell why.
 How pleas'd! how vrighten'd! and amaz'd was I

To zee the Lunnon folk!—'tween I and you.
They all do knaw—how many beans make two!

The day that I zet off—I met a mon,
A ax'd how I did, and sheak'd my hon;
A thought un desp'rate kind, and ax'd his name,
You been't Ralph Dumps? zaid I—zaid he, the
very same,

Atak'd exact leek! but var more zivil,
But that's not strange, I think I war the devil!
(Nay, doan't ye laugh, vor I ha heard volks zay
The devil's in Lunnon ev'ry night and day,)
I thought no harm, but while I gap'd about,
A vairy turn'd my pocket inside out!
Zoo off a war—and wi' all his mighty zense,
A got noa moor then dree or vower pence;
Noa, noa, thought I, my gentleman, I'll baulk ye,
Thou't rise betime to outwit Jacob Gawkey!
My vare egod war paid, and zoo vor vear,
I zaw'd my money in a bag in here,

[*Turning his knec, shews the under part.*

I didn't mind my loss not a single, not I, a single pin,
I though myzel well off, to zave my skin!
My skin!—nay, vather zays, 'twar all his vears,
They'd zend me back—without my head & ears!
At last, however, I got down and zafe,
'T is west o' this 'bout seven miles and a half;
It being an idle day, I thought I'd come;
To zee the zights of Bath, and then go home,
What here I zeed to you I'm going to zay,
Or if you please—I'll zing it in a zimple way.

SONG.—*Tune, Ally Croaker.*

Up and down, round about, all the streets I paraded,
And zeed beaux who didn't know their beauties war
vaded,

Their cuoates war zoo cut away,—breeches to ex-
pose, zur,
And heads zoo bevrizz'd—curdles cover'd half their
nose, zur,

Their cuoates war zoo, &c.

Then the ladies zoo dress—they do bury all their chin,
zur,
Zoo lac'd in the middle—to look taper and thin, zur,
While behind, hoops and all, they do need nothing
moor, zur,
But weight enow to balance what they carry here
avore, zur.

Behind hoops, &c.

How I laugh'd, O my zides, to zee zome ladies
walking,
Al about vast asleep! and what's more they were
talking;
But in a dream, I suppose, vor al round about their
heads, zur,
The curtains war drawn, just as tho' they war in bed;
zur.

In a dream, &c.

In the Crezzunt, 'tis as fine a place as ever I did zee,
zur,
The beaux shorten paces with the belles to a tee;
zur,
Niddle, noddle, to and fro—and to view each' that
passes,
For veer their eyes should wear out, they do stare
dro' looking glasses.

Niddle, noddle, &c.

But pretending short zight, zarves a good turn enow,
too,

They can overlook those that they don't wish to bow
to,

And at beauties can squinny with their glasses cock'd
so close, zur,

Zometime you would think, they war hook'd nose
by nose, zur.

At beauties, &c.

In the pump room vull cramm'd—'tis a zight for to
zee, zur,

And stranger to tell, there all ranks do agree, zur,
Vor leek corks in a box, stuck upright cheek by
jowl, zur,

Push but one, and bob goes the bodies of the whole,
zur.

Leek corks, &c.

But what pleaz'd I maust, war to zee in fine wea-
ther,

Vine volk ride about in them things made o' leather ;
While two men wid long poles, all the world like a
bier, zur,

Trot along with the corpse—stuck on end in the air,
zur.

Two men, &c.

Now you'll hardly believe, but you may if it please
ye,

That I had got a ride in one—I thought twar zoo
easy,

Trot along they did go—I went bibbity bob, zur,
And now and then, bang 'gainst the zide went my
nob, zur.

Along they, &c.

But all at once they did stop—because they could
 not pass, zur,
 And pop! I could not help it, went my noddle dro
 the glass, zur,
 Then quite overzet—dro the casement they haul'd
 me,
 Dang it! I shall never vorget how they maul'd me!
 Quite overzet, &c.

Al about war such racketing, such rioting, and ring-
 ing,
 Such crying, and laughing, and vidling, and zinging,
 And at night—here and there zivil leadies zoo pretty!
 Do zay—How d'ye do, zur? whenever they do meet
 ye.
 At night, &c.

At last having zeed all the zights and fine places,
 Zhops, baths, rooms, parades, and a zight o' strange
 vaces,
 I thought I'd come here, tho' my tale made ye laugh,
 zurs,
 To tell ye this zight pleases I the best by half, zur's!
 I thought, &c.

Now don't ye, dread critics—zhew a spark of ill
 nature,
 My wish is to please—you may read in each fea-
 ture,
 O the pleasure of pleasing my wish shall be for ever,
 And you all to please—be my constant endeavor.
 The pleasure of pleasing, &c.

Shadrack the Jew.

WASN'T my father a Jarman Jew,
 Wasn't my moder a Flanderkin,
 In Poland I've broders and sisters a few,
 In Holland and Portugal plenty of kin.
 Un they all tould me this, if you'll be a good man,
 Live wherever you will, cheat all dat you can.

CHORUS.

Te ral le ral lal, Shadrack Binliderlic,
 Tit tal le ral lal, Shadrack the Jew.

So wit crying old cloaths, un old shoes, un old
 hats,

I pocket the stuff, un increases my stock ;
 Wit trinkets un vatches, I take in the flats,
 Cause we Jews always know pretty will vat's
 o'clock ;

Un all countries I trade, mitt so fair is my plan,
 That no difference I make, but cheat all I can,
 Te ral le ral lal, &c.

If you have any bad shillings I cuts them in two,
 But then if it wasn't for some clever tricks,
 I never could make that same business do,

So I always give one copper shilling for six ;
 If they say its a bad one, it alters my plan,
 Un I honestly give them a worse if I can.
 Te ral le ral lal, &c.

So I looks to myself, and of nothing I thinks,
 On nothing I care what the peoples may say :
 If they call me a rogue, vy I rattle my chink,
 If I cheat, I can't help it, because its my way :
 They say that Old Nick will have me and my pelf,
 But he shan't, 'cause a Jew'll sheat the Devil himself.
 Te ral le ral lal, &c.

Pat Holloway.

ARRAH, what a big nose had the bold Captain No-
 raghon,
 Pat Holloway he pull'd it—till he made him to roar
 again,
 Whack fal de diddle—shoot him through the mid-
 dle.
 Whack fal de diddle—Well-a-day,
 Whack fal de diddle—Captain thro' the middle.
 Och, shoot Paddy Holloway.

Both they chose me their seconds, and I gave my
 word to both,
 For seconds man to two men, is one man that's third
 to both.
 Whack fal de diddle, &c.

We a met by duck pond—cries bold Captain No-
 raghon,
 Pat Holloway I'll shoot you, you never shall snear
 again.
 Whack fal de diddle, &c.

The Captain miss'd Pat—for it was not a lucky shot,
 Pat Holloway fired next, and a very fine duck he
 shot.

Whack fal de diddle, &c.

Then I stepp'd in between 'em—'twas full time to
 take it up,

For a duel now is one shot a piece—and then make
 it up.

Whack fal de diddle—shot him thro' the middle,

Whack fal de diddle—Well-a-day,

Whack fal de diddle—shake each other's daddle,

And fast friends they walk'd away.

The Night before Larry was Stretch'd.

THE night before Larry was stretch'd,

The boys they all paid him a visit ;

And bit in their sacks too they fetch'd ;

They sweated their dads'till they riz it ;

For Larry was always the lad,

When a friend was condemn'd to the squeezer,

But he'd fence all the togs that he had,

To help a poor friend to the sneezer,

And moisten his gob 'fore he dy'd.

I'm sorry, now Larry, says I,

To see you in this situation ;

'Pon my conscience, my lad, I don't lie,

I'd rather it had been my own station ;

Och hone ! it's all over, says he,

For the neckcloth I'm forc'd to put on ;

And by this time to-morrow you'll see,
 Your Larry will be dead as mutton.
 Bekays why, my dear, my courage was good.

The boys they came crouding in fast,
 They drew all their stools around about him ;
 Six glims round his trap-case were plac'd,
 He couldn't be well wak'd without them.
 I ax'd if he was fit for to die,
 Without having first duly repented,
 Says Larry, that's all in my eye,
 It's only what gownsmen invented,
 To get a fat bit for themselves.

The cards being call'd for, they play'd,
 Till Larry found one of them cheated ;
 He made a smart stroke at his head,
 (The boy being easily heated),
 Oh ! by the holy, you teef,
 I'll scuttle your nob with my daddle :
 You cheat me because I'm in grief,
 But soon I'll demolish your noddle,
 And leave you your claret to drink.

Then in came the priest with his book,
 He spoke him so smooth and so civil ;
 Larry tip'd him a Kilmainham look,
 And pitch'd his big wig to the devil :
 Then stooping a little his head,
 To get a sweet drop of the bottle,
 And pitiful sighing, he said,
 Oh ! the hemp will be soon round my throttle,
 And choke my poor windpipe to death.

So moving these last words he spoke,
 We all vented our tears in a shower ;

For my part, I thought my heart broke,
 To see him cut down like a flower :
 On his travels we watch'd him next day ;
 Oh ! the hangman I thought I could kill him ;
 Nor one word poor Larry did say,
 Nor chang'd till he came to King William,
 Then, my dear, his colour turn'd white.

When he came to the nubling chit,
 He was tuck'd up so neat and so pretty ;
 The rumbler jogg'd off from his feet,
 And he died with his face to the city !
 He kick'd too—but that was all pride,
 For soon you might see 'twas all over ;
 Soon after the noose was untied,
 And at darkee we wak'd him in clover,
 And sent him to take a ground sweat.

Jack of All Trades.

I'm parish-clerk and sexton here ;
 My name is Caleb Quotem ;
 I'm painter, glazier, auctioneer ;
 In short, I am *Factotum*.
 I make a watch—I mend the pumps ;
 For plumber's work my neck is ;
 I physic sell—I cure the mumps ;
 I tomb-stones cut—I cut the rumps
 Of little school boy Jackies.
 Geography is my delight,
 Ballads—Epitaphs I write ;
 Almanacks I can indite ;
 Graves I dig, compact and tight.

At dusk by the fire, like a good jolly cock,
 When my day's work is done, and all over,
 I tipple, I smoke, and I wind up the clock,
 With my sweet Mrs Quotem, in clover.

With my aymen, gaymen,

Rum Quotem,

Factotum;

Putty and lead;

Stumps, mumps;

Bumps, rumps;

Morter he thumps;

Signy-post daubery,

Split-crow, or strawberry;

Chimery, rhimery,

Liquorish, stickerish,

Chizzle tomb,

Frizzle tomb,

Going, a-going,

Squils, pills.

Song inditing, epitaph writing,

Steeple sound, corpse to ground;

Windsor soap, physic the Pope;

Home hop, shut up shop;

Punch-bowl crockery, wind-up clockery.

Many small articles make up a sum;

I dabble in all—I'm merry, and rum;

And 'tis heigho! for Caleb Quotem, O.

Sprig of Shelalagh.

I'm a comical fellow, I tell you no fib,
 And I come from the bogs of Killaley :
 You may see I'm the thing, by the cut of my jib,
 And they christened me Teddy O'Reilly.
 I ask'd dad for a fortune. He answered so smart,
 He'd got none for himself ; so none could he part.
 (*Spoken*)

And so d'ye see I began the world
 With an Irish estate—that's a true honest heart,
 And a snug little sprig of Shelalagh.

Dad's blessing along with me, off then I go :
 Success to the bogs of Killaley ;
 And *Erin go bragb* was the motto I chose,
 Like a sound-hearted Teddy O'Reilly.
 For if she did not flourish, what good could I do?
 Och, and then for her friends, I've a heart firm and true.
 (*Spoken*)

And as for her enemies, och, to be sure now, and
 I wouldn't give them a hand !
 Och, yes, but I would, and along with it too,
 A nate little sprig of Shelalagh.

Then I came to this town, where the world's all alive :
 Success to the bogs of Killaley ;
 And soon I learnt how many beans go to five.
 What a wonderful Teddy O'Reilley !

My pockets were empty, my heart full of glee :
Och, that was meat, drink, washing, lodging to me.

(Spoken)

And then the young vargins ! Och, to be sure, and
I didn't make a few conquestesses ; and the lau-
rels, my dear jewels, the laurels ; arrah, and is
it the laurels you're after meaning now ?
Och, the laurel that bangs all creation for me,
Is a tight little sprig of Shelalagh.

Ralph and Moses.

ISE zing you a whimsical lay,
'Bout a frolic that hap'd at our town,
How a Jew did our last market day
Take in a poor country clown.
He'd razors in plenty to zell,
Of their goodness he made great cormence ;
And, to make them go off glib and well,
Cried, " a dozen, zirs, for eighteen-pence."
Ri um ti idity a, &c.

" Od dang it !" cried Ralph, who stood byé,
" This vellow the razors must steal ;
But, efackins, that's nothing to I ;
Then they're made of the very best steel."
So insant, he lugg'd out his bag,
In order to purchase the lot ;
Then set off 'mongst his neighbours to brag
What a woundy great bargain he'd got.
Ri um ti idity a, &c.

Impatient their mettle to try,
 Ralph gallop'd away to his room,
 Where, because he'd no other brush bye,
 He lather'd himself with a broom.
 Then a razor he took from the rest :
 But his beard being bristly and black,
 His tool it would not stand the test,
 For the edge turn'd as blunt as the back.
 Ri um ti idity a, &c.

In a rage then he threw it aside,
 And grumbling took up another ;
 But when to his cheek t'was applied,
 It prov'd just as bad as its brother.
 He stamp't, and he swore, like one mad,
 And each razor he tried o'er and o'er,
 And mutter'd as how he was had,
 And dash'd the whole lot on the floor.
 Ri um ti idity a, &c.

" This Moses," cried Ralph, " is a cheat,
 But vor this he shall zartainly pay,
 As with him no doubt I shall meet,
 When to market Ise carry our hay."
 As he said, zo it prov'd in the end ;
 For no sooner the Jew met his zight,
 Then, enrag'd, he cried, " harkee, my friend,
 To throttle thee would be but right."
 Ri um ti idity a, &c.

The Jew star'd like one in a maze,
 And cried out, " vat ish it you're at ?"
 " How durst you sell razors like these ?"
 Roar'd out Ralph, " cheat, come answer me that."
 At this Moses 'gan for to rave,
 How it wa'n't using honesht folks well,

For the razors were not made to *shave*,
 'Pon his conscience, but only to *sell*.
 Ri um ti idity a, &c.

The mob, who the quarrel had heard,
 Agreed that the Jew was a cheat;
 And zeising old Smouch by the beard,
 Did him most unmerciful beat.
 Then they roll'd him in feathers and tar,
 And zet him up an horrible howl;
 When had you but seen un, Ise zwear,
 You'd a teaken un for a wild fowl.
 Ri um ti idity a, &c.

No sooner loose, than he run,
 Udzook's full as swift as the mail;
 While the butchers dogs join'd in vun,
 And followed un close at his tail.
 Now my tale Ise conclude with a wish,
 That those who to cheat the poor try, zirs,
 May meet with reception like this,
 Especially Monopolizers.
 Ri um ti idity a, &c.

The Ghosts; or Mrs Duffy and Mrs Cruckshanks.

In vonderful times like these here,
 Ven the French are agog for invasion,

And ev'ry true-bred volunteer
 Vil turn out if so be there's occasion ;
 Ven Bony himself can affright,
 And our corps are all day at their postes,
 It's hard to be scar'd in the night,
 And all by a parcel of ghostes.
 Sing fa la, &c.

You've heard how a few veeks ago,
 Von evening as pitch black and dark,
 A voman all viter than snow,
 Disappear'd to a man in the Park.
 He knew her for von that vas dead,
 And with fear tho' his senses might fail,
 Yet her being without ne'er a head,
 Is a proof he vas right in his tale.

Some said how this thing that appear'd
 Vas for sartain the ghost of his wife,
 Who of spirits vas never afear'd,
 Nor asham'd in the course of her life ;
 On her nose 'twas so easy to trace
 How oft the dear creature got snuffy,
 That nought but the vant of a face,
 From her husband disguis'd Mrs Duffy.

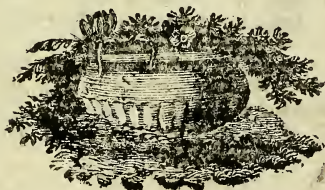
Mr Duffy vonce liv'd in the Tower,
 Vere he kiek'd up a number of pranks,
 And at that time did 'all in his power
 To beguile Mrs Kitty Cruckshanks.
 Madam Duffy this matter vell knew,
 But ere she for the rival made vay,
 Mrs Cruckshanks most likely died too,
 Because she vas buried von day.

As he knew he'd been wicked to both,
 And on guard must be in a few nights;

To go he vas devilish loath,
 For fear he should see both their sp'rites.
 At three, Mrs Duffy, 'tis said,
 Came again vithout pate like a noddy ;
 And at four Mrs Cruckshanks's head
 Came valking vith never a body.

Mrs Duffy, kind soul, for her part,
 Not a vord to her husband had flung,
 For she cou'dn't find in her heart,
 To talk vithout never a tongue.
 Mrs Cruckshanks observing her cropt,
 Regardless of any beholders,
 Give a skip, step, and jump, and so popt
 Her own head on Mrs D's shoulders.

Thus two making head against von,
 He thought it high time to be valking,
 And bolder than he might have run,
 Ven von voman for two vas a talking.
 Vith fear he was ready to drop,
 Vat they talk'd of he never yet told ;
 But he found even death cou'dn't stop
 A voman determin'd to scold.



The Beggar.

A BEGGAR I am, and of low degree,
 For I'm come of a begging family :
 I'm lame, but when in a fighting bout,
 I whip off my leg, and I fight it out ;
 In running I leave the beadle behind,
 And a lass I can see, tho' alas ! I am blind ;
 Thro' town and village I gaily jog,
 My music, the bell of my little dog.

I'm cloth'd in rags,
 I'm hung with bags,
 That round me wags ;
 I've a bag for my salt,
 A bag for my malt,
 A bag for the leg of a goose ;
 For my oats a bag,
 For my groats a bag,
 And a bottle to hold my boose.

It's now heaven bless you for your charity,
 And then push the can about, fol de rol de rec.

In begging a farthing, I'm poor and old,
 In spending a noble, I'm stout and bold ;
 When a brave full company I see,
 It's " my noble master, your charity ;"—
 But when a traveller I meet alone,
 " Stand and deliver, or I'll knock you down."
 All day for a wandering mumper I pass,
 All night—oh ! a barn, and buxom lass.
 I'm cloth'd in rags, &c.

The Lawyer.

At Symond's Inn I sip my tea,
Then file a judgment or a plea;
Inrol a deed in special tail,
Tax the costs or puts in bail.

Speaks.] O, it's a clear case, Sir! the defendant's
a married woman, pleads her coverture; you'd
better not go on; your client will have all the
costs to pay. Will he? dem'me, if mine don't,
your's shall! that's all.

Sings.] With sham plea and misnomer;
Nil debet, nulla bona;
Declaration, Replication;
Fieri facias, Special capias;
Affidavit, devastavit;
Clausum fregit, Non elegit;
Non est factum, Nudum pactum;
Demoratur, Allocatur;
Ad satisfaciendum, Et respondendum.

Should a client ask advice,
There's six-and-eight-pence in a trice;
Or treat me to dinner,
I make him pay
For all I say,
So I'm sure to be the winner.

Speaks.] Sir, you've certainly merits; I'll speak to
Mr Stark, the plaintiff's attorney: pray, Sir, did
you knock my client's eye out? No, Sir; we

plead a justification to the assault; then, Sir, we must go to trial.

Sings.] With sham plea, &c

For plaintiff or defendant,
If but the fees we snack,
We never make an end on't,
Till the coat is off his back.

Speaks.] Lord, Sir, only a few extra costs, such as the master won't allow: poor devils of clients pay the piper. Rattling down in post-chaise to the assizes; hackney-coaches to Westminster-hall; my gig on a Sunday; counsel's fees, tavern-bills, and travelling expences.

Sings.] With sham plea, &c.

Paddy's Trip from Dublin.

'Twas business requir'd I'd from Dublin be straying,
I bargain'd the captain to sail pretty quick;
But just at the moment the anchor was weighing,
A spalpeen, he wanted to play me a trick.
Says he, Paddy go down stairs and fetch me some
beer now—

Say's I, by my shoul you're monstratious kind;
Then you'll sail away, and I'll look mighty queer
now,

When I come up and see myself all left behind.

A storm met the ship, and did so dodge her:

Says the captain, we'll sink, or be all cast away;

Thinks I, never mind, 'cause I'm only a lodger,
 And my life is insur'd, so the office must pay.
 But a taef who was sea-sick-kick'd up such a riot,
 Tho' he lay quite sea-sick and speechless. poor
 elf,
 Do you think that there's nobody dead but your-
 self?

Well, we got safe on shore every son of his mother,
 There I found an old friend, Mr Paddy Macgree;
 Och Dermot, says he, is it you or your brother?
 Says I,—I've a mighty great notion its me.
 Then I told him the bull we had made of our journey;
 But to bull-making, Irishmen always bear blame:
 Says he,—my good friend, tho' we've bulls in Hi-
 bernia,
 They've cuckolds in England, and that's all the
 same.

But, from all cuckoldom heaven preserve us,
 For John Bull and Paddy Bull's both man and
 wife,
 And every brave fellow who's kill'd in their service,
 Is sure of a pension the rest of his life.
 Then who, in defence of a pair of such hearties,
 'Till he'd no legs to stand on, would e'er run
 away,
 Then a fig for the war, and d—m Bonaparte,
 King George and the Union shall carry the day.

Murphy Delaney.

It was Murphy Delaney so funny and frisky,
 Reel'd into a shebeen to get his skin full ;
 And popp'd out again, pretty well lin'd with whis-
 key,

As fresh as a shamrock, and blind as a bull ;
 When a trifling accident happen'd our rover,
 Who took the quay side for the floor of his shed ;
 And the keel of a coal-barge he just tumbled over,
 And thought all the while he was going to bed.
 And sing phillilu, hubbubboo, whack, boderation,
 Ev'ry man in his humour, as Teague kiss'd the pig.

Some folks passing by, pull'd him out of the river,
 And got a horse-doctor his sickness to mend ;
 Who swore that poor Murph' was no longer a liver,
 But dead as a devil, and there was an end.

Then they sent for the coroner's jury to try him ;
 But Murph' not much liking this comical strife,
 Fell to twisting and turning the while they sat by
 him,

And came, when he found it convenient, to life.
 And sing phillilu, &c.

Says he to the jury—your worships, an't please ye,
 I don't think I'm dead yet, so what is it you
 do?—

Not dead ! says the foreman, you spalpeen be easy ;

Don't you ~~think~~ but the doctor knows better than you?—

Then they went on with the business some further,
And examin'd the doctor about his belief;
When they brought poor Delaney in guilty of murder,
And swore they wou'd hang him in spite of his teeth.
And sing phililu, &c.

Then Murphy laid hold of a clumsy shelala,
And laid on the doctor as sly as a post;
Who swore that it cou'dn't be Murphy Delaney,
But something alive, so it must be his ghost.
Then the jury began, joy, with fear to survey him,
(Whilst he like a devil about them did lay)
And sent straight out of hand for the clargy to lay him:
But Murph' laid the clargy, and then run away.
Singing phililu, &c.

The Old Commodore.

ODSBLOOD! what a time for a sailor to skulk
Under gingerbread hatches ashore;
What a d—n'd bad job, that his batter'd old hulk
Can't be rigg'd out for sea once more;
But the puppies as they pass,
Cocking up a squinting glass,

Thus run down the old Commodore ;
 That's the old Commodore,
 The rum old Commodore,
 The gouty old Commodore—He !
 Why the bullets and the gout
 Have so knock'd his hull about,
 That he'll never more be fit for sea.

Here am I in distress, like a ship water-logg'd,
 Not a tow-rope at hand, nor an oar ;
 I am left by my crew, and may I be flogg'd,
 But the doctor's a son of a whore !
 While I'm swallowing his slops,
 How nimble are his chops,
 Thus queering the old Commodore ;
 A bad case, Commodore,
 Can't say, Commodore,
 Mustn't flatter, Commodore,—says he,
 For the bullets and the gout
 Have so knock'd your hull about,
 That you'll never more be fit for sea.

What ! no more to be afloat ? blood and fury they
 lie !


I'm a seaman, and only three-score,
 And if, as they tell me, I'm likely to die,
 Gadzooks ! let me not die ashore :
 As to death 'tis a joke,
 Sailors live in fire and smoke,
 So at least says an old Commodore,
 The rum old Commodore,
 The tough old Commodore,
 The fighting old Commodore,—He !
 Whom the devil nor the gout,
 Nor the French dogs to boot,
 Shall kill 'till they grapple him at sea.

The Barring of the Door.

IT fell upon the Martinmas time,
And a gay time it was then, O,
When our goodwife got puddings to make,
And she boil'd them in the pan, O :
The wind sae cauld blew south and north,
And blew into the door, O ;
Quoth our goodman to our goodwife,
“Get up and bar the door, O !”
“My hand is in my husif scap,
“Goodman, as ye may see, O,
“An't should na be barr'd this hundred year—
“It's no be barr'd for me, O !”

They made paction 'tween them twa,
They made it firm and sure, O,
That the first that spoke the foremost word
Should rise and bar the door, O.
Then by there came two gentlemen,
At twelve o'clock at night, O,
And they could neither see house nor hall,
Nor coal nor candle-light, O.

Now whither is this a rich man's house?
Or whither is it a poor, O ?
But never a word would ane o' them speak,
For barring of the door, O.



And first they ate the white puddings,
 And then they ate the black, O :
 Tho' muckle thought the goodwife to hersel',
 Yet ne'er a word she spake, O.

Then said the one unto the other,
 " Here, man, tak ye my knife, O,
 " Do ye tak off the auld man's beard,
 " And I'll kiss the goodwife, O.
 " But there's nae water in the house,
 " And what shall we do then, O ?"
 " What ails ye at the pudding broo,
 " That boils into the pan, O ?"

O, up then started the auld goodman,
 And an angry man was he, O,
 " Will ye kiss my wife before my een,
 " And scald me wi' pudding-broo, O !"
 Then up started our auld goodwife,
 Gied three skips on the floor, O ;
 " Goodman, ye've spoken the foremost word,
 " Get up and bar the door, O !"

What is a Woman like ?

A WOMAN is like to—but stay—
 What woman is like, who can say ?
 There's no living with or without one—
 Love bites like a fly,
 Now an ear, now an eye,
 Buz, buz, always buzzing about one.

When she's tender and kind,
 She is like to my mind,
 (And Fanny was so, I remember)
 She's like to—Oh dear!
 She's as good very near
 As a ripe melting peach in September.
 If she laugh, and she chat,
 Play, joke, and all that,
 And with smiles and good humour she met me,
 She is like a rich dish
 Of ven'son or fish,
 That cries from the table come eat me!
 But she'll plague you, and vex you,
 Distract and perplex you, and vex you,
 False-hearted, and ranging,
 Unsettled and changing,
 What then do you think she is like!
 Like a sand? like a rock?
 Like a wheel? like a clock?
 Aye, a clock that is always at strike.
 Her head's like the island folks tell on,
 Which nothing but monkeys can dwell on;
 Her heart's like a lemon—so nice
 She carves for each lover a slice;
 In truth she's to me,
 Like the wind, like the sea,
 Whose raging will hearken to no man;
 Like a mill, like a pill,
 Like a flail, like a whale,
 Like an ass, like a glass,
 Whose image is constant to no man;
 Like a flow'r, like a show'r,
 Like a fly, like a pie,
 Like a pea, like a flea,
 Like a thief, like—in brief,
 She's like nothing on earth but a woman!

The Tinker.

My daddy was a tinker's son,
And I'm his boy, 'tis ten to one ;
Here's pots to mend ! was still his cry,
Here's pots to mend ! aloud bawl I.
Have ye tin pots, kettles, or cans,
Coppers to solder, or brass pans.
Of wives my dad had near a score,
And I have twice as many more :
And what's as wonderful as true,
My daddy was the lord (upon my soul he was) the
 Lord knows who ?
Tan ran tan, tan ran tan tan,
For pot or can, oh ! I'm your man.

Once I in budget snug had got
A barn-door capon, and what not.
Here's pots to mend ! I cried along,
Here's pots to mend ! was still my song.
At village wake—oh ! curse his throat,
The cock crow'd out so loud a note,
The folk in clusters flock'd around,
They seiz'd my budget, in it found
The cock, a gammon, pease and beans,
Besides a jolly tinker (yes by the Lord) a tinker's
 ways and means.

Tan ran tan, &c.

Like dad, when I to quarters come,
For want of cash the folks I hum.

Here's kettles to mend : bring me some beer,
 The landlord cries, "you'll get none here !
 You tink'ring dog, your tricks I know,
 You'll get no beer, pay what you owe."
 In rage I squeeze him 'gainst the door,
 And with his back rub off the score.
 At his expence we drown all strife,
 For which I praise the landlord (could not do less
 than praise) the landlord's wife.
 Tan ran tan, &c.

Description of the Play of Pizarro.

FROM the county of Cork, you see I lately came ;
 The harvest to reap—Mr Doodey's my name ;
 I, my cousin Shaun Shaughnessy met t'other day,
 And says he, will you go to that thing call'd a play.
 With my loorel lol loo,

"Is't the play that you mean ? arrah Doodey you're
 right,
 For they treat the whole town with Pizarro to-night :
 Oh, says I, if I'm treated, the thing's neat and clean ;"
 But this treat as they call'd it cost me a thirteen.

The green thing drew up and a lady I spied,
 A man came to kiss her—she scornfully cried,
 "Get out you blackguard or I'll bother your gig,"
 Then in came Pizarro who growl'd like a pig.

In the ould gowry people's time, long---long ago,
 The Spaniards all walk'd to Peru you must know ;
 Says they, " you must give up your cash and your
 kays,"

But one Captain Rolla said " No, if you plaase."

Then Rolla a speech made about swords and guns,
 And he mov'd like a comet, amongst moons and suns ;
 Says he, " bate the Spaniards, or else you'll all starve,
 So his majesty here are you willing to sarve?"

Then what a confusion, a hubbub and holla !
 'Twas fire away Spaniards and leath'r away Rolla ;
 Poor Murphy Alonzo like a thief went to jail,
 But his neck is sav'd somehow, without giving bail.

Next Pizarro came in with a little garsoon,
 Who was handled by Rolla, as I wou'd a spoon ;
 But whilst he was making a bridge, smithereens !
 He was shot by a villain behind all the scenes.

Then he gave to its mother this sweet little child,
 And he next look'd about him as if he was wild ;
 " Take the boy, my dear cratur, 'tis my blood that is
 spilt,
 To save him, oh blood and 'ounds! see how I'm kilt."

Then Alonzo gave Paddy Pizarro a blow,
 That kill'd him as dead as ould Brien Boreau ;
 At last on a boord Rolla's body they take,
 And twenty nate virgins all join'd at his wake.

The Dustman.

As Joe, the Dustman, drove his noble team,
Blythe as the herald of the morn,
His daily draught the limpid stream,
For Joe to poverty was born,
He smack'd his whip, his darling pride,
And to the fore-horse gaily cry'd,
"Go along Bob."

This world, says Joe, is mighty queer,
Hard times———! I know it well!
All things are so monstracious dear!
Worse luck, I'm sure, for me and Nell!
Yet smack'd his whip, for that's his pride,
And to the fore-horse gaily cry'd,
"Go along Bob."

I thinks as how, says honest Joe,
The fault must lay among the great.
They jeer us little folks below,
God bless the King, I'll trust to fate!
Then smack'd his whip, 'twas all his pride,
And to the fore-horse gaily cry'd,
"Go along Bob."

Ah! did they know half what I feel,
I'm sure they'd pity me and Nell;

Unless their hearts are form'd of steel,
 If so, dy'e see, I wish them well.
 Joe smack'd his whip, his only pride,
 And to the fore-horse gaily cry'd,
 "Go along Bob."

But yet I think they might contrive
 By gentle means to ease our pain;
 And keep us simple folks alive,
 By curbing of the rogues in grain.
 Joe smack'd his whip, his only pride,
 And to the fore-horse gaily cry'd,
 "Go along Bob."

Contented then I'll bear my load,
 When death comes-- shake my empty purse,
 Our Parson says, for that's his code,
 In t'other world they'll fare the worse.
 Joe smack'd his whip, his only pride,
 And to the fore-horse gaily cry'd,
 "Go along Bob."

I were Yorkshire too.

By t'side of a brig, that stands over a brook,
 I was sent betimes to the school;
 I went wi' the stream as I study'd my book,
 And was thought to be no small fool.

I never yet bought a pig in a poke,
 For to give ould Nick his due,
 Tho' oft' I've dealt wi' Yorkshire folk,
 Yet I war Yorkshire too.

I war pretty well lik'd by each village maid,
 At races, at wake, or fair,
 For my father had addled a vast in trade,
 And I war his son to a hair.
 And seeing that I didn't want for brass,
 Poor girls came first to woo,
 But tho' I delight in a Yorkshire lass,
 Yet I war Yorkshire too.

To London, by father, I war sent,
 Genteeler manners to see,
 But fashion's so dear, I came back as I went,
 And so they made nothing o' me.
 My kind relations wou'd soon ha' found out,
 What was best wi' my money to do;
 Says I, my dear cousins, I thank ye for nout,
 But I'm not to be cozen'd by you.

Willie Wastle dwalt on Tweed.

WILLIE Wastle dwalt on Tweed,
 The spot they ca'd it Linkumdoddie,
 Willie was a wabster gude,
 Cou'd stown a clue wi' ony bodie;

He had a wife was dour and din,
 O Tinkler Madgie was her mither;
 Sic a wife as Willie had,
 I wad na gie a button for her.

She has an e'e, she has but ane,
 The cat has twa the very colour;
 Five rusty teeth, forbve a stump,
 A clapper tongue wad deave a miller;
 A whiskin beard about her mou,
 Her nose and chin they threaten ither;
 Sic a wife, &c.

She's bow-hough'd, she's beam-shinn'd
 Ae limpin leg a hand breid shorter
 She's twisted right, she's twisted left,
 To balance fair in ilka quarter:
 She has a hump upon her breast,
 The twin o' that upon her shouther;
 Sic a wife, &c.

Auld badrans by the ingle sits,
 An' wi' her loof her face a washin;
 But Willie's wife is nae sae trig,
 She dights her grunzie wi' a hushion;
 Her walie nieves like midden-creels,
 Her face wad fyle the Logan-wàter;
 Sic a wife, &c.

How this World is giving to Lying.

THE passing bell was heard to toll!
 John wail'd his loss with bitter cries;

The parson pray'd for Mary's soul,
 The sexton hid her from all eyes.
 And art thou gone,
 Cry'd wretched John;
 O dear, 'twill kill me—I am dying!
 Cry'd neighbour Sly,
 While standing by,
 “Lord, how this world is giv'n to lying!”

The throng retir'd; John left alone,
 He meditated 'mongst the tombs,
 And spelt out on the mould'ring stones,
 What friends were gone to their long homes,
 “You're gone before,”
 Cry'd John, no more!
 “I shall come soon—I'm almost dying!”
 Cry'd neighbour Sly,
 Still standing by,
 “Lord, how this world is giv'n to lying!”

Here lies the bones, Heaven's will be done!
 Of Farmer Slug;—reader, would'st know
 Who to his mem'ry rais'd this stone:—
 'Twas his disconsolate widow!
 Cry'd John, “Oh, ho,
 “To her I'll go;—
 “No doubt with grief the widow's dying!”
 Cry'd neighbour Sly,
 Still standing by,
 “Lord, how this world is giv'n to lying!”

Their mutual grief was short and sweet!
 Scarcely the passing bell had ceas'd,
 When they were sped;—the funeral meat
 Was warm'd up for the marriage feast!
 They vow'd and swore,
 Now o'er and o'er,

They ne'er would part till both were dying!
 Cry'd neighbour Sly,
 Still standing by,
 "Lord, how this world is giv'n to lying!"

Again to hear the passing bell,
 John now a sort of hank'ring feels;
 Again his help-mate brags how well
 She can trip up a husband's heels:
 Again to the tomb
 Each longs to come,
 Again with tears and sobs, and sighing,
 For neighbour Sly—
 Again to cry---
 "Lord, how this world is giv'n to lying!"

The Muffin-Man.

WHILE your opera squallers fine verses are singing,
 Of heroes, and poets, and such like humguffins;
 While the world's running round like a mill in full
 sail,

I ne'er bother my head with what other folks ail;
 But carelless and frisky my bell I keep ringing,
 And walk about merrily, crying my muffins.

Chorus.] Lily-white muffins, O rare crumpets, smok-
 ing hot Yorkshire cakes, hot loaves and charming
 cakes, one a penny, two a penny, Yorkshire
 cakes!

What matters to me, if great folks run a-gadding,
 For politics, fashion, or such botheration!
 Let them drink as they brew, while I merrily bake;
 For, tho' I sell muffins, I'm not such a cake,

For he was a buck, tho' he hadn't a wife
 And never saw Bond-street perhaps in his life.
 Yet barring, &c.

The Barons of old wore comical cloaths,
 And their shoes were turn'd up like a critical nose.
 Your Henrys and Edwards were famous for dress ;
 But ale and beef-stakes were the fashion with Bess.
 Yet barring, &c.

In the days of King Charles you distinguish'd a prig,
 By the length of his cane, and the size of his wig.
 Cromwell's hats were all broad, and his head it was
 round,
 And his hair hung like candles, sixteen to the pound.
 Yet barring, &c.

The Tories wore wigs in the reign of Queen Ann,
 Now wigs suit the female, as well as the man ;
 Few crops but in corn-fields you'd formerly meet ;
 Now there's few in the fields, but enough in the
 street.
 Yet barring, &c.

However the fashions are subject to change,
 One fashion exists, if it didn't 'twere strange ;
 'Twas always the fashion, each Englishman knows,
 To be true to his King, and to humble his foes.
 Yet barring, &c.

Now fashion's arriv'd at a wonderful height,
 For what's borish at noon, is quite stylish at night ;
 So they bore ye with style, and they stile ye a bore,
 As perhaps you may me, if I sing any more.
 Yet barring, &c.

To let other fools' fancies e'er set me a-madding,
Or burthen my thoughts with the cares of the
nation.

Spoken.] What have I to do with politics? And as
for your parliament cakes, every body knows they
are bought and sold all over the nation. No, no,
it's enough for me to cry—Lily-white muffins, &c.

Let sailors and soldiers, contending for glory,
Delight in the rattle of drums and of trumpets ;
Undertakers get living by other folks dying ;
While actors make money by laughing or crying ;
Let lawyers with quizzes and quiddities bore ye :
It's nothing to me, while I'm crying my crum-
pets.

Spoken.] What do I care for lawyers? An't I a baker,
and Master of the Rolls myself? Droll enough
too, for a Master of the Rolls to be crying—Lily-
white muffins, &c.

The Chapter of Fashions.

FASHION was form'd when the world began,
And Adam, I'm told, was a very smart man ;
As for Eve, I shall say nothing more or less,
But that ladies of fashion, now copy her dress.
Yet barring all pother of this, that, or 'tother,
We all bow to fashion in turn.

The fashion next came to go hunting poor brutes,
And Nimrod invented the fashion of boots ;

Trotting along the Road.

GAFFER GRIST, Gaffer's Son, and his little Jack-ass,
Trotting along the road,
Thro' a gossiping straggling village must pass,
Before they could reach their abode.
Little Johnny rode Jacky, which old Gaffer led;
The villagers thought the boy monstrous ill-bred,
So they made honest Gaffer get up in his stead,
Trotting along the road.

They didn't go far, ere they heard people talk,
Trotting along the road,
As how it was stupid for either to walk,
Before they could reach their abode.
So they both rode; when, proud of his horse and
his pelf,
A farmer cries, "down! you will kill the poor elf:
"If you was an ass, would you like it yourself?"
Trotting along the road.

Next they carry'd the Jack-ass, who never said nay,
Trotting along the road;
But all changes endur'd, like the Vicar of Bray,
Before he could quit his abode;
Yet ev'n this wou'dn't please ev'ry ill-natur'd tyke,
And therefore this moral must forcibly strike,
We should manage our Jack-asses just as we like,
While trotting along the road.

The Tailor's Vindication.

A TAILOR I am, you may see,
But not for my trade will I blush, sir ;
For all are but tailors like me,
Which soon you shall find, do but hush, sir,
Wherever I turn round my eye,
I see signs of thread and of thimble ;
If you please now, the matter I'll try,
My work to complete none so nimble.
Needledum threadledum dee,
Needledum threadledum stradle de ;
Mankind are all tailors like me,
And of cabbage all equally gladdle be.

The sailor's hot press is in war,
The soldier French jackets will trim, sir,
The surgeon will stitch up your scars,
And the goaler too tight fits your limbs, sir.
The grocer for buttons sells figs ;
The serjeant oft measures recruits, sir ;
The parson for cabbage takes pigs ;
And the lawyer cuts out your new suits, sir.
Needledum, &c.

The dancer thus crosses his legs ;
The landlord, like us, has long bills, sir ;
The tinker your jobs often begs ;
While the quack he fine-draws you with pills, sir,
The butcher cuts out for the taste ;
Men milliners work at their needle ;

Gamblers whip round your pockets in haste ;
 Pleadors work at their suit if they're feed well.
 Needledum, &c.

Pawnbrokers take in all your clothes ;
 The baker for dead men is jobbing ;
 An exciseman he cabbaging goes ;
 And the drunkard sews up with hob-nobbing.
 The poet's fag end is his rhyme ;
 The doctor suits cures to his fees, sir ;
 The jockey oft runs against time ;
 While the boxer to beast you agrees, sir.
 Needledum, &c.

The painter makes clothes as you please ;
 Undertakers make all your surtouts, sir ;
 The cobbler's own shopboard's his knees ;
 Gardeners sew for cabbage and fruit, sir.
 The cook lines the body within ;
 The barber he fits to a hair, sir ;
 Players fag your kind favours to win,
 And sometimes they get a good share, sir.
 Needledum, &c.

Dickey Grog.

A CALEDONIAN tar am I,
 Return'd to take some pleasure ;
 On shore again, with Nell, I'll try
 To spend my little treasure :
 When young, I lightly us'd to trip
 Through moorland, brake, or bog, sir,

As dad design'd me for a ship,
He call'd me Dicky Grog, sir.

I fearless met each British foe,
From Greenland to Good Hope, sir ;
From Marmora to Mexico,
I strove with them to cope, sir.
My namesake cheer'd my mates and me ;
We always did them flog, sir ;
Our sole delight was to bravely fight,
Then conquer and drink grog, sir.

With Vincent we the Spaniards fought,
And made the Dons to run, sir ;
We fought the Dutch at Camperdown,
But found it sharper fun, sir :
We, at the Nile, the French did foil ;
They died, or swam like frogs, sir ;
Their tars we sav'd—their fleet secur'd,
Then cheerly drank our grog, sir.

The stubborn Dane we next subdu'd,
And broke their d—n'd coalition ;
The Swede and Russ for peace they sued,
We granted their petition.
'Bout ship we put, our coast to guard
From menacing French dogs, sir,
And laugh'd to see their vain bravade,
While we tipp'd off our grog, sir.

What glorious fun, to see them run,
Whene'er we hove in sight, sir ;
A-right, a-left, the surge did foam,
As we pursu'd their flight, sir :
Below, aloft, both fore and aft,
Each sailor stood agog, sir,

To make them prize—but, d—n their eyes,
They left us drinking grog, sir.

They found us firm, prepar'd so well
To meet their utmost boast, sir;
A peace they ask'd—and, strange to tell!
We gave back all they lost, sir.
Was e'er such valour thrown away?
Such victories lost in fog, sir?
The Gauls but flatter to betray,
And ruin Dicky Grog, sir.

But, hark! the trumpet's warlike sound,
Makes hills and dales to ring, sir,
Calls Britain's sons to rally round
The standard of their King, sir.
I go—adieu, my faithful Nell,
I go—to check this plund'rer;
The haughty Consul soon shall feel
The pow'r of British thunder!

My gallant comrades, arm with speed,
Repel the tyrant stranger;
Curs'd be the man who fears to bleed,
To save his home from danger,
For me—with Nelson, Smith, and Co.
I'll thro' the ocean jog, sir;
We'll flog this d—n'd marauding foe,
Then triumph o'er our grog, sir.

The Chapter of Volunteers.

OUR King, Lords, and Commons, have done all
they can,
Old England's brave fleet to effectually man ;
Their efforts to aid, I'll a plan now point out,
To guard well the coast, while they sail all about.
 'Tis barring all pother,
 Of one thing or t'other,
 To all volunteer in our turns.

Our regular doctors first send to the coast ;
They kill by prescription, 't has long been their
boast :
And if for Monsieur they're not quite enough,
Next send all the quacks—they can kill with a puff.
 Then barring all pother,
 Of one thing or t'other,
 Let's all volunteer in our turns.

We've surgeons enough, I am sure, if we need 'em ;
Let them once take up arms, and they'll cursedly
bleed 'em :
Our gallipot merchants will pound well their sides,
And as for our tanners, they'll leather their hides.
 So barring, &c.

The limbs of the law shall next march 'gainst the
foe ;
They're well us'd to drafting and filing, you know ;

The corps is respectable, valiant, and large;
 We've nothing to fear, if they shoot as they charge.
 Thus barring, &c.

Our grave undertakers would make them look grim;
 Our sailors, no doubt on't, their jackets would trim;
 The bakers would roll them about like a cake,
 And butchers would chop them down flat as a stake.
 So barring, &c.

Then let the proud boasters for Old England steer,
 They'll find in each Briton a brave volunteer;
 From the prince to the peasant, rouse, rouse, one
 and all,
 Then our Consols will rise, and the French Consuls
 fall.
 Thus barring, &c.

Monopoly.

MONOPOLY's now the grand rub,
 And from it less harm would ensue,
 If those who monopolize grub,
 Would monopolize appetites too.
 And monopoly's like to increase,
 For our *very* good friends, we know where,
 Have among 'em monopoliz'd peace,
 And left us to fight for our share.
 Tol lol de rol, &c.

The Turks they monopolize wives;
 And by some wicked folks it is said,

That's the reason why Turks all their lives
 Wears each a half-moon on his head ;
 And we know, though each married man here
 Finds *one* wife enough for his share,
 And beef's so confoundedly dear,
 There's cattle enough at Horn-Fair.

Yet candour might surely excuse
 Of monopolists some sorry elves ;
 For doctors would be of great use,
 If they'd take all their physic themselves.
 Of lawyers, why, much one can't say ;
 Their practice I would not condemn ;
 But some people think, by the way,
 Old Nick will monopolize them.

Monopoly thrives every way ;
 The assertion will stand by the test ;
 For *truth* always carries the day,
 And we all know the *naked truth's* best.
 That's the reason our ladies, forsooth,
 Captivate both the bashful and bluff ;
 For they're surely the semblance of *truth* ;
 And, ecod, they go naked enough.

May the rich ease the poor of their cares,
 'Twould the sweetest monopoly bring ;
 They'd gain all their hearts and their pray'rs,
 Like his honour, our father, the king !
 May Britons each other befriend ;
 For unity's England's best hope ;
 And may every monopolist's end
 Be join'd to the end of a rope !

Always Welcome.

AT each inn on the road I a welcome could find :
At the Fleece I'd my skin full of ale ;
The Two Jolly Brewers were quite to my mind ;
At the Dolphin I drank like a whale.
Tom Tun, at the Hogshead, sold pretty good stuff ;
They'd capital flip at the Boar ;
And when at the Angel I'd tippled enough,
I went to the Devil for more.

Then I'd always a sweetheart so snug at the bar ;
At the Rose I'd a Lily so straight :
Few planets could equal sweet Nan at the Star,
No eyes ever twinkled so bright.
I've had many a hug at the sign of the Bear ;
In the Sun courted morning and noon ;
And when night put an end to my happiness there,
I'd a sweet little girl in the Moon.

To sweethearts and ale I at length bid adieu,
Of wedlock to set up the sign ;
Hand in Hand the good woman I look for in you,
And the Horns I hope ne'er will be mine.
Once guard to the mail, I'm now guard to the fair ;
But tho' my commission's laid down,
Yet while the King's Arms I'm permitted to bear,
Like a Lion I'll fight for the Crown.

The Cries of London.

LIKE a lark in the morning, with early song,
 Comes the sweep with his sweet soot ho ;
 Next the cherry-cheek'd damsel comes tripping along,
 Do you want any milk, maids below ;
 Dust ho dust, goes the tinkling bell,
 While sharp in each corner they look ;
 Next the Jew with his bag and his clothes to sell,
 Clothes to sell—any clothes.

Speaks.] Hip halloa Moashes, says a wag, have you
 got any pork to-day ? Go along, you blackgar,
 says he, any shoes, hats, or old clothes—any bat
 shillings ?

Let none despise the merry merry cries
 Of famous London town.

Any pen-knives, or razors, or scissars to grind ;
 Any work for the cooper to-day ;
 Buy a bow-pot, Sir, it will please your mind ;
 Oh ! d—n it, stand out of the way.
 Muffins ho, crumpets ho, next ring in the ear ;
 Any brick-dust, come Neddy stand, woah ;
 Any lobsters, or Newcastle salmon, my dear ;
 Salmon, my dear, salmon, dear ;
 D'ye want any lily-white sand, ho.

Thus the various cries in harmony blend ;
 Come, here is your nice curds and whey ;

Here's the last dying speech, old chairs to mend,
 Choice fruit, or a bill of the play?
 Here's three for a shilling, fine mackarel ho,
 Any phials, or broken flint glass;
 Come break me, or make me, before I go,
 Before I go, before I go;
 Come here is my fine sparrow-grass.

Here's your fine long garters, two-pence a pair;
 Buy a mop, a rat-trap, or hair broom;
 Any saucepans, kettles, or pots to repair;
 Great news just arrived from Rome;
 Round and sound, two-pence a pound, nice cherries;
 New potatoes, or fine spring sallad;
 They're ten-pence a gallon, gooseberries,
 Gooseberries, gooseberries;
 Who buys a new love ballad.

Mally Lump and Mr Dumpling.

OH, Mally Lump! sure such an angel never I suppose was,
 Her eyes were full, her hair like wool, and ruby red her nose was;
 A beauty cast in a Dutch mould, great substance and small bone, sir,
 A positive noun substantive, she stoutly stood alone, sir.
 Oh Mally Lump, sir,
 Pratty Mally Lump, sir;
 Her eyes were full, her hair like wool,
 What a Mally Lump, sir!

On Valentine's day, the day birds meet, till death
or crim. con. part 'em,

She fell in love to please her eye, though it should
plague her heart, mem ;

'Twas with no military man, though he of a great
mind was ;

One leg he had, one piercing eye, one nose, and
two odd grinders.

Oh, Mally Lump, sir,

Pratty Mally Lump, sir ;

Such an eye this stranger had,

It pierc'd Mally Lump, sir.

He look'd, she leer'd, then, with a blush, half
beckoned unto her ;

They stepp'd, they stopp'd, she tripp'd, he hopp'd,
full amorous, to woo her ;

Then knelt, and swore her charms they were, the
charms of all the nation,

While she cried out, my dearest dear is the model
of creation.

Oh, sweet passion,

Love, tyrant passion !

I'm sartin sure their hearts so pure,

Were all o'er twitteration.

Miss Lump, so plump, he seem'd to please ; his
piercing eye she felt it,

And though round as a Cheshire cheese, her heart
like butter melted ;

They married were, and full of glee, each heart
light as a crumpling,

Till, in a broad-wheel'd waggon, she elop'd with
Mr Dumpling.

Oh, Mr Dumpling,

Bewitching Mr Dumpling ;

All hands agree, no deputy

Excell'd Deputy Dumpling.

A bad Bargain better as none.

I'm a Jew you may tell by my peard and my progue,
And somehow de folks have found out I'm a rogue :

Taral lal la.

It vou'd be a vonder if dat vashn't true,
Because I'm a lawyer so vell as a Jew :

Fal lal, &c.

Of the lawyer and oyster you reads in de book,
He gave back de shell, but de oyster he took ;
But all other lawyers at dat I excels,
I first eat de oyster and den tieve de shells.

I'm become a good man (*pointing to his money bags*)
by thus being deprav'd,

'Pon my conscience 'tis true, as I hope to be shav'd ;
But if conscience and peards were all equally small,
Ve lawyers vould never vant shaving at all.

Once a teif bring me stolen vare, vat vash my plan?
I a constable got, and gave charge of my man.
But to hang a poor wretch on my conscience intrudes ;
So to save de man's life I run off wid de goods.

Dey say dat de Devil will have me, dat's flat,
And I fear dat I'll make a bad bargain of dat :
But this thought in dat case to comfort I call,
A bad bargain's best as no bargain at all.

The Monopolizers.

MONOPOLY, Sirs, is the theme of my song :
Yes, it is, by the Lord, as I'll prove ere 'tis long.
Nay more, that mankind, both in high life and
low,
Make monopoly now, yes, indeed, all the go.
Singing, fal lal, &c.

But what is the end that my song would make
known,
Shall soon, with permission, be easily shown ;
For the beauty at court, and the Billingsgate beauty,
To monopolize man, think it part of their duty.
With their fal lal, &c.

There's the quacks too, and bailiffs ; for each, in
their way,
Have an eye to monopoly, that I must say.
Then throw in a lawyer, to mix with the evil,
And the junto's a dish only fit for the devil,
And his fal lal, &c.

Then there's little Moses, whose money is lent,
Which he does, to oblige you, at fifty per cent :
And let a rich minor once get in his power,
O Lord ! how the Jew would the Christian devour,
With his fal lal, &c.

The miller and grazier too know how to cheat,
For the one takes your bread, and the other your
meat.

But may all forestalling soon end in a smother,
And the devil forestall both the one and the other !

Spoken.] At which every honest fellow will sing,
Fal, lal, &c.

The soldiers and sailors, monopolists too,
Shall each have a word, for a word is their due :
May their courage and valour our commerce increase,
And crown the whole world with the blessings of
peace !

Spoken.] Aye, and then who wouldn't sing,
Fal, lal, &c.

Let us all be unhappy.

WE bipeds made up of frail clay,
Alas ! are the children of sorrow ;
And tho' brisk and merry to-day,
We all may be wretched to-morrow ;
For sunshine's succeeded by rain,
Then fearful of life's stormy weather,
Lest pleasure should only bring pain,
Let us all be unhappy together.
Let us all be unhappy together,
Let us all be unhappy together ;

For sunshine's succeeded by rain,
 Then fearful of life's stormy weather,
 Lest pleasure should only bring pain,
 Let us all be unhappy together.

I grant, the best blessing we know,
 Is a friend,—for true friendship's a treasure,
 And yet, lest your friend prove a foe,
 Oh taste not the dangerous pleasure ;
 Thus friendship's a flimsy affair ;
 Thus riches and health are a bubble ;
 Thus there's nothing delightful but care,
 Nor any thing pleasing but trouble.

If a mortal would point out that life,
 That on earth could be nearest to heaven,
 Let him, thanking his stars, choose a wife,
 To whom truth and honour are given ;
 But honour and truth are so rare,
 And horns, when they're cutting, so tingle,
 That with all my respect for the fair,
 I'd advise him to sigh and live single.

It appears from these premisses plain,
 That wisdom is nothing but folly,
 That pleasure's a term that means pain,
 And that joy is your true melancholy.
 That all those who laugh ought to cry,
 That 'tis fine frisk and fun to be grieving ;
 And that since we must all of us die,
 We should all be unhappy while living.

Scots Medley.

As I cam in by Calder fair,
And yont the Lappard Lee, man,
There was braw kissing there,
Come butt an' kiss wi' me, man :
There was Highland folk and Lawland folk,
Unco folk and kend folk,
Folk aboon folk i' the yard ;
There's nae folk like our ain folk.
Dirum dum, &c.

Hech, hey ! Bessy Bell,
Kilt your coat, Maggy,
Ye'se get a new gown,
Down the burn Davie.
The Earl o' Mar's bonie thing,
And muckle bookit wallet ;
Play the same tune o'er again,
And down the burn, for a' that.
Dirum dum, &c.

Gin ye had been whare I had been,
Ye wadna been sae wantin' ;

I got the lang girdin o't,
 An' I fell thro' the gantrin.
 O'er the hills an' far awa,
 My bonnie winsome Willie;
 Whare shall our guidman lye?
 The glied Earl o' Kelly.
 Dirum dum, &c.

Toddle butt, and toddle ben,
 Hey, Tam Brandy;
 Crack a louse on Maggy's wean,
 Little Cocky Bendy.
 Three sheep's skins,
 The barber an' his bason;
 The bonnie lass o' Patie's Mill,
 Wi' the free and accepted mason.
 Dirum dum, &c.

The Lady's Diary.

LECTUR'D by Pa and Ma, o'er night;
 Monday, at ten, quite vex'd and jealous;
 Resolv'd in future to be right,
 And never listen to the fellows.
 Stitch'd half a wristband; read the text;
 Receiv'd a note from Mrs Racket—
 I hate that woman! she sat next,
 All church-time, to sweet Captain Clackit.

Tuesday got scolded, did not care ;
 The toast was cold, 'twas past eleven :
 I dreamt the Captain through the air,
 On Cupid's wings, bore me to heaven.
 Pouted, and din'd ; dress'd, look'd divine ;
 Made an excuse, got Ma to back it.
 Went to the play. What joy was mine !
 Talk'd loud and laugh'd with Captain Clackit.

Wednesday came down, no lark so gay—
 The girl's quite alter'd ! said my mother.
 Cry'd dad, I recollect the day
 When, dearee, thou wert such another.
 Danc'd, drew a landscape, skimm'd a play ;
 In the paper read that Widow Flackit
 To Gretna Green had run away,
 The forward minx ! with Captain Clackit.

Thursday fell sick. Poor soul, she'll die !
 Five doctors came with lengthen'd faces :
 Each felt my pulse : Ah me ! cry'd I,
 Are these my promis'd loves and graces ?
 Friday grew worse. Cry'd Ma, in pain,
 Our day was fair ; heaven, do not black it.
 Where's your complaint, love !—In my brain.
 What shall I give you ?—Captain Clackit.

Early next morn, a nostrum came
 Worth all their cordials, balms, and spices ;
 A letter ; I had been to blame :
 The Captain's truth brought on a crisis :
 Sunday, for fear of more delays,
 Of a few clothes I made a packet ;
 And Monday morn stept in a chaise,
 And ran away with Captain Clackit.

The snug Little Island.

DADDY Neptune one day, to Freedom did say,
If ever I liv'd upon dry land,
The spot I should hit on, wou'd be little Britain,
Says Freedom, why that's my own island;
O what a snug little Island!
A right little, tight little Island!
All the globe round,
None can be found,
So happy as this little Island.

Julius Cæsar the Roman, who yielded to no man,
Came by water—he could'nt come by land;
And Dane, Pict, and Saxon, their homes turn'd
their backs on,
And all for the sake of our Island.
O what a snug little Island!
They'd have a touch at the Island!
Some were shot dead,
Some of them fled,
And some stay'd to live in the Island!

Then a very great war-man, call'd Billy the Norman,
Cried, d—n it, I never lik'd my land,
It would be much more handy to leave this Nor-
mandy,
And live on yon beautiful Island!

Says he, 'tis a snug little Island !
 Shan't us go to visit the Island ?—
 Hop, skip, and jump,
 There he was plump,
 And he kick'd up a dust in the Island.

But party deceit help'd the Normans to beat,
 Of traitors they manag'd to buy land,
 By Dane, Saxon, or Pict, we ne'er should been lick'd,
 Had they stuck to the king of their Island.
 Poor Harold the king of the Island !
 He lost both his life and his Island !
 That's very true,
 What could he do ?
 Like a Briton he died for his Island.

The Spanish Armada set out to invade a',
 Quite sure if they ever came nigh land,
 They could'nt do less than tuck up Queen Bess,
 And take their full swing in the Island.
 Oh the poor Queen and the Island !
 The drones came to plunder the Island !
 But snug in the hive,
 The Queen was alive,
 And *buzz* was the word in the Island.

These proud puff'd up cakes, thought to make ducks
 and drakes
 Of our wealth ; but they scarcely could spy land,
 E'er our Drake had the luck to make their pride
 duck,
 And stoop to the lads of the Island.
 Huzza for the lads of the Island !
 The good wooden walls of the Island !
 Devil or Don,
 Let 'em come on,
 But how would they come off at the Island ?

Then Freedom and Neptune have hitherto kept
tune,

In each saying this shall be my land,
Should the army of England, or all they could bring,
land,

We'd show 'em some play for the Island!

We'll fight for our right to the Island!

We'll give them enough of the Island;

Frenchmen should just

Bite at the dust,

But not a bit more of the Island.

Richard's Courtship.

As it fell out last new-year's day,

Well mounted on a dapple grey,

Richard he rode to Taunton Dean,

To woo the parson's daughter, Jean.

With his fal a didle dil, fal la didle dil,

Fal the dal, fal the dal, lal de dal la.

He having on his shoes and hose,

He straight put on his Sunday's cloaths;

And having a hat upon his head,

It was all with gauze and ribbons spread.

To sing fal, &c.

Thus he rode on, and in great state,

Until he came to the parson's gate,

Where he laid on so loud and fast,
That the people all amazed was,
To hear him knock, fal, &c.

Now a crafty servant let him in,
And Richard his story thus began ;
And as he strutted about the hall,
He straight for *mistress Jane* did call,
To come down stairs and sing fal, &c.

She came down stairs without delay,
Says she, " Richard what have you got to say ?"
Why, my *moather* sent me here to woo,
And I can *vancy* none but you,
For I hear you can sing fal, &c.

Now *mistress Jean*, she quick replied,
Happen should I to be your bride.
What living can ye bring me in,
As I can neither tow nor spin,
Nor sing fal, &c.

Why, I can *reap* and I can *zou*,
And I zometimes to the market go,
Wid Varmer Jobson's car and *ey*,
And I earn my zixpence every day,
And at night, I'll sing fal, &c.

Why, Richard man, you have miss'd your mark,
You seem to wander in the dark ;
Why man, sixpence a-day wou'd not buy us meat.
Odd rooks ! I've a *zack o' wheat* ;
And if you'll be married to me just now,
I'll feed you better than grandmither's *zou*,
And as I said, you shall have fal, &c.

Now his answers they did so delight,
 That the company laugh'd outright ;
 And Richard having no more to say,
 He mounted Dobbin and rode away,
 Back home to his mother to sing fal, &c.

The Wig.

WALK in, walk in, each beau and belle,
 Here wisdom, virtue, truth, we sell,
 Nay, think not I a falsehood tell—
 I deal not, sir, in railery—
 I deal in wigs, a curious ware,
 In which grey, red, black, brown, and fair,
 May suit their features to a hair,
 In this our gay wig gallery.
 When portly parsons claim their pig,
 Or guttling aldermen look big ;
 I do not say they are not wise,
 I only say, in vulgar eyes,
 The wisdom's in the wig.

See, in this jazey, what a twirl,
 'Twill suit a young or ancient girl,
 Sly Cupid's lurk in every curl,
 The ribbon Venus' zone is ;
 Rouse then, old men, throw by your staff,
 Regard not how your neighbours laugh,
 When but a guinea and a half
 Will make you an Adonis.

The wig's the thing, the wig,
 Be of the ton a natty sprig,
 The thing, the tippy, and the twig;
 Nor care who are the truly wise,
 For, after all, in vulgar eyes,
 The wisdom's in the wig.

Cries Verjuice, pointing at the play,
 Is that your wife intriguing, pray?
 Oh, no, my lovely's hairs are grey,
 That woman's hair is flaxen;
 Then say, who would not be a wife,
 To lead an unsuspected life,
 And cure all foul and jealous strife,
 By wearing of a caxon?

The wig's the thing, the wig, the wig,
 Then hey for fun, and rig, and gig,
 Who for dull mortals care a fig?
 'Tis useless to be truly wise,
 For, after all, in vulgar eyes,
 The wisdom's in the wig.

Thus arm'd, our lovers do not spare,
 As well a hedgehog or a bear,
 A Friezland hen, a Flanders' mare,
 Whate'er you wish will suit us;
 The lawyers flaw shall find a patch,
 A bob the knowing head shall thatch,
 The hen-peck'd husband wear a scratch,
 His wife, a monstrous Brutus.
 The wig's the thing, the wig, the wig,
 Who'd in the maws of caverns dig,
 Or Heliconia's potions swig,
 Or study to be truly wise,
 When, after all, in vulgar eyes,
 The wisdom's in the wig.

The Boys of the Island.

If th' French have a notion,
Of crossing the ocean,
Their luck to be trying on dry land;
They may come if they like,
But we'll soon make 'em strike
To the lads of the tight little Island.
Huzza for the boys of the Island—
The brave volunteers of the Island!
The fraternal embrace,
If foes want in this place,
We'll present all the *arms* in the Island.

They say we keep shops
To vend broad cloths and slops,
And of merchants they call us a sly land;
But though war is their trade,
What Briton's afraid
To say he'll ne'er sell 'em the Island?
They'll pay pretty dear for the Island;
If fighting they want in the Island,
We'll shew 'em a sample,
Shall make an example,
Of all who 'dare bid for the Island.

If met they should be,
 By the boys of the sea,
 I warrant they'll never come nigh land :
 If they do, those on land
 Will soon lend 'em a hand
 To foot it again from the Island.
 Huzza ! for the King of the Island !
 Shall our father be robb'd of his Island ?
 While his children can fight,
 They'll stand up for his right,
 And their own, to the tight little Island.

Anacreon.

ANACREON, they say, was a jolly old blade,
 A Grecian choice spirit, and a poet by trade ;
 Anacreon, they say, was a jolly old blade,
 A Grecian choice spirit, and a poet by trade.
 To Venus and Bacchus he tun'd up his lays ;
 For love and a bumper he sung all his days :
 For love and a bumper he sung all his days.

He laugh'd as he quaff'd still the juice of the vine,
 And though he was human, was look'd on divine ;
 At the feast of good humour he always was there,
 And his fancy and sonnets still banish'd dull care.

Good wine, boys, says he, is the liquor of Jove,
 'Tis our comfort below, and their nectar above :

Then while round the table the bumper we pass,
Let the toast be to Venus and each smiling lass.

Apollo may torment his catgut or wire,
Yet Bacchus and Beauty the theme must inspire,
Or else all his humming and strumming is vain,
The true joys of heaven he'd never obtain.

To love and be lov'd, how transporting the bliss,
While the heart-cheering glass gives a zest to each
kiss,
With Bacchus and Venus we'll ever combine,
For drinking and kissing are pleasures divine.

As sons of Anacreon then let us be gay,
With drinking and love pass the moments away ;
With wine and with beauty let's fill up the span,
For that's the best method, deny it who can.

The Parson and Quaker.

A JOLLY-FAC'D Parson once happen'd to pop
Into Symon Pure's plain-dealing every-day shop,
'To look out a hat that would just fit his nob,
But his rev'rence found that a most difficult job.
Derry down, &c.

He look'd, and he tried—still laying them down,
For he had found none yet big enough for his crown ;

At last he squeez'd on one—it fitted him pat ;
 “ Now,” says he, “ Mr Pure, what's the price of
 this hat ?”

Derry down, &c.

Symon turn'd round the hat 'fore his cream-colour'd
 face,

“ Four and ninepence,” said he, and a hum fill'd the
 space ;

“ Four and ninepence !” cried black coat, and turn'd
 the hat o'er,

“ By my God, I ne'er gave so much money before.”
 Derry down, &c.

The Quaker cried, “ Parson, thou'rt in a bad way,

“ We people ne'er swear but by good *yea* and *nay* ;

“ We never make mention of God's holy name :”

“ By God,” cried the Parson, “ then you're much
 to blame.”

Derry down, &c.

“ Umph,” said the Quaker, “ art sure this is true ?

“ If thou speakest next Sunday I'll come near thy
 pew ;

“ And if thou to the people wilt swear plain and
 flat,

“ By good *yea* and *nay*, why, I'll give thee the hat.”
 Derry down, &c.

The Parson agreed, as for good Sunday next,
 And his Quakership went, just to hear this bad
 text ;

In the aisle's vacant centre he took up his place,
 And star'd his fat Reverence full in the face.

Derry down, &c.

There he stood, like a post, without moving a limb,
 With his vinegar face, and his great broad hat brim;
 For the whole congregation O this was rare fun,
 For he ne'er stir'd one bone till the Parson begun.

Derry down, &c.

"By God," said the Parson, "we live and we
 move,

"By God we have feeling, and pleasure, and love;"
 The Quaker then hearing him speak it so pat,
 Cried out, "*By the God*, I have lost my good hat."

Derry down, &c.

Langolee.

WHEN I took my departure from Dublin's sweet town,
 And for England's own self thro' the seas I did
 plow,

For four-long days I was toss'd up and down, "

Like a quid of chew'd hay in the throat of a cow;
 While afraid off the deck in the ocean to slip, sir,
 I clung, like a cat, a fast hold to keep, sir,
 Round about the big post that grows out of the ship,
 Sir;

Oh! I never thought more to sing Langolee.

Thus standing stock still all the while I was moving,
 Till Ireland's dear coast I saw clean out of sight;

Myself, the next day—a true Irishman proving,
 When leaving the ship, on the shore for to light.
 As the board they put out was too narrow to quarter,
 The first step I took I was in such a totter,
 That I jump'd upon land—to my neck up in water;
 Oh! there was no time to sing Langolee.

But as sharp cold and hunger I never yet knew more,
 And my stomach and bowels did grumble and growl,
 I thought the best way to get each in good humour,
 Was to take out the wrinkles of both, by my soul.
 So I went to a house where roast meat they provide,
 Sir,
 With a whirligig, which up the chimney I spy'd, Sir,
 Which grinds all their smoke into powder beside, Sir;
 'Tis true as I'm now singing Langolee.

Then I went to the landlord of all the stage-coaches,
 That set sail for London each night in the week,
 To whom I obnoxiously made my approaches,
 As a birth aboard one I was come for to seek :---
 But as for the inside, I'd not cash in my casket,
 Says I, with your leave, I make bold, Sir, to ask it,
 When the coach is gone off, pray what time goes
 the basket?

For there I can ride, and sing Langolee.

When making his mouth up, the basket, says he, Sir,
 Goes after the coach a full hour or two;
 Very well, Sir, says I, that's the thing then for me,
 Sir,

But the devil a word that he told me was true :
 For, though one went before and the other behind, Sir,
 They set off cheek-by-jowl, at the very same time,
 Sir,

So the same day at night I set out by moon-shine, Sir;
 All alone, by myself, singing Langolee.

O, long life to the moon for a brave noble creature,
That serves us with lamp light each night in the
dark ;

While the sun only shines in the day, which by nature,
Needs no light at all---as you all may remark ;

But as for the moon--by my shoul I'll be bound, Sir,
It would save the whole nation a great many pounds,
Sir,

To subscribe for to light him up all the year round,
Sir,

Or I'll never sing more about Langolee.

Captain Wattle.

DID you ever hear of Captain Wattle ?

He was all for love, and a little for the bottle,
We knew not, though pains we have ta'en to enquire,
If gunpowder he invented, or the Thames set on fire ;
If to him was the centre of gravity known,
The longitude, or the philosopher's stone ;
Or whether he studied from Bacon or Boyle,
Coppernicus, Locke, Katterfelto, or Hoyle ;
But this we have learnt, with great labour and pain,
That he lov'd Miss Roe, and she lov'd him again.

Than sweet Miss Roe none e'er look'd fiercer,
She had but one eye, but that was a piercer.
We know not, for certainty, her education,
If she wrote, mended stockings, or settled the nation ;

At cards, if she lik'd whist and swabbers, or voles,
 Or, at dinner, lov'd pig, or a steak on the coals;
 Whether most of the Sappho she was, or Thalestris,
 Or if dancing was taught her by Hopkins or Vestris;
 But for your satisfaction, this good news we obtain,
 That she lov'd Captain Wattle, and he lov'd her again.

When wedded, he became lord and master, depend
 on't;

He had but one leg, but he'd a foot at the end on't,
 Which, of government when she would fain hold the
 bridle,

He took special caution, should never lie idle:
 So, like most married folks, 'twas my plague, and
 my sweet little chicken,

And sometimes a-kissing, and sometimes a-kicking,
 Then for comfort a cordial she'd now and then try,
 Alternately piping or bunging her eye:

And these facts of this couple does the history con-
 tain,

When he kick'd Mrs Wattle, she kick'd him again.

Lodgings for Single Gentlemen.

Who has e'er been in London, that overgrown place,
 Has seen "Lodgings to Let" stare him full in the
 face:

Some are good ; and let dearly ; while some, 'tis
 well known,
 Are so dear, and so bad, they are best let alone.
 Derry down.

Will Waddle, whose temper was studious, and lonely,
 Hired lodgings that took single gentlemen only ;
 But Will was so fat he appear'd like a tun ;
 Or like two single gentlemen roll'd into one.

He enter'd his rooms, and to bed he retreated,
 But, all the night long he felt fever'd and heated :
 And though heavy to weigh as a score of fat sheep,
 He was not, by any means, heavy to sleep.

Next night 'twas the same ;—and the next ;—and
 the next :

He perspir'd like an ox ; he was nervous and vex'd :
 Week pass'd after week, till, by weekly succession,
 His weakly condition was past all expression.

In six months his acquaintance began much to doubt
 him

For his skin, “like a lady's loose gown,” hung about
 him ;

He sent for a doctor ; and cry'd like a ninny,
 “I have lost many pounds—make me well—there's
 a guinea.”

The doctor look'd wise :—“a slow fever,” he said ;
 Prescrib'd sudorifics—and going to bed.

“Sudorifics in bed”—exclaim'd Will, “are humbugs ;
 “I've enough of them there without paying for drugs.”

Will kick'd out the doctor—but when ill indeed,
 E'en dismissing the doctor don't always succeed ;

So calling his host,—he said—“ Sir, do you know,
 “ I’m the fat Single Gentleman, six months ago ?

“ Looke, landlord, I think,” argued Will with a
 grin,

“ That with honest intentions you first took me in ;

“ But from the first night—and to say it I’m bold—

“ I have been so damn’d hot that I’m sure I caught
 cold.”

Quoth the landlord—“ till now, I ne’er had a dis-
 pute ;

“ I’ve let lodgings ten years ;—I’m a baker to boot :

“ In airing your sheets, Sir, my wife is no sloven,

“ And your bed is immediately over my oven.”

“ The Oven!!!” says Will—says the host, “ Why
 this passion ?

“ In that excellent bed died three people of fashion,

“ Why so crusty, good Sir ?” “ Zounds !”—cries
 Will in a taking,

Who would’nt be crusty with half a years baking ?”

Will paid for his rooms ; cried the host with a sneer,

“ Well, I see you’ve been going away half a year ;”

“ Friend, we can’t well agree—yet no quarrel”—
 Will said ;

“ For one man may die where another makes bread.”

The Tom Cat.

WELL, here I am to tell,
Because it is my fancy ;
I lov'd a pretty girl,
And some folks call'd her Nancy.
Nor Nance I thought lov'd me,
Or else I dreamt or read so,
And all because, d'ye see,
That somebody had said so.
La ral la ral la, &c.

'Twas but t'other night
I call'd a little mellow,
When out she popt the light,
And down stairs run a fellow.
Says I, " Pray, who's been here ?"
When she, who thought me boozy,
Cried, " Nobody, my dear,
Only Tom our pussy."
La ral la, &c.

" O curse that Tom !" says I,
" If he comes here a mousing,
My sweetest Nan, good bye ;
I hate such damn'd carousing."
" But we shall wed," says she,
" And every body cries so."
Says I, " That ne'er can be,
" Since every body lies so."
La ral la, &c.

So any body now

May take my charming Nancy ;
Because, d'ye see, as how

She does not suit my fancy.

That Tom, that damn'd Tom cat,
Should Nance in marriage catch me,
Strange things they might be at,
And now and then might scratch me.

La ral la, &c.

Origin of Old Batchelors.

DAME Nature one day, in a comical mood,
While mixing the mould to make man,
Was struck with a thought, as th' ingredients she
view'd,

To alter a little her plan ;

Her children she knew were much given to rove,

So temp'ring the clay with great art,

She sparingly threw in the soft seeds of love,

That usually spring round the heart ;

But she quickly repented, tho' too late, 'tis true,

For a fusty old bachelor stood forth to view.

Yes, an old bachelor,

A fusty old bachelor.

What's an old bachelor like ?

A tree without a branch,

A buck without a haunch,

A knife without a fork,

Bottle without a cork,

A key without a lock,

A wig without a block.

Thus you see, my good friends, what a whimsical
creature
Was form'd in a frolic by old Madam Nature.

The world ever since has been teaz'd with these
creatures,

Well known by their stiff formal strut,
Their dull downcast looks, crabbed vinegar features,
And dress of true bachelor cut ;
The bright blaze of beauty can't warm their cold clay,
Dislik'd by maid, widow, and wife,
In a kind of half stupor the days pass away,
Of these blanks in the lottery of life ;
Thus curtail'd of pleasure, a stranger to love,
The fusty old bachelor's destin'd to rove.

Yes, the old bachelor,
The fusty old bachelor.
What's an old bachelor like ?

A ship without a sail,
A cat without a tail,
Cellar without the wine-o, /
Purse without the rhino,
A watch without a chain,
A skull without a brain.

Thus you see, my good friends, what a whimsical
creature
Was form'd in a frolic by old Madam Nature.

Now mark, if the sexes in number agree,
As some queer philosophers think ;
(Full many a damsel's soft heart, I foresee,
At this part of my story will sink) :
As two wives at once men are not here allow'd,
Unless their suit parliament aids,
And as bachelors stupid our streets daily crowd,
It follows there must be old maids.

Thus we get from the smoke neatly into the smother,
For one evil treads fast on the heels of another.

O fye on all old bachelors,
All flinty-hearted bachelors.

What is an old bachelor like?

A bell without a clapper,

A door without a rapper,

A drum without a fife,

Butcher without a knife,

A sun without a moon,

A dish without a spoon.

Thus you see, my good friends, what a whimsical
creature

Was form'd in a frolic by old Madam Nature.

The Rush-Light.

SIR Solomon Simons, when he did wed,

Blush'd black as a crow, his fair lady did blush
light,

The clock struck twelve, they were both tuck'd in
bed,

In the chimney a rush light,

A little farthing rush-light,

Fal' lal lal la,

A little farthing rush-light.

Sir Solomon gave to his lady a nudge,

Cries he, Lady Simons, there's vastly too much
light;

Then, Sir Solomon, says she, to get up you can't
grudge,

And blow out the rush-light,
The little farthing rush-light,
Fal lal lal la,
The little farthing rush-light.

Sir Solomon, then, out of bed pops his toes,
And vastly he swore, and very much did curse
light,

And off to the chimney Sir Solomon he goes,
And he puff'd at the rush-light,
The little farthing rush-light,
Fal lal lal la,
The little farthing rush-light.

Lady Simons got out in her night-cap so neat,
And over the carpet my lady did brush light,
And there she found Sir Solomon in a heat,
Puffing at the rush-light :

Then she puff'd at the rush-light,
But neither of the two
Could blow out the rush-light.

Sir Solomon and lady, their breath quite gone,
Rang the bells in a rage, determin'd to crush light;
Half asleep in his shirt then up came John,
And he puff'd at the rush-light :

The little farthing rush-light,
But neither of the three
Could blow out the rush-light.

Cook, coachee, men, and maids, very near all in buff,
Came, and swore, in their lives they never met
with such light ;

And each of the family, by turns, had a puff
 At the little farthing rush-light :
 The curst farthing rush-light,
 But none of the family
 Could blow out the rush-light.

The watchman, at last, went by, crying—one,
 Here, vatchmans, come up, than you we might
 on vorse light.
 Then up came the watchman—the bus'ness was done,
 For he turn'd down the rush-light,
 The little farthing rush-light ;
 Fal lal lal la,
 So he put out the rush-light.

Buy my Matches.

Buy my matches, good friends, I'm a funny old blade,
 Sal Sulphur's my name, lately set up in trade :
 I parade thro' the streets, sing old songs and new
 catches,
 And the end of my strain still is " Maids buy my
 matches."

Buy my matches—buy my matches.

My father, good folks, growing peevish and old,
 To enliven his days, made a match with a scold.
 He was captious as touchwood, would fight with
 old Scratch ;
 My mother was brimstone, so he met with his match.
 Buy, &c.

From their warmth, like a plant, I my growth must
derive ;

Our home was a hot-house, I could not but thrive.
But, grown up, I left mother and old dad in the
dark,

Like a piece of dry tinder, I was fir'd by a spark.

Buy, &c.

My blade was a gunner, who had serv'd in the wars ;
He was full of fine stories, debts, curses, and scars ;
With a volley of oaths all his foes would dispatch,
But this gun-powder spark found he met with his
match.

Buy, &c.

He began first with blustering, I return'd him a
peal,

So we gave stroke for stroke, like a flint and a steel.
But our sparks soon grew flames—all was riot and
rout,

Till my deary took sick, and his candle burnt out.

Buy, &c.

Thus born amidst fires, and inflammably rear'd,
When my turbulent love was ta'en from me, I fear'd
My poor spirits would cool, so to give them a cheer,
I set up a new trade—to make Matches—look here!

Buy, &c.

I have matches for girls, for young widows, old
maids ;

I have matches for housewives, sluts, gossips, and
jades.

The men too are match'd, young and old ones at
will ;

Fops, rascals, rogues, rakes, are all match'd by my
skill.

Buy, &c.

I ne'er in my life was at loss for a match,
 But my tricks and contrivance the job could dispatch.
 Yet to make out one match here exceeds all my
 pranks :

I've no match for your kindness but a basket of
 thanks.

Buy, &c. .

An old Scottish Song.

O FY, haste, Marg'ret ! woman, are ye in ?
 I nae sooner heard it, than fast I did rin,
 Down the gate to tell ye, I ran down the gate to
 tell ye,
 I ran down the gate to tell ye, we'll no be left our
 skin.

O gin ye heard it ! O dear, dear !
 There has nae been the like o't since Mar's year :
 For I'm a' panting, panting, panting,
 For I'm a' panting, find my heart here.

Fu' weel did I ken that a' was nae right,
 For I dreamt o' red an' green a' the last night ;
 Twa cats fighting, fighting, fighting,
 An' twa cats fighting ; I waken'd in a fright.

But ken ye gin our neighbour Elspit be in ?
 As fy gae an' tell her, an' see that ye rin ;

An' auld Robby Barber, auld Robby Barber,
An' auld Robby Barber, for we maun tell him.

O stay a wee, woman, an' tell it a' out.
They're bringing in black Popery, I fear an' I doubt,
An' a sad reformation, a sad reformation,
A sad reformation in a' the kirks about.

Muckle do they sae, an' mair may we fear;
The French an' the Spaniards are a' coming here:
An' we'll a' be murder'd, murder'd, murder'd,
An' we'll a' be murder'd, that's very clear.

But, for my part, I'm easy altho' they come the
morn,
I'll gie them anither turn, for a' the nicks that's on
my horn,
For I'll no yield it, yield it, yield it,
For I'll no yield it to ony man born.

Do ye no mind, just on this very floor,
When we ware a' reekit out to gang to Sherrie-muir,
Wi' stanes in our aprons, wi' stanes in our aprons,
Wi' stanes in our aprons, we did muckle dool, I'm
sure.

Eh! wow, Marg'ret, was nae yon a gun?
A tweel no, Elspit, it's me breaking win';
An' we're weel when we want it, want it, want it,
We're weel when we want it awa wi' little din.

The Intriguing Irishman.

THE first of my pranks was at little Ratsbane,
Where love, faith, like whisky, popt into my brain,
For Ally M'Cullock, a sweet little soul,
As tall and as straight as a shever-man's pole.

Och, she was a sweet creature, with a bloom on
her face like a Munster potatoe. I met her going
to market one morning, with a basket under one
of her arms. Where do you come from, my
dear? says I. From Clanterduffy, Sir, says she.
And what's your name, my dear? Ally M'Cul-
lock, Sir, says she. Och, what a soft beautiful
name.

To be sure then I told her a piece of my mind,
Till she left her old dad and the basket behind.

But soon I was dying for Molly M'Gree,
A sweet tender shoot, just come from Tralee;
O sweet Molly, says I, do ease my pain;
By St Patrick, says she, pray what do you mane.

Mane, says I, why to marry you, to be sure, my
dear. But do you tho'? says she. To be sure I
do; what do you think of me? Oh, there's no
resisting ye, says she. So we were to be married
the next day.

But, as the devil would have it, a thick fog
came on;

When I look'd for the church, oh, I found it
was gone.

Both morning and night she was always my plague,
Faith 'tis time then, says I, for to leave off intrigue;
So from Cork I set sail, in a d—d open boat,
With some cash in my pocket, two shirts, and a coat.

We sailed so plagued slow, that a big storm over-
took us. To be sure I didn't swallow a little of
the sea broth: but the worst of my misfortunes
was, when I landed, there was Molly M'Gree!
and she put into my arms a great ugly squalling
brat, with a head as big as a bushel of potatoes.
What's this? says I. 'Tis your own Teddy, says
she, and as like ye as two peas. Teddy be d—'d,
says I; take it away, woman; I tell ye I don't
know any thing at all of the matter.

Then, to end my intriguing, I went off to sea,
And bid a good morning to Molly M'Gree.

The Prophets.

IN the tenth book of Job, which I now mean to
quote,

At the third and fourth verses you'll find it thus
wrote:

Old Moses invited some prophets to dine,
And drink a few bottles of goosberry wine.
Derry down, down, down, derry down.

Then Moses was plac'd in the chair in a trice,
And Aaron, his crony, deputed his *vice*;

When the glass moving quick, and the wine being
strong,
Moses declar'd they should each sing a song.

They all look'd askew, which friend Moses soon
saw,

But what Moses said, why, you know, Sir, was law;
So he frankly declar'd, that should any decline,
He wou'd fine each defaulter a bumper of wine.

Then Aaron sung first, as *vice-president* shou'd,
And stated the law as at that time it stood,
When the thumb-stick he handled, and said, with a
nod,
They wou'd soon see their president drunk as a hog.

Then Elijah, Elisha, and old Ezekiah,
Begg'd leave to tell Moses it was their desire,
Since each man must sing, to obey his decree,
That, with his permission, they'd give him a glee :

GLEE—How merrily we live that prophets be,
Round the world we roam with pious glee,
Fortelling great events to a certainty.---*ad libitum*.

Little David, it seems, was the next of their choice,
For they very well knew he'd an excellent voice ;
But he vow'd he cou'd'nt sing—they swore it was a
thumper,
And poor little Davy was fin'd in a bumper.

Then Solomon rose, resplendent in glory,
And said he had much rather tell them a story ;
But the cry against that was a great deal too strong,
For they would have nothing but " Solomon's song."

SOLOMON'S SONG.—I've kiss'd and I've prattled with
 fifty fair maids,
 And chang'd them as oft do you see?
 But of all the fair damsels that danc'd on the green,
 Dear Sheba's the queen for me, &c.

Rear-Admiral Noah, whom much has been said of;
 And his jaunt on the water, which we have all read
 of;
 Not liking thin goosberry, call'd for a dram,
 And then gave 'em the song which he sung to young
 Ham.

NOAH'S SONG.—And bearing up to gain the port,
 Some well-known object had in view;
 An abbey, tower, or harbour fort,
 Which e'er the flood old Noah knew;
 While oft the lead the seaman flung,
 And to the watchful pilot sung.
 By the mark seven.

Then Ezekiel rose next, Sir, a very great smoker,
 But in lighting his pipe, burnt his nose with the
 poker.
 Being skilful in music, and proud of his voice,
 With exquisite fancy this song was his choice.

EZEKIEL'S SONG,—Of the Ancients, its speaking, my
 soul you'd be after.
 That they never got how came you so;
 Wou'd you seriously make the good folks die with
 laughter,
 To be sure the dogs tricks we don't know,
 With your smililu nonsense and all your queer boder,
 Since whisky's a liquor divine:

To be sure the old Ancients, as well as the Moderns,
 Did not love a sup of good wine.
 Did not, &c.

Next Habbakuk rose, for they took 'em in course,
 But Habbakuk's cold had made Habbakuk hoarse ;
 He declar'd he cou'dn't sing any more than the moon,
 But if Moses pleas'd he wou'd whistle a tune.—
" Lillabullero."

Jeremiah rose next, Sir, at Moses' desire,
 Whom wit, Sir, nor wine cou'd ever inspire ;
 And in strains which would suit the commemoration,
 He sung them a verse of his own Lamentation.

Then rose up little Jonah, who look'd like a jelly,
 For he was just come, Sir, out of the whale's belly,
 For three days and three nights he was left to de-
 spair,
 So he sang unto Moses what he suffer'd there.

JONAH'S SONG.—Cease rude Boreas, blustering
 railer,
 List ye Landsmen all to me ;
 Messmates hear a brother sailor
 Sing the dangers of the sea.

In the horrid belly pent, Sir,
 Think on what I suffer'd there ;
 Forc'd to keep a dismal Lent, Sir,
 And to breathe infectious air :

Nought but fish to feed upon, Sir,
 And compell'd to eat it raw ;
 For my hopes were almost gone, Sir,
 Ere I left the monster's jaw.

Then Sampson rose next, once in prowess so big,
But at that time friend Sampson had just got his
wig ;

He related the tale of his dire mishap,
How his wife shav'd his head, as he slept in her lap.

SAMPSON'S SONG.—Oh dear what can the matter be?
Oh dear what can the matter be?

Sampson has lost all his hair,
Oh that I e'er should have taken so sound a nap,
Oh that I e'er should have taken it in her lap,
Oh that I had but tied on my red night-cap,
That Sampson had ne'er lost his hair.

Oh dear what can the matter be?

Mercy on me, what can the matter be? &c.

ad libitum.

They next call'd on Job, as a song was his forte,
And they begg'd, as 'twas late, that his song might
be short :

So he sung Chevy Chace, to a dismal psalm tune,
Which the prophets all thought wou'd have lasted
till noon.

Now Moses it seems, Sir, who good hours kept,
Whilst they sat a singing, why he sat and slept ;
But wak'd by the noise, Sir, of calling *encore*,
He bid them get home for they should drink no more.

Well-bred Aaron it seems, Sir, at this took offence,
And swore want of good manners shew'd want of
sense ;

This caus'd a dispute, some reflections were cast,
But for decency's sake, we'll not mention what past.

Patrick O'Neil.

YE sons of Hibernia, who snug on dry land,
Round your sparkling turf-fire, with your whisky
in hand,

Drink *Kade mille falterah*—nor think on the boys,
That are fighting your battles, through tempest and
noise,

Attend to a ditty—'tis true, I declare ;
Such swimmings, such sinkings, would make you
all stare ;

Such storms, squibs, and crackers, have whizz'd at
my tail,

Since the press-gang laid hold of poor Patrick O'Neal.

'Twas April the first, I set off like a fool,
From Kilkenny to Dublin to see Laurence Toole,
My mother's third cousin, who oft had wrote down,
To beg I'd come see how he flourish'd in town ;
But I scarce set my nose in that terrible place,
When I met with a spalpeen, who swore to my
face,

He beckon'd a press-gang—they came without fail,
And soon neck and heels carried Patrick O'Neal.

Then they scamper'd away, as they said, with a
prize ;

For they thought me a sailor run off in disguise ;

But a terrible blunder they made with their strife,
 For I ne'er saw the sea nor a ship in my life.
 Then away to a tender they bid me to steer,
 But of tenderness, devil a morsel was there !
 Tho' I roar'd and I strove—oh, it would not avail—
 In the cellar of the ship they crammed Patrick
 O'Neal.

Next morning from Dublin they sail'd with their
 prey ;

I was half-starv'd and sea-sick the rest of the way :
 Not a mile-stone I saw ; not a house, nor a bed ;
 All was water and sky, till we came to Spithead.
 Then they call'd out " all hands !"—hands and feet
 soon obey'd ;

Oh ! I wish'd myself home, cutting turf with a spade ;
 For the first sight I saw made my spirits to fail—
 'Twas a great swimming castle for Patrick O'Neal.

Now this terrible monster roll'd about on the tide,
 And a large row of teeth were stuck fast in his side.
 Then they bid me to mount, and desir'd I would
 keep

A fast hold with my trotters, for fear I should slip ;
 So I let go my hands, to hold fast by my toes,
 But the ship gave a roll—So away my head goes ;
 I plump'd down in the water, and splash'd like a
 whale ;

But with boat-hooks they fish'd up poor Patrick
 O'Neal.

Then midst shouts, jests, and laughter, they hoisted
 me in
 To this great wooden-world, full of riot and din.

What strings, and what pullies, what rags met my
eye,

And how large were the sheets that they hung out
to dry !

It seem'd Noah's ark full of different guests ;

Hogs, pedlars, sheep, sailors, and all other beasts.

Some drank bladders of gin, some pitchers of ale,

And they sung, curst, and laugh'd at poor Patrick
O'Neal.

Then a rough-mouth'd rascalion on deck did ad-
vance,

So hoarse, that he whistled, which made them all
prance ;

Up the cords some like monkeys run ; some, I de-
clare,

Like gibbets, or rope-dancers, hung in the air :

They clapp'd sticks in the capstern—as I afterwards
found—

Where a chap sat and fied, as they twisted him
round :

So the ship rais'd her anchor, spread her wings, and
set sail

With a freight of live lumber and Patrick O'Neal.

Now to go down below I express'd a great wish,

Where they live under water like so many fish ;

I was clapp'd in a mess with some more of the crew,

But they said 'twas Banyan-day, so gave me bur-
goo.

For a bed, they'd a sack, that swung high as my
chin,

They call'd it a hammock, and bid me get in ;

I laid hold. took a jump, but my footing was frail,

For it flung me clean over—poor Patrick O'Neal.

By some help I got in, where I rock'd all the night;
But when day broke, my rest broke, with terrible
fright.

"Up hammocks, down chests," was roar'd out from
each part,

"Here's a French ship in sight," up and down went
my heart.

To a gun I was station'd, they cried with an oath,
To pull off his breeches, unmuzzle his mouth;
They took off the apron that cover'd his tail,
And his leading-strings gave to poor Patrick O'Neal.

Then our thick window-shutters we pull'd up with
speed,

And we run out our bull-dogs of true British breed:
The captain cry'd England and Ireland, my boys—
When he mention'd old Ireland, my heart made a
noise.

Then the nose of our gun did the Frenchman defy;
They clapt fire on his back, and bid him let fly:
Such a crack!—made me jump, though I held by
the tail;

But the creature leap'd back, knock'd down Pat-
rick O'Neal.

Then we rattled away, by my soul, hob or nob,
Till the Frenchman gave up, as he thought, a bad
job.

Then to tie him behind, a large cord did they bring,
And we led him along, like a pig in a string.

Then away to Old England we brought the French
boy—

Oh, the sight of the land made me sea-sick with
joy!

So they made a fresh peace, when the war grew too
stale,

And set all hands adrift, with poor Patrick O'Neal

Now here on dry land a wet course I can steer,
 Nor the cat-head, the cat-block, nor boat-swain's
 cat fear;
 Whilst there's shot in the locker, I'll sing, I'll be
 bound,
 And Saturday-night shall last all the week round.
 Put should peace grow too sleepy, and war call a-
 main,
 By the piper of Leinster, I'll venture again!
 Make another dry voyage, bring you home a fresh
 tale,
 That you'll cry till you laugh at poor Patrick O'Neal.

A New Song.

I'm often ask'd by plodding souls,
 And men of vulgar tongue,
 What joy I take in draining bowls,
 And tippling all night long:
 Tho' used such cautious fools to scorn,
 For, once I'll not disdain,
 To tell them why I sit till morn,
 And fill my glass again.
 To tell them, &c.

'Tis by the light my bumpers give,
 Life's picture's mellow made,
 With warmer glow the colours live,
 And softer sinks the shade:

More bright the figures float in air,
 With every drop I drain,
 And that I think a reason fair,
 To fill my glass again.
 And that I think, &c.

My muse, whene'er her wings are dry,
 No frolic flights will take,
 But o'er the bowl she'll dip and fly,
 Like swallows round a lake.
 Then if the nymph must have her share,
 Before she'll bless her swain,
 Why that I think a reason fair,
 To fill my glass again.
 Why that I think, &c.

I've beat each haunt with game in view,
 Run every pleasure down,
 Drove fashion's airy circle through,
 And lived with all the town;
 To me there's nothing new or rare,
 Till wine deceives my brain,
 And that I think a reason fair,
 To fill my glass again.
 And that I think, &c.

Now many a lad I lik'd is dead,
 And many a lass grown old;
 And as the lesson strikes my head,
 My weary heart grows cold.
 But wine a while holds off despair,
 Nay bids a hope remain,
 And that I think a reason fair,
 To fill my glass again.
 And that I think, &c.

While vex'd and hipp'd at England's fate,
 In these convulsive days,
 I can't endure the ruin'd state
 My sober eye surveys.
 But through the bottle's dazzling glare,
 The gloom appears less plain,
 And that I think a reason fair,
 To fill my glass again.
 And that I think, &c.

Nay more, as moves the circling glass,
 Can flesh and blood forbear,
 If pros'd by some dull reas'ning ass,
 Who treads the path of care :
 Or harder taxed, I'm doom'd to hear
 Some fribbling coxcomb's strain ;
 Why that I think a reason fair,
 To fill my glass again.
 Why that I think, &c.

And don't we see love's fetters too,
 With different folds entwine ;
 While nought but death can some undo,
 Yet some give way to wine :
 For me, the lighter head I wear,
 The lighter hangs the chain,
 And that I think a reason fair,
 To fill my glass again.
 And that I think, &c.

And now I'll tell, to end my song,
 At what I most repine,
 This cursed war, tho' right or wrong,
 Is war against all wine.
 Nay port, they say, will soon be rare,
 As juice of France or Spain,
 P

And that I'm sure's a reason fair,
 To fill my glass again.
 And that I'm sure's a reason fair,
 To fill my glass again.

The Farmer.

HERE's to each jolly fellow,
 That loves to be mellow,
 Attend unto me and sit easy ;
 For a bottle in quiet,
 My boys, let us try it,
 For dull thinking will make a man crazy :
 Whilst here I am king,
 Let us laugh, dance, and sing ;
 Let no mortal appear as a stranger ;
 But shew me the ass
 That refuses his glass,
 And I'll order him grass in a manger.
 Lal de lal, &c.

By reaping and mowing,
 By ploughing and sowing,
 Dull nature supplies me with plenty ;
 I've a plentiful board,
 And a cellar well stor'd,
 And my garden supplies me with dainties :
 I have land, I have bowers,
 I have fruits, I have flowers,
 And I'm here as Justice of Quorum ;

In my cabin's fair inn
 I've a bed for a frien',
 With a clean fire-side and a jorum.
 Lal de lal, &c.

Was it not for my seeding
 You would have poor feeding,
 For indeed you would soon starve without me;
 My mind is content
 When I pay my own rent,
 And I'm happy when friends are about me.
 Draw near to my table,
 Ye boys that are able,
 Let us hear no more words of complaining,
 For the ringing of glasses
 All music surpasses,
 I long to see bottles a draining.
 Lal de lal, &c.

Let the mighty and great
 Roll in splendor and state,
 For I envy no mortal, I swear it;
 For I eat my own ham,
 My own chicken, and lamb,
 And I shear my own sheep and I wear it;
 I have all things in season,
 Such as woodcock and pheasant,
 And the lark is my morning alarmer,
 So may each good fellow
 That loves to be mellow,
 Drink the plough and the good honest farmer.
 Lal de lal, &c.

The Chapter of Politicians.

My friends so good-humour'd I hope won't be vex'd,
If the Chapter of Politics furnish my text;
The times are all bustle, the folks all alive,
Politicians increase just like bees in a hive.

And barring all pother,
Of this, that, or t'other,
We're all politicians in turn.

The blacksmith he swallows the tailor's news,
And forges supplies, while old Dobbin he shoes;
He blows up the authors of Englishmen's wrongs,
And hopes we shall go at it hammer and tongs.

For barring, &c.

The flag of defiance the tailor lets loose,
And values a Frenchman no more than a goose;
He works for the army, and therefore he knows
We shall certainly stick in the skirts of our foes.

For barring, &c.

The barber exclaims, with true technical trope,
'That we're all in the suds, tho' he ventures to hope,
In dressing a foe that our powder may tell,
Do the job to a shaving, and lather him well.

For barring, &c.

The cobbler, good soul, says our all must soon end,
And be worn out at last, unless matters we mend;

The doctor conceives to despond there's no call,
 Let him physic our foes, and he'll soon kill 'em all.
 For barring, &c.

The exciseman says war will our spirits raise higher;
 The chandler exclaims, all the fat's in the fire;
 'Tis the lawyer's advice, if the French we must
 meet,
 To support the King's Bench by the help of the Fleet.
 For barring, &c.

Old Chissel the carpenter saw very plain,
 A deal of our work must be done o'er again;
 And should foes set a foot on our beech but one inch,
 He augurs they'll find heart of oak never flinch.
 For barring, &c.

Says the builder, what stories they raise with their
 tricks;
 Says the baker, those stories are built with French
 bricks;
 The landlord he swears he'll ne'er trust 'em again;
 The sexton looks grave, and the clerk says, Amen.
 For barring, &c.

The cheesemonger thinks these are *mighty* affairs;
 'Twill be diamond cut diamond, the glazier declares;
 The soldier and sailor don't like to say much,
 But brandish their cudgels, and long for a touch.
 For barring, &c.

In short, all the town have their con's and their pro's,
 And as each politician tells all that he knows;
 Of our foes I'll say this, if you won't take it ill,
 They ne'er thrash'd us yet, and I don't think they
 will.

For barring all pother
 Of this, that, and t'other,
 We always could bang 'em in turn,

Robinson Crusoe.

WHEN I was a lad, I had cause to be sad,
My grandmother I did lose O.
I'll bet you a cann, you have heard of the man,
His name it was Robinson Crusoe,
O Robinson Crusoe!
O Robinson Crusoe!
Tink a tink tang, tink a tink tang,
O poor Robinson Crusoe.

Perhaps you've read in a book, of a voyage he took,
And how the whirlwind blew so,
That the ship with a shock drove plump on a rock,
Near drowning poor Robinson Crusoe.
O poor Robinson, &c.

Poor soul! none but he remain'd on the sea,
Ah! fate, fate, how could yon do so?
Till ashore he was thrown on an island unknown;
O poor Robinson Crusoe.
O poor Robinson, &c.

He wanted to eat, and he sought for some meat,
But the cattle away from him flew so,
That, but for his gun, he'd been surely undone,
O! my poor Robinson Crusoe.
O poor Robinson, &c.

But he'd sav'd from aboard, an old gun and a sword,
And another odd matter or two, so

That by dint of his tbrift, he manag'd to shift ;
 Well done Robinson Crusoe.
 O Robinson, &c.

And he happen'd to save from the merciless wave,
 A poor parrot, I assure you, 'tis true, so
 That when he came home from a merciless roam,
 She cry'd out, poor Robinson Crusoe.
 O poor Robinson, &c.

He got all the wood that ever he could,
 And stuck it together with glue, so
 That he made him a hut, wherein he did put
 'The carcase of Robinson Crusoe.
 O Robinson, &c.

He us'd to wear a cap, and a coat with long knap,
 With a beard as long as a Jew, so
 That, by all that is civil! he look'd like a devil,
 More than poor Robinson Crusoe.
 O Robinson, &c.

And then his man Friday kept the hut neat and tidy,
 To be sure 'twas his business to do so,
 And, friendly together, less like servant than brother,
 Liv'd Friday and Robinson Crusoe.
 O Robinson, &c.

At last an English sail came near within hail,
 Then he took to his little canoe, so
 That on reaching the ship, they gave him a trip
 Back to the country of Robinson Crusoe.
 O Robinson, &c.

O for to be a Soldier again.

UPON the salt seas, with my edged sword,
 Where I have been fighting this many long day,
 Where cannons were roaring and bullets were flying,
 I was there all the while, but kept running away.
 And O for to be soldier again ;
 In peaceable times it will do little harm ;
 Then we will get victuals, and drink what we can,
 And a suit of red cloaths to keep our backs warm.

At the seige of Belleisle I was there all the while,
 The guns they did rattle, and raise such a smoke;
 I went up to a mill, that stood on a high hill,
 And I peep'd thro' a hole and I saw the town smoke.
 And 'O for to be a soldier, &c.'

The battle being ended, I straightway intended
 To go down among the dead that were slain ;
 I rifled their pockets, I took out their money,
 I drew forth my sword, and—I kill'd them again.
 And O for to be a soldier, &c.





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The Hibernian Songster.



THE

Gen 5(3).

Shamrock,

OR

The Hibernian Songster ;

A Choice Selection of

IRISH SONGS.



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THE
SHAMROCK.

Kate Kearney.

OH ! did you not hear of Kate Kearney,
She lives on the Banks of Kilarney,
From the glance of her eye, shun danger and fly,
For fatal the glance of Kate Kearney.
For that eye, is so modestly beaming,
You ne'er think of mischief she's dreaming,
Yet Oh, I can tell, how fatal the spell,
'That lurks in the eye of Kate Kearney.

Oh should you e'er meet this Kate Kearney,
Who lives on the banks of Kilarney,
Beware of the smile, for many a wile
Lies hid in the smile of Kate Kearney.
Tho' she looks so bewitchingly simple,
Yet there's mischief in every dimple ;
And who dares inhale her sighs, spicy gale !
Must die by the breath of Kate Kearney.

The Yorkshire Irishman, or Adventures of a Potatoc Merchant.

My Father was once a great *marchant*,
As any in Ireland was found,
But faith he could ne'er save a *shilling*,
Tho' tatoes he sold by the *pound*;
So says he to my mother, one night,
To England suppose you and I go,
And the very next day, by moonlight,
They took leave of the country of Slygo.
Sing de ral, lal de ral la, fal lal de, &c.

That the land is all cover'd with water,
'Twixt England and Ireland, you'll own;
And *single* misfortunes, they say,
To Irishmen ne'er come *alone*:
So my father, poor man! was *first drown'd*,
Then *ship-wreck'd*, in sailing from Cork,
But my mother,—she got safe to land,
And a whisky-shop open'd in York.
Fal de ral, &c.

Just a year after father was dead,—

One night, about five i' th' morn,
An odd accident happen'd to me,

For 'twas then, that myself was first born;
All this, I've been told by my mammy,
(And surely, she'd not tell me wrong,)
But I don't remember nought of it,
Caze it happen'd when I were quite young.

Fal de ral, &c.

On the very same day, the next year,

(For so ran the story of mother,)
The same accident happen'd again,

But not to me then, that were brother;
So 'twas settled by old father Luke,
Who dissolv'd all our family sins,
As we both were born on the *same day*,
That we sartinly must have been twins.

Fal de ral, &c.

'Twas agreed I should not go to school,

As learning I never should want,
Nor would they, e'en teach me to read,
For my *genus* they said it would cramp:
Now this genus, of mine,—where it lay,—
Do but listen a while, and you'll hear—
'Twas in drawing—not landscapes and pictures;
No—mine was for drawing of beer.

Fal de ral, &c.

Some with only *one* genus are blest,
 But I it appears, had got *two*,
 For when I had drawn off some beer,
 I'd a genus for drinking it too :
 At last I was drawn up to town,
 Without in my pocket a *farden*,
 But since I've earn'd many a *crown*,
 By the *shop* here, in sweet *Common Garden*.
 Fal de ral, &c.

Now the end of my song's drawing near,
 I'll tell ye—but that's nothing new,—
 Now all my ambition's to try,
 And to do, what I can to draw you :
 In which, if I do but succeed,
 And my efforts beguile you of pain,
 I entreat you'll not wait to be ask'd
 To come *often* and see me again.
 Fal de ral, &c.

Ned Grogan.

NED Grogan, dear joy, was the son of his mother,
 And as like her it seems, as one pea to another ;
 But to find out his dad, he was put to the rout,
 As many folks wiser have been, joy, no doubt.

To this broth of a boy of this mother would say,
 ‘ When the moon shines, my jewel, be making
 your hay ;
 Always ask my advice, when the business is done :
 For two heads, sure, you’ll own is much better than
 one.’

Spoken..]—So Neddy taking it into his pate to fetch
 a walk over to England, stepped to ask the advice
 of his second head ; but by St Patrick, a drop of
 the craatur had made her speechless, and so being
 dead into the bargain, all that he could get out of
 her was

Phililu, bodderoo, whack, gramachree.

Ned’s mother being wak’d, to England he came,
 Sir,

Big with hopes of promotion, of honour, and fame,
 Sir,

Where a snug birth he got, d’ye mind, by my soul,
 To be partner, dear joy, with a knight of the pole :
 For Larry to teach him his art proving willing,
 Soon learnt him the changes to ring with a shilling,
 And that folks when not sober are easily won ;
 Which proves that two heads, joy, are better than
 one.

Spoken..]—Och, to be sure and they didn’t carry on a
 roaring trade, till Larry having the misfortune to

take a drop too much at the Old Bailey, poor
 Grogan was once more left alone to sing
 Phililu, bodderoo, &c.

Left alone, sure, O'Grogan set up for himself,
 Got a partner, and 'twixt them got plenty of pelf;
 And because he was pleas'd with a bachelor's life,
 Married Katty O'Doody, who made him her wife.
 For some time they play'd, joy, like kittens so
 friskey,
 Till Katty, Och hone, took to drinking of whisky;
 Sold his sticks, and away with his partner did run,
 Proving still that two heads are much better than
 one.

Spoken.]—Och, bad luck to her! cried Grogan; to
 be sure I took her for better or worse; but since
 she's proved all worse and no better, faith her loss
 makes me sing

Phililu, bodderoo, &c.

The Priest of the Parish.

THE Priest of the Parish must lead a rare happy life,
 When his parishioners all full of grace,
 Each boy with his girl, each man with his happy
 wife,

Hearts full of joy—and smiles in each face ;
 The pipers play sweetly, the dancers so frisky are,
 The Priest of the Parish he lilts up a song ;
 Girls ripe for kisses, the boys ripe for whisky are :
 Jug jig, and jollity all the night long.

With a whack, &c.

If Pat squeeze the hand of Sheelah O'Dogherty,
 Dermot, he looks with a frown on his face,
 Tips th' wink with his finger, t' Murtoch O'Fla-
 herty ;

Who trips up Pat's heels, and stands right in his
 place.

In a bit of a frolic, each boy gets a thump or so,
 Th' girls never mind who's right or who's wrong ;
 A crack on the back is of love but a thump or so,
 And the ev'ning concludes just as I do my song.

With a whack, &c

New Song.

I'm a Paddy you see by the sight of my trogue,
And my name's Master Roderick O'Macwhacfenugino:

I was born with no shirt in sweet Ballanahog,
And christened by Father O'Domini Jugino.

Now, upon my conscience, Master Roderick, you
are a devilish queer fellow, and devil burn me
but I see you are bent upon getting drunk to-
night, but I'll take care of you.

With my duderum, daderam, fuderam, fader-
um, St Patrick's day in the morning.

The reverend father got wond'rous frisky,
He liked holy water, but he mixt it with whisky ;
And in past'ral ale gave me this ghostly warning,
If you're drunk over night, you'll be dry the next
morning.

During the time my father's telling the story, I looked
about me, and devil burn me but he's at my cup.

board taking a swig at my bottle : Oh, says I,
 dear father, what are you about ? Oh, you hard-
 hearted Christian, an't I the keeper of your con-
 science, and devil burn me but I take all the sin
 upon myself : and devil burn me, father, but you
 take all the whisky too upon yourself.

With my duderum, &c.

Then he told me the list of his pedigree fait,
 Said his blood was as thick as the best lord in
 Christendom ;
 Says I, that accounts for your thick-headed pate ;
 Then he told all his ancestors' names while I lis-
 ten'd him.

Now, upon my conscience, stop a bit, and I'll give
 you a toast, " Here's, may the hard-hearted father
 never know what it is to have a child."

With my duderum, &c.

He got them all but save the father poor elf,
 Caase the mother of him won't quite certain herself;
 And this from the father was all I could gather,
 He must be a wise man that knows his own father.

Devil burn me if I know what to say of it, for you
 know, and I know, and upon my soul every other
 body knows.

With my duderum, &c.

The Chapter of Kings.

THE Romans in England they once did sway,
 The Saxons they after them led the way,
 And they tugg'd with the Danes till an overthrow,
 Which both of them got by the Norman beau :

Yet, barring all pother,
 The one and the other,
 Were all of them kings in their turn.

Little Willy the Conqueror long did reign,
 But Billy his son by an arrow was slain ;
 And Harry the First was a scholar bright,
 But Stephen was forc'd for his crown to fight.

Yet barring, &c.

Second Harry Plantagenet's name did bear,
 And Cœur de Lion was his son and heir ;
 But Magna Charta we gain'd from John,
 Which Harry the Third put his seal upon.

Yet barring, &c.

There was Teddy the First, like a tyger bold,
 But the Second by rebels was bought and sold,

And Teddy the Third was his subjects' pride,
 Tho' his grandson Dicky was popp'd aside:
 Yet barring, &c.

There was Harry the Fourth, a warlike wight,
 And Harry the Fifth like a cock would fight;
 Tho' Harry his son like a chick did pout,
 When Teddy his cousin had kick'd him out.
 Yet barring, &c.

Poor Teddy the Fifth he was kill'd in bed,
 By butchering Dick, who was knock'd in the head;
 Then Harry the Seventh in fame grew big,
 And Harry the Eighth was as fat as a pig.
 Yet barring, &c.

With Teddy the Sixth we had tranquil days,
 Tho' Mary made fire and faggot to blaze;
 Yet good Queen Bess was a glorious dame,
 And bonny King Jemmy from Scotland came.
 Yet barring, &c.

Poor Charley the First was a martyr made,
 But Charley his son was a comical blade;
 And Jemmy the Second, when hotly spurr'd,
 Run away, do ye see, from Willy the Third.
 Yet barring, &c.

Queen Anne was victorious by land and sea,
 And Georgey the First did with glory sway;

And as Georgey the Second has long been dead,
 Long life to the Georgey we have in his stead,
 And may his son's sons,
 To the end of the chapter,
 All come to be kings in their turn.

Paddy's Courtship.

THROUGH Dublin as once I was trudging away,
 About six o'clock in the middle of day,
 I met with Miss Blarny, whose eyes shine so bright,
 That I feel deep in love at the very first sight.
 Derry down, &c.

'Och!' says I to myself, 'I'm sunk into the skin,
 I can never get out, so I'll plunge further in;
 Then I follow'd her home, and said, 'Pray, Madam,
 give
 Me the freedom to ax whereabouts you may live?'
 Derry down, &c.

Says she, 'Sir, pray what is your business with me,
 That you now take the liberty thus to make free,

For to axe at my door where I live, is the same
 As to say, ' Mr Dennis, pray what is your name ?'
 Derry down, &c.

' Though bother'd and vext, with my doubts and my
 fears,
 I'm in love with your face', says I, ' up to the ears ;
 My name, at your sarvice, is Patrick O'Shelf,
 And likewise not only my name, but myself.'
 Derry down, &c.

Having told her my meaning, in words pretty plain,
 I begg'd she wou'd ease me of love's pleasing pain !
 She said she'd consider, and sent me away,
 Saying, ' Night's coming on, so I'll bid you good day'.
 Derry down, &c.

For two days and three nights I did nothing but fret,
 In vain did I labour, no rest could I get,
 For the whole of the time that I lay wide awake,
 Not one single nap, by my soul, did I take !
 Derry down, &c.

Now finding myself in this tragical state,
 My comfort, thinks I, cannot be very great ;
 So my charmer to meet, I put on my best clothes,
 And though rather backward, strait forward I goes.
 Derry down, &c.

To be sure, then, I didn't stand still like a dunce,
 But told her the fire of my flame, all at once :

'Love is,' says I, 'Madam,' says I, 'Madam, love
Is a gift sent below from the powers above !'

Derry down, &c.

'Before you bewitch'd me, I slept like a post,
But now I don't get above three winks at most ;
And unless you consent to become man and wife,
I shall die, if you do not restore me to life.'

Derry down, &c.

'Och, if that is the case, my dear honey,' says she,
'If you're apt to be sleepy, you won't do for me ;
For I want a young fellow, brisk, jolly, and tight ;
But if you are so sleepy, I'll bid you good night.'

Derry down, &c.

I stood for some time, staring like a stuck pig,
And what to say next, rather bother'd my gig ;
When as if recollecting some business forgot,
She set off like a bow from an arrow that's shot.

Derry down, &c.

With the use of my speech I recover'd my voice :
Says I, 'My dear jewel, pray take your own choice ;
For the future I'll serve one my love will not slight,
That's my King and my Country, with joy and delight.'

Derry down, &c.

Barney Maclean.

Oh, here's Barney Maclean, keeps the sign of the
Pot,

And, arrah, believe me, no very bad lot ;
You'll find a snug cabin, both neat and clean,
At the three-legged Pot, kept by Barney Maclean.

There's humming old stingo, 'twas brew'd in Octo-
ber,

My customers praise it, when reeling home sober ;
'Tis drunk by the Doctor, the Squire, and the Dean ;
So come taste, and be drinking with Barney Mac-
lean.

Faith I'll give you a toast—Here's Ireland, my boy,
Our King, heaven bless him ! and send him much
joy ;

The Prince and Princesses, and Charlotte our Queen,
Shall be all drank in bumpers by Barney Maclean.

So if hungry or thirsty, make haste to the Pot,
Nor fear I'll be wrong, Sirs, in casting the scot ;

No 'tricks upon travellers' was ever yet seen
 At the Three-legged-Pot, kept by Barny Maclean.

Paddy the Piper.

WHEN I was a boy in my father's mud edifice,
 Tender and bare as a pig in a sty,
 Out at the door as I look'd with a steady phiz,
 Who but Pat Murphy the Piper came by?
 Says Paddy, But few play this music, can you play?
 Says I, I can't tell, for I never did try:
 He told me that he had a charm,
 To make the pipes prettily speak,
 Then squeez'd a bag under his arm,
 And sweetly they set up a squeak.

CHORUS.

With a faralla laralla loo, och ! hone ! how he hand-
 led the drone,
 And then such sweet music he blew, 'twould have
 melted the heart of a stone.

Your pipe, says I, Paddy, so neatly come over me,
 Naked I'll wander wherever it blows;
 And if my father should try to recover me,
 Sure it won't be by describing my clothes,
 The music I hear now, takes hold of my ear now,
 And leads me all over the world by the nose.

So I followed his bag-pipe so sweet,
 And sung, as I leap'd like a frog,
 Adieu to my family seat,
 So pleasantly plac'd in a bog,
 With my faralla, &c.

Full five years I follow'd him, nothing could 'sunder
 us,

'Till he one morning had taken a sup,
 And slipp'd from a bridge in a river just under us,
 Souse to the bottom, just like a blind pup.
 I roar'd out, and I bawl'd out, and hastily call'd out,
 O Paddy, my friend, don't you mean to come up?

He was as dead as a nail in a door,
 Poor Paddy was laid on the shelf,
 So I took up his pipes on the shore,
 And now I've set up for myself.

With my faralla laralla loo, to be sure I have not got
 the knack,
 To play faralla laralla loo, aye, and bubbaro didaroo
 whack.

Father O' Dominic.

BEFORE I came from Connaught, O'Dominic they
christen'd me ;

The ladies cried out he's a nice little rogue :
My father dy'd, and nothing left, then not a crate
listen'd me,

And that was a little too much of the brogue.
My friends abroad they sent me, a convent to ex-
plore,

From Monks and jolly Friars the bell away I bore ;
Yet had it been a nunnery, I shou'd have lik'd it
more ;

But that wou'd have been a little too much, &c.

The Spanish Dons they all made up a jealous resolu-
tion,

With me they suspected each sweet little rogue ;
They swore no Connaught man should give their
ladies absolution ;

That being a little too much on the brogue.
The Irish O, amaz'd them so, each father, husband,
brother,

That tho' I cou'dn't lose the O, at lost to stop their
pothor,

I took it off from one end, and clapt in on the other :
O then to be sure how they swallow'd the brogue.

My Grandmother's Eye-Water.

OF all sorts of drops, dropping spirits to cure,
A good drop of comfort's the best to be sure ;
Some take their drop open, and some take it sly,
But the drop I like best, is the drop in my eye.

Tol, lol, &c.

We all love a drop now and then, we do.

Your delicate ladies pretend, you know,
As how they never get muzzy, or so ;
But they're all in their *cups* when the *tea* they touch,
And they now and then get a cup too much.

Tol, lol, &c.

My granny, because I've bad eyes, gave me
The genuine eye-water ; only see :

[*Holds up a bottle or glass.*

But my hand shakes so, north, east, west, south,
I never can get it beyond my mouth.

Tol, lol, &c.

I'm a very dry creature, the people say,
 Of course I must drink, to moisten my clay ;
 And when it's too moist, drink again, you know,
 For the more you drink, the drier you grow.

Tol, lol, &c.

Paddy's Trip to London.

WHEN I took my departure from Dublin's sweet
 town,

And for England's own self through the seas I did
 plow,

For seven long days I was toss'd up and down,

Like a quid of chew'd hay in the throat of a cow ;
 While afraid off the deck in the ocean to slip, Sir,
 I clung, like a cat, a fast hold for to keep, Sir,
 Round about the big post that grows out of the ship
 Sir ;

Och ! I never thought more to sing Langoolee.

Thus standing stock still all the while I was moving,

Till Ireland's sweet coast I saw clean out of sight ;
 Myself, the next day—a true Irishman proving,

When leaving the ship, on the shore for to light,

As the board they put out was too narrow to quarter,
 The first step I took I was in such a totter,
 That I jump'd upon land, to my neck up in water ;
 Faith, that was no time to sing Langolee.

But sure cold and hunger I never yet knew more,
 For my stomach and bowels did grumble and
 growl,
 So I thought the best way to get each in good
 humour,
 Was to haul out the wrinkles of both, by my
 soul ;
 Then I went to a house where roast meat they
 provide Sir,
 With a whirligig, which up the chimney I spy'd,
 Sir;
 Which grinds all their smoke into powder beside,
 Sir;
 'Tis true as I'm now singing Langolee.

Next I went to the landlord of all the stage coaches,
 That set sail for London each night in the week,
 To whom I obnoxiously made my approaches,
 As a birth aboard one I was come for to seek :
 But as for the inside, I'd no cash in my casket,
 So says I, ' With your leave, may I make bold to
 ask it,
 When the coach is gone off, pray what time goes
 the basket ?
 For there I can ride and sing Langolee.

Then screwing his mouth up, 'The basket, says he,
Sir,

Goes after the coach a full hour or two ;'

'Very well, Sir, says I, that's the thing just for
me, Sir ;'

But the devil a word that he told me was true ;
For, though one went before and the other behind,
Sir,

'They set off, cheek-by-jowl, at the very same time,
Sir ;

So that day at night we set out by moon-shine, Sir,
All alone, by myself, singing Langolee.

O, long life to the moon, for a brave noble creature,
That serves us with lamp-light each night in the
dark,

While the sun only shines in the day, which, by
nature,

Wants no light at all, as you all may remark :
But as for the moon—by my soul, I'll be bound, Sir,
It would save the whole nation a great many
pounds, Sir,

To subscribe for to light her up all the year round,
Sir,

Or I'll never more sing about Langolee.

Paddy MacShane's Seven Ages.

If my own botheration don't alter my plan,
I'll sing seven lines of a tight Irish man,

Wrote by old Billy Shakespeare of Ballyporeen.
He said while a babe I lov'd whisky and pap,
That I mewled and puk'd in my grandmother's lap;
She joulted me hard just to hush my sweet roar,
When I slipp'd thro' her fingers down whack on
the floor,

What a squalling I made sure at Ballyporeen.

When I grew up a boy, with a nice shining face,
With my bag at my back, and a snail-crawling pace,

Went to school at old Thwackum's at Ballyporeen:
His wig was so fusty, his birch was my dread,
He learning beat out 'stead of into my head.

Master MacShane, says he, you're a great dirty dolt,
You've got no more brains than a Monnaghan colt;

You're not fit for our college at Ballyporeen.

When eighteen years of age, was teaz'd and perplext

To know what I should be, so a lover turn'd next,

And courted sweet Sheelah of Ballyporeen:
I thought I'd just take her, to comfort my life,
Not knowing that she was already a wife;

She ask'd me just once that to see her I'd come,
 When I found her ten children and husband at home,
 A great big whacking chairman of Ballyporeen.

I next turn'd a soldier, I did not like that,
 So turn'd servant, and liv'd with the great Justice
 Pat,

A big dealer in p'ratees at Ballyporeen :
 With turtle and vension he lin'd his inside,
 Ate so many fat capons, that one day he died ;
 So great was my grief, that to keep spirits up,
 Of some nice whisky cordial I took a big sup
 To my master's safe journey from Ballyporeen.

Kick'd and toss'd so about, like a weathercock vane,
 I pack'd up my awls, and I went back again

To my grandfather's cottage at Ballyporeen.
 I found him, poor soul ! with no legs for his hose,
 Could not see through the spectacles put on his nose ;
 With no teeth in his head, so death cork'd up his
 chin ;

He slipp'd out of his slippers, and faith I slipp'd in,
 And succeeded poor Dennis of Ballyporeen.

Song.

O WHAT a dainty fine thing is the girl I love !

She fits my finger as neat as a Lim'rick glove ;
If that I had her just down by yon mountain side,
'Tis there I would ax her if she would become my
bride :

The skin on her cheek is as red as Eve's apple :
Her pretty round waist, with my arms I'd soon
grapple ;

But when that I ax'd her, for leave just to follow her,
She cock'd up her nose, and cried, *No*, Mr. O'Gal-
lagher.

O Cicely, my jewel, the dickens go with you, why
If that you're cruel, it's down at your feet I'll lie ;
'Caze your hard-hearted, I'm melted to skin and
bone !

Sure you'd me pity to see me both grunt and groan.
But all I could say, her hard heart could not mollify,
Still she would titter, and giggle, and look so shy,
Then with a frown I'm desired not to follow her ;
Isn't this pretty usage for Mr. O'Gallagher ?

T'was at Balligally, one Easter, I met with her ;
 Into Jem Garvey's I went, where I sat with her ;
 Cicely, my jewel, if that thou will be my own,
 Soon Father Luke he will come, and he'll make us
 one.

On hearing of this, how her eyes they did glister
 bright !

Cicely, my jewel, I'll make you my own this night.
 When that she found me determined to follow her,
 I'm your's, she then cried out, sweet Mr. O'Gal-
 lagher.

Long Life to the Petticoat.

THERE with fun we the stocking throw,
 Boys all dress'd in their Sunday clothes :
 Girls trimm'd neatly from top to toe ;
 Red looks the priest with his comely nose ;
 Round goes the jorum at bedding-time,
 Whack 'gainst the floor goes each leather brogue
 Bang goes the bells in a merry chime,
 Smack go the lips of each pretty rogue !

Lilt up the pipes, let the chaunter sound,
 Dearly we doat on the merry note,

Gig with the whisky goes briskly round,
 Drinking long life to the petticoat!

Sweet are the smiles from the comely bride,
 Eyes at her of all goggle so ;
 Bridegroom stands by her lovely side,
 A goose just nick'd in the noddle thro' ;
 Girls chaunt out from their merry throats,
 Boys for the whisky are riper now,
 Toasting the souls that wear petticoats,
 All get as drunk as the piper's sow !
 Lilt up the pipes, &c.

Larry O'Lash'em.

I'm Larry O'Lash'em, was born at Killarney,
 Myself drove a noddy in Dublin's sweet town,
 And got fares enough, caase I tipt the folks blarney,
 But myself was knock'd up, caase I knock'd a man
 down :
 So to London I drove to avoid the distaster,
 There to drive hackney coaches engaged for the
 pelf,
 And honestly, out of my fares, paid my master
 Two-thirds, and kept only one half for myself

And sing hi ge wo, here we go, merry and frisky,
O'Lash'em's the boy for to tip the long trot.

I took up a Buck, and because 'twas the fashion,
He mounted the box, and bade me get inside ;
And because I refus'd he fell into a passion,
So thinks I, while I'm walking, I may as well ride.
I amus'd myself laughing to see how the hinder
Wheels after the fore ones most furiously paid,
Till a wheel broke its leg, spilt the coach out of
window,
While my head and the pavement at nut-cracking
play'd.

And sing hi ge wo, &c.

I next drove a couple one morn to get married,
The lady was sixty, the gem'man a score ;
For sake of her money the courtship he carried,
But, repenting, desarted her at the church door.
She swounded away—so a pity, 'twas thinking,
Allur'd by the rhino, myself intercedes,
And got married ; soon after she died of hard
drinking,
And left me a widow forlorn in my weeds.

And sing hi ge wo, &c.

Having fingered the cash that was due by my marriage

I set up for myself, now a batchelor made,
I purchas'd a fine bran new second-hand carriage,
Became my own Jarvis, and drive a fine trade ;

And my coaches and my horses, in case of invasion,
 I'll send to the troops, and I'll join in the strife ;
 And if am kilt in defence of the nation,
 'Twill make me a hero the rest of my life.
 And sing hi ge wo, &c.

Heigh for the Petticoat.

OH ! a petticoat, honey's, an Irishman's joy,
 Go where he will, his time merrily passes ;
 Search the world over, sure Paddy's the boy
 For banging the men and for kissing the lasses.
 And if you but get a red coat to your back,
 In Russia, in Prussia, in France, or in Flanders ;
 All the pretty ma'amselles have a mighty neat knack
 Of cocking their chins at both men and commanders.

Then heigh for the petticoat—that is my joy,—
 Go where I will my time merrily passes ;—
 Search the world over, sure Paddy's the boy
 For banging the men, and for kissing the lasses.

When sweet Kitty Conner pierc'd me through the
 heart,
 And chose Teddy Blarney, a big man of honor,

One moon-shiny night, to give ease to my smart,
 I kick'd Mr Blarney, and kiss'd Mrs Connor :
 And the little plump God, for his mother knew what,
 Was the son of old Mars, or he'd never alarm ye ;
 And if he'd be growing as tall as he's fat,
 You'd see master Cupid brought up to the army.
 Then heigh for the petticoat, &c.

Song.

Oh ! take me to your arms, my love,
 For bright the moon doth shine ;
 Oh ! take me to your arms, my love,
 Or I'll take you to mine.
 She left her bed, popp'd out her head,
 " Begone, you rogue," says she ;
 " Come down, (says I,) or here I'll lie,
 " Beneath this apple tree."

My love had wealth and beauty,
 But soon her cash ran shy ;
 My love had wealth and beauty,
 But she had lost one eye.

Her foot, so fair, tript down the stair,
 Her auburn locks so red ;
 Then in I crept, where Judy slept,
 Beneath her tester bed.

Next morn I woke quite early,
 And set me up on end ;
 Next morn I woke quite early,
 And thought to seek my friend.
 My wife was gone—my friend was flown,
 My love he stole so snug :
 So down I lay, in bed all day,
 Beneath the worsted rug.

The Irishman's Theatrical Description ; Or, An Apology for a Song.

WITHOUT the help of gamut, note, demi-semi-quaver,
 crotchet, or minum,
 Or any other sort of sounds that have no meaning
 in 'em ;
 Without going round the bush and round the bush,
 playing at hide-and-go-seek ;
 A man, without any time at all at all, may sing just as
 well as he can speak.

Tiddy ti tol lol lay, tiddy ti tol lol lay,
 Phillelu drimandru ;
 Subbaboo mushagrah.

When singing and speaking was such a sort of undertaking, as was executed according to nature, He or she, who attempted to execute either, was something like a rationable creature, And your stage-players of old, to be sure we are told, they would strut like a turkey or bustard ; But they knew no more about grinning, and grunting, and making faces at one another, than they did about making of mustard.

Sing tiddy, &c.

The great Turk, in a pet, I mean Bajazet, when by Tamerlane was taken in battle, Like a bear, with head sore, blood and turf ! how he'd roar, while his chains did melodiously rattle ; And old Shylock, the Jew, his long knife he drew, to be sticking in the poor merchant's beef ! But devil a Christian soul but what said to him in their hearts, bad luck to you, you butch'ring old thief.

Sing tiddy, &c.

Then thick-lipp'd Othello, that sooty-fac'd fellow, that choak'd his poor wife in her bed, Sir, Wou'd have made all the blood in your body run cold, and the hair almost stand an end on your head, Sir ;

And when crooked King Dick bid his kingdom for a
 horse, it's true upon my life, it's no fable ;
 The devil a one in the whole place would lend him a
 jack-ass, though they'd half a score in the stable.
 Sing tiddy, &c.

Then Macbeth stuck the poor King in his sleep with
 a pair of damn'd French-looking daggers,
 Struck the folk with his guilt, and the blood that he
 spilt, like a horse, when he's struck with the
 staggers :

And Macheath sung, when he was going to be hung,
 a man can die bolder by brandy ;

And the ladies in the boxes, from the duchess to the
 doxies, would be saying, to be sure he's quite
 the tippy, and the dandy.

Sing tiddy, &c.

Now, to make an end of my song, to be sure, it's
 rather long ; but then, as to words and the tune,
 You're not only welcome as the flowers in May, but
 welcome as the roses in June.

Now, don't take it in your noddle, to say it is the
 twaddle, nor let any of it put you in a passion ;
 Because, upon my conscience, a little bit of nonsense,
 now a-days, it is the very tippy, and pink of the
 fashion.

Sing tiddy, &c.

A Sup of good Whisky.

A SUP of good whisky will make you glad,
Too much of the creature will set you mad ;
If you take it in reason 'twill make you wise,
If you drink to excess it will close up your eyes ;
 Yet Father and Mother,
 And Sister and Brother,
They all love a sup in their turn.

Some Preachers will tell you to drink is bad ;
I think so too— if there's none to be had :
The Swadler will bid you drink none at all,
But while I can get it, a fig for them all :
 Both Layman and Brother,
 In spite of this pother,
Will all take a sup in their turn.

Some Doctors will tell ye 'twill hurt your health,
And Justice will say, 'twill reduce your wealth ;
Physicians and Lawyers will both agree,
When your money's all gone, they can get no fee ;
 Yet Surgeon and Doctor,
 And Lawyer and Proctor,
Will all take a sup in their turn.

If a soldier is drunk on his duty found,
 He soon to the three-leg'd horse is bound,
 In the face of his regiment oblig'd to strip,
 A naggin will soften the nine-tail'd whip !

For Serjeant and Drummer,
 And likewise his Honour,
 Will all take a sup in their turn.

The Turks who arriv'd from the Porte Sublime,
 All told us that drinking was held a great crime :
 Yet after their dinner away they slunk,
 And tippled their wine till they got quite drunk.

The Sultan and Crommet,
 And even Mahomet,
 They all take a sup in their turn.

The Quakers will bid you from drink abstain,
 By yea, and by nāy, 'tis a fault in the vain :
 Yet some of the broad-brims will get to the stuff,
 And tipple away till they've tippled enough ;

For Stiff-rump and Steady,
 And Solomon's Lady,
 Would all take a sup in their turn.

The Germans will say they can drink the most,
 The French and Italians will also boast ;
 Hibernia's the country (for all their noise)
 For generous drinking and hearty boys ;

There each jovial fellow
 Will drink till he's mellow,
 And take off his glass in his turn.

Love and Whisky.

Love and whisky both, rejoice an honest fellow :
Unripe joys of life, love and whisky mellow.
Both the head and heart, set in palpitation ;
From both I've often found a mighty sweet sensation.

Love and whisky's joys ! let us gaily twist 'em
In the thread of life,---Faith we can't resist 'em !

But love's jealous pang ! in heart-ache oft' we find it ;
Whisky in its turn, a headache leaves behind it.
Thus of love or drink we curse th' enchanted cup, Sir,
All its charms forswear, then take another sup, Sir.
Love and whisky's, &c.

Love and whisky can to any thing persuade us ;
No other power we fear, that ever can invade us.
Should others dare intrude, they'll find our lads so
frisky,
By none can be subdued, excepting love and whisky.

May the smiles of Love cheer our lads so clever;
 And with whisky, boys, we'll drink King George
 for ever!

The Wedding of Ballyporeen.

DESCEND ye chaste Nine to a true Irish Bard,
 You're old maids to be sure, but he sends you a
 card,

To beg you'll assist a poor musical elf,
 With a song ready made, he'll compose it himself,
 About maids, boys, a priest, and a wedding,
 With a crowd you could scarce thrust your head in,
 A supper, good cheer, and a bedding,
 Which happen'd at Ballyporeen.

'Twas a fine summer's morn, about twelve in the
 day,

All the birds fell to sing, all the asses to bray,
 When Patrick the bridegroom, and Oonagh the
 bride,

In their best bibs and tuckers set off side by side:

Oh! the piper play'd first in the rear, sir,

The maids blush'd, the bridesmen did swear, sir,

Oh! lord, how the spalpeens did stare,
At this wedding of Ballyporeen.

They were soon tack'd together, and home did re-
turn,
To make merry the day at the sign of the Churn,
When they sat down together, a frolicsome troop,
Oh, the banks of old Shannon ne'er saw such a group!
There were turf-cutters, threshers, and tailors,
With harpers, and pipers, and nailers,
And pedlers, and smugglers, and sailors,
Assembled at Ballyporeen.

There was Bryan Macdermot, and Shaughnessy's
brat,
With Terence, and Triscol, and platterfaced Patt,
There was Norah Macormick, and Bryan O'Lynn,
And the fat red-hair'd cook-maid who lives at the
inn;
There was Sheelah, and Larry the genius,
With Patt's uncle, old Darby Dennis,
Black Thady, and crooked Macgennis,
Assembled at Ballyporeen.

Now the bridegroom sat down to make an oration,
And he charm'd all their souls with his kind bother-
ation,
They were welcome, he said, and he swore, and he
curs'd,
They might eat till they swell'd, and might drink
till they burst.

The first christening I have, if I thrive, sirs,
 Here again I do hope you'll all drive, sirs,
 You'll be welcome all dead or alive, sirs,
 To a christening at Ballyporeen.

Then the bride she got up to make a low bow,
 But she twitter'd and felt so—she could not tell
 how—

She blush'd and she stammer'd—the few words she
 let fall,

She whisper'd so low, that she bother'd them all—

But her mother cry'd, “What, are you dead,
 child,

“Oh, for shame of you, hold up your head, child,

“Tho' I'm sixty, I wish I was wed, child,

“Oh, I'd rattle at Ballyporeen.”

Now they sat down to meat, Father Murphy said
 grace ;

Smoaking-hot were the dishes, and eager each face,
 The knives and forks rattled, spoons and platters did
 play,

And they elbow'd, and jostled, and wallop'd away :

Rumps, chines, and fat sirloins did groan, sirs,

Whole mountains of beef were cut down, sirs,

They demolish'd all to the bare bone, sirs,

At this wedding of Ballyporeen.

There was bacon and greens, but the turkey was
 spoil'd,

Potatoes dress'd both ways, both roasted and boil'd ;
 Hogs' puddings, red herrings, the priest got the
 snipe ;

Culcannon, pies, dumplings, cods, cow-heels and
 tripe !

Then they ate till they could eat no more, sirs,
 And the whisky came pouring *galore*, sirs,
 Oh, how Terry Macmanus did roar, sirs,
 Oh, he bother'd all Ballyporeen.

Now the whisky went round, and the songsters did
 roar,

Tim sung " Paddy O'Kelky", Nell sung " Molly
 Astore ;"

Till a motion was made that their songs they'd for-
 sake,

And each lad take his sweetheart their trotters to
 shake ;

Then the piper and couples advancing,
 Pumps, brogues, and bare feet fell a-prancing,
 Such piping, such figuring, and dancing,
 Was ne'er known at Ballyporeen.

Now to Patrick the bridegroom, and Oonagh the
 bride,

Let the harp of old Ireland be sounded with pride,

And to all the brave guests, young or old, grey or
green,

Drunk or sober, that jigged it at Ballyporeen.

And when Cupid shall lend you his wherry,

To trip o'er the conjugal ferry,

I wish you may be half so merry,

As we were at Ballyporeen.

Molly Malone.

By the big hill of Howth,

That's a bit of an oath,

That to swear by I'm loth,

To the heart of a stone ;

But be poison my drink,

If I sleep, snore, or wink,

Once forgetting to think,

Of your lying alone.

Och ! it's how I'm in love

Like a beautiful dove,

That sits cooing above,

In the boughs of a tree ;

Its myself I'll soon smother,
 In something or other,
 Unless I can bother,
 Your heart to love me,
 Sweet Molly, sweet Molly Malone,
 Sweet Molly, sweet Molly Malone.

I can see if you smile,
 Though I'm off half a mile,
 For my eyes all the while,
 Keep along with my head :
 And my head you must know,
 When from Molly I go,
 Takes his leave with a bow,
 And remains in my stead,
 Och ! its how, &c.

Like a bird I cou'd sing,
 In the month of the spring,
 But it's now no such thing,
 I'm quite bother'd and dead ;
 Och ! I'll roar and I'll groan,
 My sweet Molly Malone,
 Till I'm bone of your bone,
 And asleep in your bed.
 Och ! its how, &c.

The Irish Wedding.

SURE won't you hear
What roaring cheer
Was spread at Paddy's wedding, O,
And how so gay,
They spent the day,
From the churching to the bedding, O:
First, book in hand, came father Quipes,
With the bride's dadda, the bailie, O,
While all the way to church the pipes
Struck up a lilt so gaily, O.

Then there was Mat,
And sturdy Pat,
And merry Morgan Murphy, O;
And Murdock Maggs,
And Tirlogh Skeggs,
Maclochlán, and Dick Durfey, O.
And then the girls, dress'd out in whites,
Led on by Dad O'Reily, O,
All jigging as the merry pipes
Struck up a lilt so gaily, O.

When Pat was ask'd
 Would his love last ?
 The chancel echo'd with laughter, O !
 Arrah fait, cried Pat,
 You may see dat,
 To the end of the world and after, O.
 Then tenderly her hand he gripes,
 And kisses her genteelly, O,
 While all in tune the merry pipes
 Struck up a lilt so gaily, O.

Now a roaring set,
 At dinner are met,
 So frolicsome and so frisky, O,
 Potatoes galore,
 A skirraig, or more,
 And a flowing madder of whisky, O.
 To the bride's dear health round went the swipes,
 That her joy might be nightly and daily, O,
 And as they guttled, the merry pipes
 Struck up a lilt so gaily, O.

And then at night,
 Oh ! what delight,
 To see them footing and prancing, O,
 An opera or ball,
 Were nothing at all,
 Compar'd to the style of their dancing, O ;
 And then to see old father Quipes
 Beat time with his shelaly, O ;

While the chanter, with his merry pipes
Struck up a lilt so gaily, O,

And now the knot,
So tipsy got,
They'll go to sleep without rocking, O ;
So the bridemaids fair
Now gravely prepare
For throwing of the stocking, O.
And round to be sure did not go the wipes,
At the bride's expence so freely, O ;
While to wish them good night the merry pipes
Struck up a lilt so gaily, O.

Blinking Barney.

I LISTED with old Blinking Barney,
A patriot loyal and stout,
Who being the clerk of Killarney,
One Sunday in church he bawl'd out :
" Good people, to-day, all *togidder*,
Since all minds volunteering *absorpe*,

In the church-yard we'll meet to consider,
The best way of raising a *corps* !"

Sing whack, and sing doraloo, &c.

From a wooden tomb-stone he harangu'd 'em,
" The French say they'll come, but not when,
When they do, as so often we've bang'd 'em,
The best way's to do it again.

For our Captain, there's Doctor M'Larish,
He'll soon bad enough make their case,
For since he first physic'd this parish,
He's kill'd ev'ry soul in the place.

Sing whack, &c.

" Come, enter then every son's mother;
For hanging back now were a crime ;
Your names I'll take down without bother,
All together just one at a time.

If you conquer, success to your capers,
And, if you are *kilt*, with what pride
You'll see your own names in the papers,
And read how like soldiers you died !"

Sing whack, &c.

Description of the Play of Pizarro.

FROM the county of Cork, you see I lately came,
 The harvest to reap—Mr Doodey's my name ;
 I my cousin Shaun Shaughnessy met t'other day,
 And says he, will you go to that thing call'd a play ?
 With my loorel lol loo.

“ Is't the play that you mean ? arrah Doodey, you're
 right,

For they treat the whole town with Pizarro to-night ;
 Oh, says I, if I'm treated, the thing's neat and clean :
 But this treat, as they call'd it, cost me a thirteen.

The green thing drew up, and a lady I spied,
 A man came to kiss her—she scornfully cried,
 “ Get out, you blackguard, or I'll bother your gig ;”
 Then in came Pizarro, who growl'd like a pig.

the ould gowry people's time, long—long ago,
 The Spaniards all walk'd to Peru, you must know ;

Says they, "you must give up your cash and your
kays ;"

But one Captain Rolla said, "No, if you please."

Then Rolla a speech made about swords and guns,
And he moved like a comet amongst moons and suns ;
Says he, "bate the Spaniards, or else you'll all starve,
So his majesty here are you willing to sarve?"

Then what a confusion, a hubbub, and holla !
'Twas fire away Spaniards, and leather away Rolla ;
Poor Murphy Alonzo like a thief went to jail,
But his neck is sav'd somehow, without giving bail.

Next Pizarro came in with a little garsoon,
Who was handl'd by Rolla, as I wou'd a spoon ;
But whilst he was making a bridge, smithereens !
He was shot by a villain behind all the scenes.

Then he gave to its mother this sweet little child,
And he next look'd about him as if he was wild ;
"Take the boy, my dear cratur, 'tis my blood that
is spilt ;
To save him, oh blood and 'ounds ! see how I'm kilt."

Then Alonzo gave Paddy Pizarro a blow,
That kill'd him as dead as ould Brien Boreau :
At last on a boord Rolla's body they take,
And twenty nate virgins all join'd at his wake.

Judy O' Flannikin.

Oh, whack ! Cupid's a mannikin ;
Smack on my back he hit me a polter ;
Good lack ! Judy O'Flannikin ;
Dear she loves neat Looney Mactwolter.
Judy's my darling ; my kisses she suffers ;
She's an heiress, that's clear,
For her father sells beer ;
He keeps the sign of the Cow and the Snuffers.
She's so smart,
From my heart
I cannot bolt her !
Oh, whack ! Judy O'Flannikin ;
She is the girl for Looney Mactwolter.

Oh, hone ! good news I need a bit ;
We'd correspond, but learning would choak her ;
Mavrone ! I cannot read a bit ;
Judy can't tell a pen from a proker.
Judy's so constant I'll never forsake her ;
She's as true as the moon ;
Only one afternoon

I caught her asleep with a hump-back'd shoe-maker ;
 Oh, she's smart !
 From my heart
 I cannot bolt her :
 Oh, whack ! Judy O'Flannikin ;
 She is the girl for Looney Mactwoiter.

At the Dead of the Night.

At the dead of the night, when by whisky inspir'd,
 And pretty Katty Flannigan my bosom had fir'd,
 I tapped at her window, when thus she began,
 " Oh ! what the devil are you at ? begone you naught-
 ty man."

I gave her a look, as sly as a thief,
 Or when hungry I'd view a fine surloin of beef :
 " My heart is red hot," says I, " but cold is my
 skin,
 " So pretty Mrs Flannigan, oh, won't you let me in ?"

She opening the door, I sat down by the fire,
 And soon was reliev'd from the wet, cold, and mire,

And I pleased her so mightily, that, long e'er it was
 day,
 I stole poor Katty's tender heart, and so tripp'd away.

O Love! what the Duce.

O LOVE! what the duce do you want in my bosom?
 Get out of my sight, and my heart let alone;
 For had I score I should certainly lose 'em,
 As that I possess is no longer my own.
 What means all this thumping, this flutt'ring and
 beating?

O good master Cupid, be easy now!
 I long every morn for the next village meeting,
 Tho' it adds to my pain, but I cannot tell how.
 Sing, lara la, lara la, lara,
 Lara la, lara la, lara.

I can't, for the life of me, make out the reason
 Why Love is the only thing ne'er out of season.
 Och! when on the green we were all of us dancing,
 'Twas there I first felt the effect of his eyes.
 Each moment she'd seize to be privately glancing,
 Fond looks at a heart she had caught by surprise.

She shot thro' and thro' like a loud clap of thunder,
 My heart a large hole in my bosom did burn,
 And fled to her arms ; then pray where is the wonder,
 That her own, the dear crater, should send in return ?

Sing lara la, &c.

O Cupid, you're surely of Irish extraction,
 O help your poor countryman now at a pinch !
 If you'll stand my friend in the heat of the action,
 May I ne'er see Kilkenny again, if I flinch.
 I'm not one of those who are given to lying,
 I promise no more then I'm able to give ;
 I hate all your nonsense, your kneeling and dying,
 But I'll love her as long as she chooses to live.
 Sing lara la, &c.

The Irish Gardener.

Of all trades, my dear crature, a gard'ner's the best ;
 Och he bothers your hearts, and he gives you no rest,
 Till he makes you both jolly and gay.

With his raking he ne'er can disturb his wife's head,
 Though faith, painted ladies are found in his bed,
 Who with sweetness add joy to the day.

Then a gard'ner so rare
 Is the lad for the fair,
 With a rigdum, jigdum, rake about ho!
 Dig away, delve away, drive away care;
 A gard'ner's the lad for the lasses.

No sad losses or crosses in trade he can rue,
 For hasn't he balsam and balm in his view?

Of his riches I'll give you a hint;
 If he husbands his thyme well, a plumb he can raise;
 To be sure he can't manage the stocks if he please,
 Nor draw as he likes on the mint.

Then a gard'ner so rare
 Is the lad for the fair, &c.

" Then listen, dear girls, and my story believe,
 " All the comforts of life a brisk gard'ner can give;
 " His strong-box is a source of delight!
 " While his honesty thrives he no medlars need fear,
 " Then ne'er leave such worth the green willow to
 wear,

" But let lad's-love all pleasures unite."
 For a gard'ner so rare
 Is the lad for the fair, &c.

A Girl, a Bumper, and a Friend.

AN Irish lad's a jolly boy,
Full of frolic, mirth and fun;
Wine and women all his joy,
And from a foe he'll never run.
And whether he is rich or not,
He ne'er feels discontent at all,
For when he cash in store has got,
Ne'er rests till he has spent it all.
Och so frisky,
Fond of whisky,
Joy is never at an end;
Love's his boast,
And this his toast,
A Girl, a Bumper, and a Friend.

“ How free from care's an Irish boy !
“ A foe to all formality,
“ A social life his only joy,
“ His motto—Hospitality.
“ His monarch too he'll dearly love,
“ His measures, 'faith he'll back 'em all ;

- “ And as for foes, he’ll quickly prove
 “ How naitly he can whack ’em all :
 “ He’ll dance and sing,
 “ God save the King,
 “ Success the noble crown attend ;
 “ All cares deride,
 “ No wish beside
 “ A Girl, a Bumper, and a Friend.”

In me you see an Irish lad,
 Content to please, and willing, Och,
 Who laughs when comfort’s to be had,
 And pays while he’s a shilling, Och.
 Then take my hand, Oh, Fanny, love,
 And make no further pother, Och ;
 My heart is your’s—Things clearly prove
 We’re made for one another, Och.
 We’ll sing and play,
 No larks more gay,
 Our joy shall never have an end ;
 No wish beside
 Our fireside,
 My Wife, a Bumper, and a Friend.

Pat Holloway.

ARRAH, what a big nose had the bold Captain No-
raghon,

Pat Holloway he pull'd it—till he made him to roar
again,

Whack fal de diddle—shoot him through the mid-
dle.

Whack fal de diddle—Well-a-day,

Whack fal de diddle—Captain thro' the middle.

Och, shoot Paddy Holloway.

Both they chose me their seconds, and I gave my
word to both,

For seconds man to two men, is one man that's third
to both.

Whack fal de diddle, &c.

We all met by duck pound—cries bold Captain No-
raghon,

Pat Holloway I'll shoot you, you never shall snea
again.

Whack fal de diddle, &c.

The Captain miss'd Pat—for it was not a lucky shot,
 Pat Holloway fired next, and a very fine duck he
 shot.

Whack fal de diddle, &c.

Then I stepp'd in between 'em—'twas full time to
 take it up,

For a duel now is one shot a piece—and then make
 it up.

Whack fal de diddle—shot him thro' the middle,
 Whack fal de diddle—Well-a-day,

Whack fal de diddle—shake each other's daddle,
 And fast friends they walk'd away.

The Night before Larry was stretch'd.

THE night before Larry was stretch'd,

The boys they all paid him a visit ;

And bit in their sacks too they fetch'd,

They sweated their dads 'till they riz it ;

For Larry was always the lad,

When a friend was condemn'd to the squeezer,

But he'd fence all the togs that he had,
 To help a poor friend to the sneezer,
 And moisten his gob 'fore he dy'd.

I'm sorry now, Larry, says I,
 To see you in this situation ;
 'Pon my conscience, my lad, I don't lie,
 I'd rather it had been my own station.
 Och hone ! it's all over, says he,
 For the neckcloth I'm forc'd to put on ;
 And by this time to-morrow you'll see,
 Your Larry will be dead as mutton.
 Bekays why, my dear, my courage was good.

The boys they came crowding in fast,
 They drew all their stools round about him ;
 Six glims round his trap-case were plac'd,
 He couldn't be well wak'd without them.
 I ax'd if he was fit for to die,
 Without having first duly repented,
 Says Larry, that's all in my eye,
 It's only what gownsmen invented,
 To get a fat bit for themselves.

The cards being call'd for, they play'd,
 Till Larry found one of them cheated ;
 He made a smart stroke at his head ;
 (The boy being easily heated),
 Oh ! by the holy, you teef,
 I'll scuttle your nob with my daddle :

You cheat me because I'm in grief,
 But soon I'll demolish your noddle,
 And leave you your claret to drink.

Then in came the priest with his book,
 He spoke him so smooth and so civil ;
 Larry tip'd him a Kilmainham look,
 And pitch'd his big wig to the devil :
 Then stooping a little his head,
 To get a sweet drop of the bottle,
 And pitiful sighing, he said,
 Oh ! the hemp will be soon round my throttle,
 And choke my poor windpipe to death.

So moving these last words he spoke,
 We all vented our tears in a shower ;
 For my part, I thought my heart broke,
 To see him cut down like a flower.
 On his travels we watch'd him next day ;
 Oh ! the hangman I thought I could kill him ;
 Nor one word poor Larry did say,
 Nor chang'd till he came to King William,
 Then, my dear, his colour turn'd white.

When he came to the nubling chit,
 He was tuck'd up so neat and so pretty ;
 'The rumbler jogg'd off from his feet,
 And he died with his face to the city !
 He kick'd too—but that was all pride,
 For soon you might see 'twas all over ;

Soon after the noose was united,
 And at darkee we wak'd him in clover,
 And sent him to take a ground sweat.

Sprig of Shelalah.

I'm a comical fellow, I tell you no fib,
 And I come from the bogs of Killaley :
 You may see I'm the thing, by the cut of my jib,
 And they christened me Teddy O'Reilly.
 I ask'd dad for a fortune. He answered so smart,
 He'd got none for himself; so none could he part.

(Spoken)

And so d'ye see I began the world
 With an Irish estate—that's a true honest heart,
 And a snug little sprig of Shelalah.

Dad's blessing along with me, off then I goes :
 Success to the bogs of Killaley ;
 And *Erin go bragb* was the motto I chose,
 Like a sound-hearted Teddy O'Reilly.

For if she did not flourish, what good could I do ?
 Och, and then for her friends, I've a heart firm and
 true.

(Spoken.)

And as for her enemies, och, to be sure now, and
 I wouldn't give them a hand !
 Och, yes, but I would, and along with it too,
 A nate little sprig of Shelalah.

Then I came to this town, where the world's all
 alive :

Success to the bogs of Killalee ;
 And soon I learnt how many beans go to five ;
 What a wonderful Teddy O'Reilly !
 My pockets were empty, my heart full of glee :
 Och, that was meat, drink, washing, lodging to me.

(Spoken.)

And then the young vargins ! Och, to be sure, and
 I didn't make a few conquestesses ; and the lau-
 rels, my dear jewels, the laurels ; arrah, and is
 it the laurels you're after meaning now ?
 Och, the laurel that bangs all creation for me,
 Is a tight little sprig of Shelalah.

Paddy's Trip from Dublin.

'Twas business requir'd I'd from Dublin be straying,
I bargain'd the captain to sail pretty quick ;
But just at the moment the anchor was weighing,
A spalpeen, he wanted to play me a trick.
Says he, Paddy go down stairs and fetch me some
beer now—

Says I, by my shoul you're monstratious kind ;
Then you'll sail away, and I'll look mighty queer
now,

When I come up and see myself all left behind.

A storm met the ship, and did so dodge her :
Says the captain, we'll sink, or be all cast away ;
Thinks I, never mind, 'cause I'm only a lodger,
And my life is insur'd, so the office must pay.
But a taef who was sea-sick kick'd up such a riot,
Tho' he lay quite sea-sick and speechless, poor
elf,
I could not help bawling, you spalpeen, be quiet,
Do you think that there's nobody dead but your-
self?

Well, we got safe on shore every son of his mother,
 There I found an old friend, Mr Paddy Macgree ;
 Och Dermot, says he, is it you or your brother ?

Says I,—I've a mighty great notion it's me.
 Then I told him the bull we had made of our Jour-
 ney ;

But to bull-making, Irishmen always bear blame ;
 Says he,—my good friend, tho' we've bulls in Hi-
 bernia,
 They've cuckolds in England, and that's all the
 same.

But, from all cuckoldom heaven preserve us,
 For John Bull and Paddy Bull's both man and
 wife;

And every brave fellow who's kill'd in their service,
 Is sure of a pension the rest of his life.

Then who, in defence of a pair of such hearties,
 'Till he'd no legs to stand on, would e'er run
 away.

Then a fig for the war, and d—n Bonaparte,
 King George and the Union shall carry the day.

What can the matter be?

AT sixteen years old you could get little good of me ;
 Then I saw Norah---who soon understood of me
 I was in love---but myself, for the blood of me,
 Could not tell what I did ail.

'Twas, dear, dear ! what can the matter be !
 Och, blood and ouns ! what can the matter be ?
 Och, gramachree, what can the matter be ?
 Bother'd from head to the tail !

I went to confess me to father O'Flannagan ;
 Told him my case---made an end---then began again :
 Father, says I, make me soon my own man again,
 If you find out what I ail.

Dear, dear ! says he, what can the matter be ?
 Och, blood and ouns ! can you tell what the mat-
 ter be ?

Both cried---what can the matter be ?
 Bother'd from head to tail ?

Soon I fell sick---I did bellow and curse again ;
 Norah took pity to see me at nurse again :
 Gave me a kiss ; och, zounds ! that threw me worse
 again !

Well she knew what I did ail.

But, dear, dear ! says she, &c.

Tis long ago now since I left Tipperary---
 How strange, growing older, our nature should vary !
 All symptoms are gone of my ancient quandary,
 I cannot tell now what I ail.

Dear, dear ! says she, &c.

I'm an Irishman Born.

I'M an Irishman born, and as pretty a youth
 As ever bawl'd whack, or the sweet gramachree,
 In a drop of the crature I always found truth,
 And the drop of the crature's the true drop for me :
 Whatever you think,
 Then drink, honey, drink,
 In our cups though we quarrel, we always agree.

In a hard gale of wind when our canvas goes crack,
 And our masts just like carrots, are snapt short
 in two ;
 And sorrows would swell out an old pedlar's pack,
 Or approach to swamp us, pray what should we
 do ?

Why, what do you think ?

Why, drink, honey, drink,

And, blind to all sorrow, we have none in view.

Friends and friendship most sweetly the bottle ap-
 prove,

It ne'er bids the eye of misfortune go weep ;
 To be sure and it an't a sweet comfort to love,
 And floats the fond heart like the ship in the deep :

Then, joy, never think,

But drink, honey, drink,

Till ill-humour's dead drunk, and suspicion asleep.

Mr Mullins and Miss Whack.

ON Ireland's ground, seat of true hospitality,
 One Pat Mullins liv'd, till he died—poor man!
 A martyr he fell to his conviviality,
 And the last thing he grasp'd was a flowing can!
 " 'Tis the spirit, my dear,
 " Of whisky that's here;
 " Then take Paddy Mullins by the hand!
 " Let my own spirit move
 " With the spirit I love;
 " And Mullins is at your command,
 " Mister Death—at your command!"
 Sing roughinsha stockingsha rond leum whack.

Poor Pat left behind him, in grief's formality,
 One ugly smali boy, and his name it was Jack;
 And he was in love to all dismality
 With an ugly old maid, they call'd Noreen Whack!
 Ogh this pretty brown fair,
 With her sooty black hair,
 Took little Jacky Mullins by the hand;
 But how the folks all star'd,
 When this couple were pair'd!

And old Fogerty strok'd his band,
 Mr Mullins touch'd the priest's hand.
 Sing roughinsha, &c.

Then poor Jacky's eye (for Nature's nigg'rality
 Had stinted poor Mullins, and he had but one)
 Like a gooseberry sparkled, and Nature's liberality
 Stretch'd his mouth like a horse-shoe : his nose it
 was long.

But then little Miss Whack
 Had a hump on her back ;
 And her joints loop'd together on slings ;
 For between you and I,
 She was like a goose-pie ;
 All giblets, and gizzards and wings !
 Miss Whack all giblets and wings.
 Sing roughinsha, &c.

This ugly sweet pair, join'd in connubiality,
 So nate they agree, like the dog and the cat ;
 Yet the quarrels are manag'd with such mutuality,
 If she raises her fist, he knocks her down flat.

Cups, saucers, joint-stools,
 Pots, pans, working-tools,
 Mrs Mullins whacks at the head of poor Jack !
 So let them fight it out,
 Break an arm, bruise a snout ;
 Good night Mr Mullins and Miss Whack.
 Sing roughinsha, &c.

Captain Megan.

THE face of brave Captain Megan
 Was as broad as a big frying-pan :
 Just over his snout
 One eye was snuff'd out,
 But the other burnt bright upon Nan—Sweet Nan!
 Oh, it bother'd the heart of poor Nan.

I'm no beauty, sigh'd Captain Megan,
 But 'tis manners alone ~~that~~ make the man ;
 And though my long nose
 Should hang over my toes,
 Wou'd you like me the worse for it, Nan?—sweet
 Nan !
 Wou'd you, &c.

Nan leer'd upon Captain Megan :
 His skin was the colour of tan :
 But the Captain, she saw,
 Had a *je ne sçai quoi* ;
 So the Captain he conquer'd sweet Nan—sweet Nan !
 Oh, long life to brave Captain Megan.

Smallilou.

In Dublin city lived a youth,
Beyond all others charming,
And when he pledg'd his love and truth,
I vow it was alarming;
For Patrick acts a soldier's part,
His country's brave defender,
And when the lad besieg'd my heart,
He forc'd it to surrender.

Och, he sings so sweetly,
With his smallilou, smallilou;
Och, he sings so sweetly, sweetly,
With his smallilou, smallilou.

Ye Dublin lasses, cease to mourn,
Nor dim the eye of beauty,
The gentle youth to me has sworn
Eternal love and duty:
The manly, graceful volunteer,
Young Pat of Dublin city,

Is always whisp'ring in my ear
 His tender love-sick ditty.
 With his smallilou, &c.

Saint Patrick bless the Irish boy,
 That bears his name in Dublin,
 And fill his breast with ev'ry joy,
 Where grief shou'd ne'er be troubling.
 And when the priest shall join our hands,
 And nought can ever sever,
 By Hymen dear, and holy bands,
 He'll please me then for ever.
 With his smallilou, &c.

Patrick Casey.

WOMEN are partners at cards :
 Love's the best trump, so please ye ;
 But they cry, if you slack your regards,
 ' You don't follow suit, Mr Casey ;'
 Casey, Casey, neat as a daisy—
 But they cry, if you slack your regards,
 ' You don't follow suit, Mr Casey.

Widow Tabby, with money galore,
 Saw my tricks, so I lost all my labour,
 For she beat 'the knaves out o' doors,'
 Finding I was for 'beggar my neighbour.'

Days of love with my Norah are done—
 Wou'd she grant me one hour more, I'd resign'd it;
 And if Norah now said, 'Can you one!'
 By my soul, I'd be forc'd to decline it.

From Ireland determin'd to steal,
 Oh, the girls, of what joy I bereft 'em?
 Dear creatures! they 'miss'd a good deal,'
 When I threw up my cards, and I left 'em.

None can love like an Irishman.

THE turban'd Turk, who scorns the world,
 May strut about with whiskers curl'd,
 Keep a hundred wives under lock and key,
 For nobody else but himself to see;
 Yet long may he pray with his Alcoran
 Before he can love like an Irishman,
 Like an Irishman, &c.

The gay Monsieur from Gallia's shore,
 The haughty Don, and the soft Signor,
 The Dutch Mynheer so full of pride,
 The Russian, Prussian, Swede beside,
 They all may do whatever they can,
 Before they can love like an Irishman,
 Like an Irishman, &c.

The finikin fops themselves beguile,
 And think they please in a capital stile,
 Yet let them ask, as they roll the street,
 Of any young virgin they happen to meet,
 And I know she'll say from behind her fan,
 That there's none can love like an Irishman,
 Like an Irishman, &c.

Corporal Casey.

WHEN I was at home, I was merry and frisky,
 My dad kept a pig, and my mother sold whisky;
 My uncle was rich, but wou'd never be easy,
 'Till I was enlisted by Corporal Casey.
 Och! rub a dub, row de dow, Corporal Casey!
 My dear little Shelah, I thought would run crazy,
 When I trudg'd away with tough Corporal Casey.

I march'd from Kilkenny, and as I was thinking
 On Shelah, my heart in my bosom was sinking;
 But soon I was forc'd to look fresh as a daisy,
 For fear of a drubbing from Corporal Casey.
 Och! rub a dub, row de dow, Corporal Casey!
 The devil go with him! I ne'er could be lazy,
 He stuck in my skirts so, ould Corporal Casey.

We went into battle, I took the blows fairly
 That fell on my pate, but they bother'd me rarely;
 And who should the first be that dropt? why, an't
 please ye,

It was my good friend, honest Corporal Casey.
 Och! rub a dub, row de dow, Corporal Casey!
 'Thinks I, you are quiet, and I shall be easy;
 So eight years I fought without Corporal Casey.

Between Fear and Courage.

BETWEEN fear and courage, Lord! what can be done?
 By magical monsters cross'd;
 Between fear and courage, Lord! what can be done?
 I'm like a noun adjective, can't stand alone,

With quivering, quaking,
 Shivering, Shaking ;
 Dreadful disaster,
 To give up my master ;
 I'd much rather give up the ghost.

From mere flesh and blood, honey, nothing I dread ;
 To face a whole army dare post ;
 From mere flesh and blood, honey, nothing I dread,
 But sprites lift my hat half an inch from my head,
 With their rumbling, jumbling,
 Thunder-like grumbling,
 Neck breaking, shin cracking,
 Over straws stumbling,
 Lard ! I shall give up the ghost !

A beautiful head, in its place, has a charm,
 To kiss its sweet lips be my host ;
 A beautiful head, in its place, has a charm,
 But, Lard ! ta'en the thing, when worn under the
 arm,
 With its glaring, flaring,
 Grim-like appearing,
 Nightful, spitefully, frightfully staring,
 Yes, I shall give up the ghost.

When I raise my spirits, I quaff the full bowl,
 A sweet little charmer the toast ;
 When I raise my spirits, I quaff the full bowl,
 For good sp'rits ever attend a good soul,

So May-ful, playful,
 Sprightly the day-ful,
 Laugh away, quaff away, merry and gayful,
 'Sdeath ! I shall give up the ghost !

(a groan heard.)

A groan !—I'll depart : grave-like orators cease,
 Your dumb admonition's not lost :
 A groan !—I'll depart : grave-like orators cease,
 For 'till I'm departed, I sha'n't rest in peace,
 With quivering, quaking,
 Shivering. shaking ;
 Dreadful disaster,
 To give up on one's master,
 Or mournfully give up the ghost !

The Hibernian in Love.

OH ! what a great flutter is here in my heart,
 And a queer sort of feel runs through every part,
 With a heigho ! dear me ! well-a-day !
 I so shiver, that surely an ague I've got,
 But 'tis sometimes a cold one, and sometimes a hot :
 With a heigho ! &c.

My nerves all so friskily caper and prance ;
 They're certainly learning St Vitus's dance :

With a heigho ! &c.

With labour I force up each tremulous note,
 For the words I would utter they stick in the throat.

With a heigho ! &c.

As sure as I live, I'm in danger of death,
 For no sign so sure as the stoppage of breath :

With a heigho ! &c.

My pulse comes and goes too, so strangely, good
 lack !

I fear it will go, and will never come back.

With a heigho ! &c.

But when I my charmer shall see,
 Soon will vanish all sorrow and pain ;

Oh ! let her bright eyes beam on me,
 Then pleasure will flow in each vein.

And once let me call her my own,
 Rapture will crown me each night ;

Joy then will so mighty be grown,
 Oh ! I shall die with delight !

Drop of a Dram.

SEARCH all the world over, through all times and ages,
And if you read history, you're right,
You'll find that great men, from the kings to their
pages,

Would as lief go to drink as to fight.

Now be easy, dear crature, have done with complaining,

Your troubles are all but a flam ;

To be sure, there's no sports like the toils of campaigning,

When cheer'd with a drop of a dram.

(*Spoken.*) Oh ! my dear crature, if you was in the heart of a battle ;—arraah, just suppose yourself in the midst of it now, and had lost three of your legs and two of your arms, and had a little drop of the crature in your third arm, it would cheer your old heart, and make you sing

Tooral lal lural lal la.

They say the Grand Turk swallows oceans in private,
 And faith, I believe it that same,
 For he's drain'd his whole kingdom so terrible dry,
 That his capital's all in a flame.
 Then be easy, &c.

There was a great empress, call'd Rusti Fusti,
 A b——h of a queen to be sure ;
 They say the old devil got wonderful busky,
 And all of a thirst after power.
 Then be easy, &c.

There's another great emperor, call'd King of Ger-
 many,
 Good faith, and he's none of the least ;
 He hobnobs with his friends for to keep peace and
 harmony,
 And drinks with his sword in his fist.
 Then be easy, &c.

Teague.

By Chreesht and shaint Patrick, going home late last
night,

About two in the morning, I was put in a fright ;
Comes a dog in a doublet, stripp'd all to his shirt,
And throws down poor Teague very clean in the dirt.

Then firing his pishtol direct on my faish,
Stand still, you damn'd dog, or you're dead on the
plaish.

De'il tauke him for me, for his favour and graish,
For ne'er was dear joy in more sorrowful caish.

Confounded and speechless, bold as hero I cried,
Your rogueship one day will at Tyburn be tried :
If Teague catch you again at such vile tricks as these,
He will swear, joy, upon you his Majesty's peash.

Thus threaten'd, he shivilly cried, my dear honey,
I'll not hurt thee at all, but present me thy money :
My money, dear joy, 'tis Teague's soul—he's undone ;
Well, e'en take it all—for by Chreesht I have none.

The Twig of Shillelah.

MULROONEY's my name, I'm a comical boy,
 A tight little lad at shillelah ;
 St Paddy wid whisky he suckled me, joy,
 Among the sweet bogs of Kilalah !
 The world I began with a prospect so fair,
 My dad was worth *nothing*, and I was his heir ;
 So all my estate was a heart free from care,
 And a tight little twig of shillelah.

" Turn Captain," cried dad, " and if kilt in de strife,
 Success and long life to shillelah !

Your fortune is made all the rest of your life,
 As sure as there's bogs in Kilalah."

But thinks I, spite of what fame and glory bequeath,
 How conceited I'd look in a fine laurel wreath,
 Wid my head in my mouth to stand picking my
 teeth,

Wid a tight little, &c.

Yet firmly both Ireland and England I'll aid,
 The lands of oak-stick and shillelah ;

For now these two sisters are man and wife made,
 As sure as there's bogs, &c.
 I'll still for their friends have a heart warm and true;
 To their foes give my hand, for what else can I do?
 Yes, I'll give 'em my hand—but, along wid it too,
 A tight little bit, &c.

Paddy O'Blany.

SURE never a lad lov'd like Paddy O'Blany,
 Whose heart was pierc'd thro' by sweet Sally De-
 lany;
 Och, she was a lass of the first kind of breeding,
 That ne'er spoke a word all the time she was feed-
 ing;
 And when she was thirsty, perhaps you may think,
 She'd just the same way when she happen'd to drink:
 Oh, the De'il, may he bless the bright eyes of De-
 lany,
 For piercing the heart of poor Paddy O'Blany.

'Twas by day-light one night, as she happen'd to
pass,

As I fast asleep lay awake on the grass;
She look'd like an angel, I thought to my sorrow;
So I pull'd off my cap to bid her good-morrow;
When she bade farewell, without saying a word,
Which made both my cheeks look as red as a curd.
Och, the De'il may thank you, said I, Sally De-
lany,

You have cut in three halves [the poor heart of
O'Blany.

I told her for grunterns I'd got a good sty,
And a field of potatoes, far off, just hard by;
But if to the church she wont willingly go,
To answer me yes, she need only say no.
So against both our wills, faith, I gain'd our consent,
And wrangling from morning to night live content.
Surely now I must love my sweet Sally Delany,
Who first broke, then mended, the heart of O'Blany.

Epilogue Song to John Bull.

SINCE Epilogue speaking to me is quite new,
Pray allow me the help of a fiddle or two ;
I'm as strange to this job as the man in the moon,
But I think if I sing, I shall speak to some tune.

Fal, lal, lal, la, &c.

Now touching this comedy, critics may say,
'Tis a trumpery, Bartlemy fair kind of play ;
It smells, faith, of Smithfield, we all must allow,
For 'tis about Bull, and the scene's a Red Cow.

Yet not without moral the author indites,
For he points to the blessings of Englishmens'
rights ;

Let a duke wrong a brazier, the barristers all
Know that brass can do wonders at Westminster
Hall.

But was ever a tale so improbable told,
As Peregrine swimming with huge bags of gold ?

Should a man who sinks cash, with his cash wish
to swim,
For a pound to a shilling his cash will sink him.

Let us find some excuse for this strange oversight,
Let's suppose that his guineas were most of 'em
light ;

Nay, the guineas for grappling the shore he must
thank,

'Tis amazing, of late, how they stick in the Bank.

Now in art, if not nature, Tom Shuffleton's found ;
He's one of those puppies who better were drown'd,
Of the worst Bond-street litter, such whelps none
admire,

Chuck 'em all in the Thames, they wont set it on
fire.

Now I've touch'd on the principal points of the play,
Shall it run a few nights, or to night run away ?
Your votes, friends and critics, we now rest upon ;
The eyes have it, I think—though it mayn't be
nem con.

Oh ! Mr Dennis Bulgruddery lives with his dear,
They're in stile, and agree just like thunder and
beer ;

An Irishman's blunders are pretty well hack'd,
But how charmingly, sure, Mister Noble did act !

Then success to John Bull, let his toast be his pride,
 Bless the king of John Bull, and John Bull's fire-
 side ;

At John Bull's fire-side should a foe dare to frown,
 May John ne'er want a poker to knock the foe
 down.

Dennis Bulgruddery.

I WAS once born at home when my mother was out,
 In her reck'ning an accident brought it about,
 As for family honours, and such kind of fun,
 Tho' some boast of forefathers, yet I had but one.

Derry down, down, down, derry down.

Our cottage was fill'd, tho' 'twas not very big,
 With poultry and pictures, three chairs and a pig:
 Our dog was call'd Dennis: our cow Paddy Whack;
 But, till christen'd, I had'nt a name to my back.

Derry down, &c.

When I came to be christen'd, my poor mother saw
 On my face our dog Dennis was setting his paw,
 What's his name, says the priest? Down, Dennis,
 says she;

So Dennis Bulgruddery he christen'd me.

Derry down, &c.

I grew up, I got married, and left in the lurch,
 For my wife died before I could get her to church;
 I with her was too late; with my second too soon,
 For she brought me a son in the first honey-moon.

Derry down, &c.

I was vex'd; and says I, Not to make a great fuss,
 Three months the priest reckons since he coupled
 us,

That's right reck'ning, (says she) for 'tis three
 months by mine,

And three by your own, which together makes nine.

Derry down, &c.

To bury this lady came next in my head,
 For no other cause but because she was dead;
 So I married once more, (I suppose you guess now)
 The beautiful crater that keeps the Red Cow.

Derry down, &c.

My lambkin she scolds when the brandy I sup,
 Till some husbands would foolishly tuck themselves
 up;

But tho' in a noose I am fast with a wife,
 Yet, thank Fortune, I never was hang'd in my life.
 Derry down, &c.

But away with complaint, for myself ne'er intends
 To grieve, while my house holds such bushels of
 friends ;
 So my fortune I'll pocket, wherever it be,
 And cry, ' Ladies and Gentlemen, thank ye for me.'
 Derry down, &c.

Ballinamona Oro.

You know I'm your priest, and your conscience is
 mine,
 But if you grow wicked, 'tis not a good sign ;
 So leave off your raking, and marry a wife,
 And then, my dear boy, you are settled for life.
 Sing Ballinamona oro,
 A good merry wedding for me.

The banns being publish'd, to chapel we go,
 The bride and bride's maidens in robes white as
 snow ;

So modest her air, and so sheepish your look,
You out with your ring, and I pull out my book.

Sing Ballinamona, &c.

A good merry wedding for me.

I thumb out the place, and I then read away—
She blushes at love, and you whisper obey ;
You take her dear hand for to have and to hold,
I shut up my book, and I pocket your gold.

Sing Ballinamona, &c.

The snug little guinea for me.

The neighbours wish joy to the bridegroom and
bride ;

The pipers before us, you march side by side ;

A plentiful dinner gives mirth to each face ;

The piper plays up, and myself I say grace.

Sing Ballinamona, &c.

A nice wedding dinner for me.

The joke now goes round, and the stocking is
thrown ;

The curtains are drawn, and you're both left alone :

'Tis then, my dear boy, I believe you at home ;

And hey for a christ'ning in nine months to come !

Sing Ballinamona, &c.

A good merry christ'ning for me.

Tho' Leixlip is proud.

THO' Leixlip is proud of its close shady bowers,
 Its clear falling waters and murmuring cascades,
 Its groves of fine myrtles, its beds of sweet flow'rs,
 Its lads so well dress'd, and its neat pretty maids;
 As each his own village must still make the most of,
 In praise of dear Carton, I hope I'm not wrong :
 Dear Carton ! containing what kingdoms may boast
 of !

'Tis Norah, dear Norah ! the theme of my song.

Be gentlemen fine, with their spurs and nice boots on,
 Their horses to start on the Curragh of Kildare ;
 Or to dance at a ball with their Sunday's new suits
 on,
 Lac'd waistcoat, white gloves, and their nice
 powder'd hair :

Poor Pat, while so blest in his mean humble station,
 For gold and for acres he never shall long ;
 One sweet smile shall give him the wealth of a nation,
 From Norah, dear Norah ! the theme of my song.

The Exile of Erin.

THERE came to the beach a poor exile of Erin,
The dew on his robe it was heavy and chill :
For his country he sigh'd, when at twilight repairing
To wander alone by the wind-beaten hill.

But the day-star attracted his eyes sad devotion,
For it rose on his own native isle of the ocean,
Where once, in the flow of his youthful emotion,
He sung the bold anthem of Erin go Bragh.

O! sad is my fate, said the heart-broken stranger,
The wild-deer and wolf to a covert can flee,
But I have no refuge from famine and danger,
A home and a country remain not for me.
Ah! never again in the green shady bowers,
Where my forefathers liv'd, shall I spend the sweet
hours,

Or cover my harp with the wild-woven flowers,
And strike the sweet numbers of Erin go Bragh.

Oh, Erin, my country! though sad and forsaken,
In dreams I revisit thy sea-beaten shore ;

But, alas ! in a far foreign land I awaken,
 And sigh for the friends who can meet me no more.
 And thou, cruel Fate ! wilt thou never replace me
 In a mansion of peace, where no peril can chace me ?
 Ah ! never again shall my brothers embrace me,
 They died to defend me, or live to deplore.

Where now is my cabin door, so fast by the wild wood ?
 Sisters and sire did weep for its fall :
 Where is the mother that look'd on my childhood ?
 And where is my bosom friend, dearer than all ?
 Ah, my sad soul ! long abandon'd by pleasure,
 Why did it doat on a fast-fading treasure ?
 Tears, like the rain, may fall without measure,
 But rapture and beauty they cannot recal.

But yet all its fond recollections suppressing,
 One dying wish my fond bosom shall draw :
 Erin, an exile, bequeaths thee his blessing,
 Land of my forefathers,—Erin go Bragh !
 Buried and cold, when my heart stills its motion,
 Green be thy fields, sweetest isle in the ocean !
 And thy harp-striking bards sing aloud with devotion,
 Erin ma vourneen, sweet Erin go Bragh !

The Irish Maniac.

As I stray'd o'er the common on Cork's rugged border,

While the dewdrops of morn the sweet primrose array'd,

I saw a poor female, whose mental disorder

Her quick-glancing eye and wild aspect betray'd :
On the sward she reclin'd, by the green fern surround-
ed,

At her side speckl'd daisies and wild-flow'rs abound-
ed :

To its inmost recesses her heart had been wounded ;
Her sighs were unceasing—'twas Mary le More.

Her charms by the keen blast of sorrow were faded ;

Yet the soft tinge of beauty still play'd on her cheek :

Her tresses a wreath of pale primroses braided,

And strings of fresh daisies hung loose on her neck.

While with pity I gaz'd, she exclaim'd, " O my mo-
ther !

" See the blood on that lash, 'tis the blood of my
brother ;

“ They have torn his poor flesh, and they now strip
 “ another ;

“ ’Tis Connor, the friend of poor Mary le More.

“ Though his locks were as white as the foam of the
 “ ocean,

“ Those wretches shall find that my father is brave ;

“ My father !” she cried, with the wildest emotion,

“ Ah ! no, my poor father now sleeps in the grave :

“ They have told his death-bell, they’ve laid the turf
 “ o’er him ;

“ His white locks were bloody, no aid could restore
 “ him ;

“ He is gone ! he is gone ! and the good will de-
 “ plore him,

When the blue wave of Erin hides Mary le More.”

A lark, from the gold-blossom’d furze that grew near
 her,

Now rose, and with energy caroll’d his lay ;

“ Hush, hush !” she continued, “ the trumpet sounds
 “ clearer ;

“ The horsemen approach : Erin’s daughters, a-
 “ way !”

Ah ! soldiers, ’twas foul, while the cabin was burning,
 And o’er a pale father a wretch had been mourning—
 Go, hide with the sea-mew, ye maids, and take
 warning,

Those ruffians have ruin’d poor Mary le More,

“ Away ! bring the ointment ! O God ! see those
 “ gashes !

“ Alas ! my poor brother, come dry the big tear ;
 “ Anon we’ll have vengeance for these dreadful lashes ,
 “ Already the screech-owl and ravens appear.
 “ By day the green grave, that lies under the willow ,
 “ With wild flowers I’ll strew, and by night make
 “ my pillow,
 “ Till the ooze and dark sea-weed, beneath the curl’d
 “ billow,
 “ Shall furnish a death-bed for Mary le More.”

Thus rav’d the poor maniac in tones more heart-rend-
 ing

Than sanity’s voice ever pour’d on my ear,
 When lo ! on the waste, and their march tow’rds he r
 bending,

A troop of fierce cavalry chanc’d to appear.
 “ O the fiends !” she exclaim’d, and with wild hor-
 ror started,

Then through the tall fern, loudly screaming, she
 darted :

With an overcharg’d bosom I slowly departed,
 And sigh’d for the wrongs of poor Mary le More .

The Soldiers of Erin.

WE soldiers of Erin, so proud of the name,
We'll raise upon rebels and Frenchmen our fame ;
We'll fight to the last in the honest old cause,
And guard our religion, our freedom, and laws ;
We'll fight for our country, our King, and his crown,
And make all the traitors and croppies lie down.

The rebels, so bold when they've none to oppose,
To houses and hay-stacks are terrible foes ;
They murder poor parsons, and likewise their wives,
At the sight of a soldier they run for their lives :
Whenever we march through country and town,
In ditches and cellars the croppies lie down.

United in blood to their country's disgrace,
They secretly shoot those they dare not to face ;
But whenever we catch the sly rogues in the field,
A handful of soldiers made hundreds to yield :
The cowards collect but to raise our renown,
For as soon as we fire the croppies lie down.

While thus in this war so unmanly they wage,
 On women, dear women ! they turn their damn'd
 rage ;

We'll fly to protect the dear creatures from harms,
 They'll be sure to find safety when clasp'd in our
 arms :

On love in a soldier no maiden will frown,
 But bless the brave troops that made croppies lie
 down.

Should France e'er attempt, by force or by guile,
 Her forces to land on old Erin's sweet isle,
 We'll show that they ne'er can make free soldiers
 slaves ;

They shall only possess our green fields for their
 graves :

Our country's applauses our triumphs will crown,
 Whilst with their French brothers the croppies lie
 down.

When wars, and when dangers again shall be o'er,
 And Peace, with her blessings, revisit our shore ;
 When arms we relinquish, no longer to roam,
 With pride will our families welcome us home ;
 They'll drink in full bumpers past troubles to drown
 A health to the lads that made croppies lie down.

Smalilou.

THERE was an Irish lad,
Who lov'd a cloister'd nun,
And it made him very sad
For what was to be done.
He thought it was a big shame,
A most confounded sin,
That she could not get out at all,
And he could not get in ;
Yet he went every day, he could do nothing more,
Yet he went every day unto the convent door,
And he sung sweetly, Smalilou, smalilou, smalilou ;
And he sung sweetly, Smalilou, gramachree, &c.

To catch a glimpse of her
He play'd a thousand tricks ;
The bolts he tried to stir,
And he gave the walls some kicks ;
He stampt, and rav'd, and sigh'd, and pray'd,
And many times he swore,
The devil burn the iron bolts,
The devil take the door :

Yet he went every day, he made it a rule ;
 Yet he went every day, and look'd like a fool ;
 Though he sung sweetly, Smalilou, &c.

One morn she left her bed,
 Because she could not sleep,
 And to the window sped,
 To take a little peep ;
 And what did she do then ?
 I am sure you'll think it right ;
 She bade the honest lad good day,
 She bade the nuns good night :
 Tenderly she listen'd to all he had to say,
 Then jumpt into his arms, and so they ran away,
 And they sung sweetly, Smalilou, &c.

One Bottle more.

Assist me, ye lads, who have hearts void of guile,
 To sing in the praises of old Ireland's isle,
 Where true hospitality opens the door,
 And friendship detains us for one bottle more :
 One bottle more, arrah, one bottle more,
 And friendship detains us for one bottle more,

Old England, your taunts on our country forbear ;
 With our bulls and our brogues we are true and sincere ;

For if but one bottle remain in our store,
 We have generous hearts to give that bottle more.

At Candy's in Church-street, I'll sing of a set
 Of six Irish blades, who together had met :
 Four bottles a-piece made us call for our score,
 And nothing remained but one bottle more.

Our bill being paid, we were loath to depart,
 For friendship had grappled each man by the heart,
 Where the least touch, you know, makes an Irish-
 man roar ;
 And the whack from shelelah brought *six* bottles
 more.

Now Phœbus had shone through our windows so
 bright,
 Quite happy to view his blest children of light ;
 So we parted, with hearts neither sorry nor sore,
 Resolving next night to drink *twelve* bottles more.

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Miss Tyrer? ~

London Published for T. Hughes Jan^r. 10. 1806.

THE

Vol 5 (4)

SKY-LARK,

BEING

A CHOICE SELECTION

OF THE MOST FAVOURITE

SONGS,

SUNG AT THE THEATRES, VAUXHALL,
SADLER'S WELLS, CIRCUS, AND OTHER
PLACES OF AMUSEMENT.

London :

Printed by Dewick and Clarke, Aldersgate-street,
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THE
SKY-LARK.

THE SMUGGLER.

Sung by Mr. Incedon, in his new Entertainment, called Hospitality.

‘T WAS one morn when the wind from the northward
blew keenly,

While sullenly roar’d the big waves of the main,
A fam’d smuggler, Will Watch, kiss’d his Sue, then
serenely

Took helm, and to sea boldly steer’d out again.

Will had promis’d his Sue, that this trip, if well ended,

Shou’d coil up his hopes, and he’d anchor on shore;
When his pockets were lined why his life should be
mended,

For the laws he had broken he’d never break more.

His seaboat was trim, made her port, took her lading,

Then Will stood for home, reach’d her offing and
cried,

This night, if I’ve luck, furls the sails of my trading,

In dock I can lay, serve a friend too beside.

Will lay to, till the night came on darksome and dreary

To croud ev'ry sail, then he pip'd up each hand :

But a signal soon spied, 'twas a prospect uncheery,

A signal that warn'd him to bear from the land.

The Philistines are out, cries Will, well take no heed
on't,

Attack'd, who's the man that will flinch from his gun

Shou'd my head be blown off, I shall ne'er feel the
need on't,

We'll fight when we can, when we can't, boys, we'll
run.

Through the haze of the night, a bright flash now
appearing.

Oh ! no ! cries Will Watch, the Philistines bear
down,

Bear a hand, my tight lads, e'er we think about sheering

One broadside pour in, shou'd we swim boys or drown.

But shou'd I be pop'd off, you my mates left behind
me,

Regard my last words, see 'em kindly obeyed,

Let no stone mark the spot, and my friends, do you
mind me,

Near the beach is the grave where Will Watch
wou'd be laid.

Poor Will's yarn was spun out---for a bullet next mi-
nute

Laid him low on the deck, and he never spoke
more,

His bold crew fought the brig while a shot remain'd
in it,

Then sheer'd---and Will's hulk to his Susan they
bore.

In the dead of the night his last wish was complied with,
 To few known his grave, and to few known his end,
 He was borne to the earth, by the crew that he died
 with,
 He'd the tears of his Susan, the prayers of each
 friend ;
 Near his grave dash the billows, the winds loudly
 bellow ;
 Yon ash struck with light'ning points out the cold
 bed,
 Where Will Watch the bold smuggler, that fam'd
 lawless fellow,
 Once fear'd, now forgot, sleeps in peace with
 the dead.

THE PILOT.

Sung by Mr. Incledon, in the same.

WHEN lightnings pierce the pitchy sky,
 And o'er the ocean's bosom fly,
 While roaring waves each other whelm,
 The hardy pilot takes the helm.
 He puts to sea, resolv'd to save,
 Or perish in the briny wave.

The signals of distress he hears,
 And to the found'ring vessel steers,
 He loudly hails th' exhausted crew,
 Who cheer'd by him their toils renew,
 And bless the pilot come to save,
 Or perish in the briny wave.

They work the pumps with double force,
 He calmly points the helmsman's course,
 His steady orders all obey,
 And now the vessel on her way,

Pursues the pilot bent to save,
Or perish in the briny wave.

With anxious care her course they keep,
She struggling rides the angry deep :
In smoother water soon she sails,
The crew huzza, then warmly hails
The hardy pilot, bent to save,
Or perish in the briny wave.

COME MEASTERS I BE'S GOING TO SING.

Come measters I be's going to sing,
At least be's going to try,
Some volk can chaunt like any thing,
And some like you and I,
Some sing to please your volk of taste,
And some to please themselves,
And so I sing the time to waste,
As on I digs and delves.

And sometimes as I works away,
Strange thoughts come cross my head,
As how most volks, as I may say,
For pastime dig, or bread ;
'The rake he nightly digs his grave,
Your over crafty elf
Digs deep, and most times just to have,
A pit to catch himself.

The lawyer digs a cunning snare,
To catch a cliant's fee,
And then, by way of neighbour's fare,
The devil digs for he.
So now I've spoke my meaning flat,
We're delvers great and small,
Some digs for this thing, some for that,
But sexton digs for all.

HAIL! TO THE MERRY HARVEST HOME.

Sung by Mr. Incledon,

HAIL! hail to the merry harvest home,

To sports and song and nappy ale ;

Let ev'ry friend and neighbour come,

No proud distinction here prevail.

The master and the humble hind

Here pass the jest with equal glee,

The wife is as the master kind,

And all is hospitality.

Hail, &c.

Now rustic Robin sings of love,

And giggling Jane approves the lay,

Anon the merry dancers move,

While gaily glide the hours away. Hail, &c.

United each tongue, unlock'd each heart,

Good humour uncorrupted flows,

No grief till daylight bids them part,

Such joys the harvest home bestows.

Hail, &c.

I'M NOT READY.

Sung by Mrs. Franklin, at Vauxhall. j

To wed me Harry often vow'd,

Yet such delay repeated shew'd,

I thought him quite unsteady,

He press'd me to go here and there,

But I, impress'd with doubt and fear,

Cried, ' Harry, I'm not ready :'

' Then pray make haste ;'

But, to the last,

I answer'd, I'm not ready.

Still, still he vow'd that he was true,
 And ask'd me why so cross I grew ?
 ' Because, Hal, you're not steady :'
 ' Come, then to church, my love,' cried he,
 ' To wed, and prove my constancy ;'
 I instantly was ready ;
 I made such haste,
 And dress'd so fast,
 I instantly was ready.

THE BOY IN YELLOW WINS THE DAY

Sung by Miss Decamp.

WHEN first I strove to win the prize,
 I felt my youthful spirit rise ;
 Hope's crimson flush illum'd my face,
 And all my soul was in the race,
 When weigh'd and mounted, 'twas my pride,
 Before the starting post to ride ;
 My rival's drest in red and green,
 But I in simple yellow seen.

In stands around fair ladies swarm,
 And mark with smiles my slender form ;
 Their lovely looks new ardor raise,
 For beauty's smile is merit's praise !
 The flag is dropt—the sign to start—
 Away more fleet than winds we dart ;
 And tho' the odds against me lay,
 The boy in yellow wins the day !

Tho' now no more we seek the race,
 I trust the jockey keeps his place ;
 For still to win the prize, I feel
 An equal wish, an equal zeal ;

And still can beauty's smile impart
 Delightful tremors thro' this heart :
 Indeed, I feel it flutter now—
 Yes—while I look, and while I bow !

My tender years must vouch my truth—
 For candor ever dwells with youth ;
 Then sure the sage might well believe
 A face—like mine—could ne'er deceive.
 If here you o'er a match should make,
 My life upon my luck I'll stake ;
 And 'gainst all odds, I think you'll say,
 The boy in yellow wins the day.

THE SHIP ON FIRE.

Sung by Mr. Incledon.

FROM Plymouth in the Vulcan we set sail,
 Three hundred was the number of her crew ;
 We left Old England with a fine brisk gale ;
 And sighing bade our girls a long adieu.
 For five long months propitious prov'd the wind,
 That swiftly bore us o'er the billowy main.
 Thus all, went cheerily, for fate was kind,
 Each thought to see his native land again.
 Now mark the change ; 'twas midnight, and the blast
 In fury drove us o'er the foaming flood,
 With blackest horror was the sky o'ercast,
 When, io ! the cry was heard, that thrill'd our
 blood :
 " To work, all hands, to work ; she's fir'd below ;
 " Secure the gun-room, or we'er blown on high ;
 " Pour on yet faster, let the torrents flow,
 " For see the curling flames mount to the sky."

"Heave o'er the boat," the gallant Captain cried ;
 "Let's save at least some sturdy hearts and true."
 The boat was hove, but danger all defied :
 "Good captain, we'll not budge, but die with you."
 Then down we knelt, and pray'd to heav'n for grace,
 "Have mercy on us, since all hope is past."
 Each rose, and gave his fellow one embrace ;
 Then plunging 'mid the billows sought his last.

To splinters was the vessel instant blown ;
 The crash still added to the tempest's roar ;
 I saw my messmates struggling, heard them groan,
 While clinging to a plank, I gain'd the shore.
 Thus of three hundred, I alone am left
 To tell our hopes, our fears, and perils dire ;
 To paint a seaman's anguish, when bereft
 Of friends and messmates by consuming fire.

Shamrock

THE IRISH GARDENER.

Sung by Mr. Johnstone, at Drury-lane.

Of all trades, my dear cratur, a gard'ner's the best ;
 Och he bothers your hearts and he gives you no rest,
 Till he makes you both jolly and gay.
 With his raking he ne'er can disturb his wife's head,
 Though faith, painted ladies are found in his bed,
 Who with sweetness add joy to the day.
 Then a gard'ner so rare
 Is the lad for the fair.
 With a rigdum, jigdum, rake about ho !
 Dig away, delve away, drive away care ;
 A gard'ner's the lad for the lasses.

No sad losses or crosses in trade he can rue,
For hasn't he balsam and balm in his view ?

Of his riches I'll give you a hint ;
If he husbands his thyme well, a plumb he can raise ;
To be sure he can't manage the stocks if he please,
Nor draw as he likes on the mint.

Then a gard'ner so rare
Is the lad for the fair, &c.

" Then listen, dear girls, and my story believe,
" All the comforts of life a brisk gard'ner can give ;
" His strong box is a source of delight !
" While his honesty thrives he no medlars need fear,
" Then ne'er leave such worth the green willow to wear.
" But let lad's-love all pleasures unite."

For a gard'ner so rare
Is the lad for the fair, &c.

A GIRL, A BUMPER, AND A FRIEND.

Sung by Mr. Johnstone, at Drury-lane.

AN Irish lad's a jolly boy,
Full of frolic, mirth, and fun ;
Wine and women all his joy,
And from a foe he'll never run.
And whether he is rich or not,
He ne'er feels discontent at all,
For when he cash in store has got,
Ne'er rests till he has spent it all.

Och so frisky,
Fond of whiskey,
Joy is never at an end ;

Love's his boast,
And this his toast,

A Girl, a Bumper, and a Friend.

- " How free from care's an Irish boy !
 " A foe to all formality,
 " A social life his only joy,
 " His motto—Hospitality.
 " His monarch too he'll dearly love,
 " His measures, 'faith he'll back 'em all ;
 " And as for foes, he'll quickly prove
 " How naitly he can whack 'em all.
 " He'll dance and sing,
 " God save the King,
 " Success the noble crown attend ;
 " All cares deride,
 " No wish beside
 " A Girl, a Bumper, and a Friend."

In me you see an Irish lad,
 Content to please, and willing Och,
 Who laughs when comfort's to be had,
 And pays while he's a shilling, Och.
 Then take my hand, Oh, Fanny, love,
 And make no further pother, Och ;
 My heart is your's—Things clearly prove
 We're made for one another, Och,
 We'll sing and play,
 No larks more gay,
 Our joy shall never have an end ;
 No wish beside
 Our fireside,
 My Wife, a Bumper, and a Friend



THE MORN UNBARS THE GATES OF LIGHT.

Sung by Mr. Incedon.

THE morn unbars the gates of light,
 The landscape smiles in beauty bright,
 The nightingales now swell their throats,
 And on the wings of silence floats.
 Hark ! the huntsman's horn so shrill,
 The woods around with echoes fill !
 Each sportsman mounts his panting steed ;
 And o'er the trembling earth they speed ;
 The welkin resounds
 With horns and with hounds.
 Tantara, tantara, tantara, &c.

The stag pursues his eager flight,
 The hunters keep their prey in sight ;
 The staunch old pack, with wond'rous speed,
 Rush forward o'er each plain and mead.
 Hark ! hark ! the huntsman blows his horn !
 The stag's at bay—his fate forlorn !
 The trembling tear steals from his eyes,
 And lost in grief the antler dies.
 The welkin resounds
 With horns and with hounds,
 Tantara, &c.

NED GROGAN.

Sung by Mr. Slader, at Astley's.

NED Grogan, dear joy, was the son of his mother,
 And as like her it seems, as one pea to another ;
 But to find out his dad, he was put to the rout,
 As many folks wiser have been, joy, no doubt.

To this broth of a boy oft his mother would say,
 ' When the moon shines, my jewel, be making you
 hay ;

Always ask my advice, when the business is done :
 For two heads, sure, you'll own is much better than
 one.'

Spoken.]—So Neddy taking it into his pate to fetch
 a walk over to England, stepped to ask the advice of
 his second head ; but by St. Patrick, a drop of the
 cratur had made her speechless, and so being dead
 into the bargain, all that he could get out of her
 was

Phililu, bodderoo, whack, gramachree.

Ned's mother being wak'd, to England he came, Sir
 Big with hopes of promotion, of honor, and fame
 Sir,

Where a snug birth he got, d'ye mind, by my soul,
 To be partner, dear joy, with a knight of the pole :
 For Larry to teach him his art proving willing,
 Soon learnt him the changes to ring with a shilling,
 And that folks when not sober are easily won ;
 Which proves that two heads, joy, are better than one

Spoken.]—Och, to be sure and they didn't carry on a
 roaring trade, till Larry having the misfortune to
 take a drop too much at the Old Bailey, poor
 Grogan was once more left alone to sing

Phililu, bodderoo, &c.

Left alone, sure, O'Grogan set up for himself,
 Got a partner, and 'twixt them got plenty of pelf ;
 And because he was pleased with a bachelor's life,
 Married Katty O'Doody, who made him her wife.

I'm not hard to please when I'm chusing, d'ye see ;
 She mun come o' good kin ; and besides, she mun be
 For beauty, why—just such another as me.

While I sing, &c

THE PLEASURE OF A TEAR.

Sung by Miss Davies.

SWEET is the tear that kindly flows
 To give the heart relief,
 And bid the wounds of sorrow close,
 And sooth the pangs of grief.
 Weep on then, Laura, since the tear,
 Thy silent woe beguiles,
 The sooner shall thy bosom cheer,
 The brighter be thy smiles.

When the big rain-drops dim the rose,
 The passing shower once fled,
 With tints of fresher bloom it glows,
 And lifts its drooping head :
 But when with inly canker worn,
 It fades, its beauties fly—
 Hopeless it droops at eve, at morn,
 For then it droops to die.

BRITONS UNITED MUST PREVAIL.

Sung by Mr. Braham in the Comic Opera of Thirty Thousand.

My ship's my house, my home, my land,
 My family not few,
 My children those whom I command,
 A bold and jolly crew ;
 And while together thus we sail,
 Britons, united, must prevail.

For treasure, I've my seamen's love,
And if the foe intends
To venture forth, he soon may prove
The value of such friends.
For while together thus we sail,
Britons, united, must prevail.

THE TURKEY.

Sung by Mr. Slader in the London Apprentice.

WHAT a mighty fine thing to be vested with powers,
Like me, de grand keeper of de seven towers,
De Sultan my massa one great man make me ;
Me lock up de gates, so am knight of de key ;
 With my strut about,
 Captives flout,
 Irons clang,
 Bowstrings twang,
While me rattle my keys, and look big as a king,
But my frowns soon dispelled when de golfinches sing,
 With my chick a ching, chick a chink,
 chick a ching cherry.

Many great folks come here in one cursa bad hour,
Whom me force to lock up, Sir, in one of dem tower ;
Perhaps dey never come out, but that's nothing to me,
Tis de Sultan's command, so from sin I am free.
With his chick, &c.

You may call mine von school, where all nations do
jumble,
Yet few, very few of their treatment do grumble;
Here Jews, Turks, and Christians to manners are bred,
Since de sabre soon teach dem to lower their head,
With its chick, &c.

A Bashaw with three tails, Sir, one very great man,
 Once ask me to free him—Says I if I can ;
 So he slip me one purse, de next morn he was fled,
 And one other captive was kill'd in his stead.

With my chick, &c.

Thus me serva my massa, and helpa myself,
 And where is de harm, Sir, to pocket de pelf ?
 No great man, I'm sure, should you shew him a fee,
 Would think it was wrong to have acted like me.

With de chick, &c.

IN THE BAY OF BISCAY O !

Sung by Mr. Incledon, in the Operatic Sketch of Spanish Dollars.

LOUD roar'd the dreadful thunder,

The rain a deluge show'rs !

The clouds were rent asunder,

By light'ning's vivid pow'rs !

The night, both drear and dark,

Our poor devoted bark,

Till next day, there she lay

In the bay of Biscay O !

Now dash'd upon the billow,

Our op'ning timbers creak ;

Each fears a wat'ry pillow,

None stop the dreadful leak !

To cling to slipp'ry shrouds,

Each breathless seaman crowds,

As she lay, till the day,

In the bay of Biscay O !

At length the wish'd for morrow

Broke through the hazy sky ;

Absorb'd in silent sorrow,

Each heav'd the bitter sigh :

The dismal wreck to view,
 Struck horror to the crew,
 As she lay, on that day,
 In the Bay of Biscay O!

Her yielding timbers sever,
 Her pitchy seams are rent :
 When Heav'n, all-bounteous ever,
 Its boundless mercy sent !
 A sail in sight appears,
 We hail her with three cheers !
 Now we sail, with the gale,
 From the bay of Biscay O!

A REPLY TO INVADERS.

Sung by Mr. Makeen, at the Royal Circus, in the Ballet of Imogen.

SURE Britain's a snug little isle of itself !
 Where no one in his senses supposes,
 We with Roman or Frenchman would barter our pelf,
 Just to wear on our faces our noses !
 No tho' we oft squabble, in this all agree,
 We're too tough to be ever degraded ;
 And thousands there are ten times tougher than me ;
 Who'll die ere our kingdom's invaded !
 I put but this question, for what should we pay ?
 If daylight we ask'd, could you grant it ?
 The moon could you put in your pocket, I pray
 Or hide the bright sun in a blanket !
 No, no, and you've now got your answer I trust,
 So prithee don't take what thou'st heard ill,
 For e'er we pay tribute, e'en beat us you must
 Boldly cut of our salt watergirdle,
 For tho' we oft squabble, in this all agree, &c.

OFT' I'D WET THE T'OTHER EYE.

Sung by Mr. Munden.

WHEN a happy single fellow,
 Mirth each moment did employ ;
 Full of frolic, sportive, mellow,
 Oft' I'd wet the t'other eye.

Rosey, cosey,
 Quaffing, laughing,
 Friends abounding,
 Sorrow drowning ;
 That was life, or may I die,
 Rattling, ringing,
 Roaring, singing,
 Gingling glasses,
 Toasting lasses,
 Oh ! what a jolly dog was I.

Foremost at all frisk and funning,
 Ev'ry beauteous tit would cry,
 See, he looks so spruce and cunning,
 Devil take his roguish eye.

Rosey, cosey, &c.

Now a bride's brisk tittle tattle,
 Added to my comrades jeers,
 Is the noisy prittle prattle,
 Always dinning in my ears.

Spoken.]—(Now it's no more) Rosey, cosey, &c.

SONG.

Sung by Mr. Fawcett, in the Musical Farce of Out of Place.

OH ! father had a jolly knack
Of cooking up an almanack.

He could tell,

Very well,

Of eclipses and wars,
Of Venus and Mars,
When plots were prevented,
Penny Posts were invented,
Of Rome's dire reproaches,
And the first hackney coaches.

And he always foresaw
There'd be frost or be thaw,
Much sun, or much sleet,
Much rain, or much heat,
On the fourth or the seventh,
The fifth or eleventh ;
The tenth, or the fifteenth,
The twentieth, or sixteenth.

But, to guard against laughter,

He wisely did guess,

There's be more or less,

Day before, or day after.

Oh ! father had a jolly knack, &c.

He could tell,

Very well,

Of aches, and of pains
In the loins and the reins,
In the hips and the toes,
In the back and the nose ;

Of a red-letter day,
 When school-boys might play :
 When tempests wou'd clatter,
 When earthquakes would shatter,
 When comets would run,
 And the world be undone :
 But, yet, still there was laughter,
 For people would cry,
 Though he says we're to die,
 It may be to-day, or day after.
 Light and dark,
 High-water mark,
 Signs the skies in,
 Southing—rising,
 Verse terrific,
 Hieroglyphic—
 Astronomical,
 All so comical,
 Oh ! father had a jolly knack.
 Of cooking up an almanack.

THE BEGGAR.

Written and Sung by Mr. Dibdin.

WHY, good people all, at what do you pry,
 Is't the stump of my arm, or my leg,
 Or the place where I lost my good-looking eye,
 Or is it to see me beg ?
 Lord love you, hard fortune is nothing at all,
 And he's but a fool and a dunce
 Who expects, when he's running full but 'gainst a wall,
 Not to get a good rap on the scone.

If beg, borrow, or steal, be the choice of mankind,
 Sure I chuse the best of the three ;
 Besides, as times go, what a comfort to find
 That in this bad world there's some charity.
 For a soldier I listed, to grow great in fame,
 And be shot at for eight-pence a day :
 Lord help the poor poultry wherever I came,
 For how could I live on my pay ?
 I went to the wars to fight the King's foes,
 Where the bullets came whistling by,
 Till they shiver'd three ribs, broke the bridge of my nose,
 Queer'd my napper and knock'd out my eye !
 Well, what of all this, I'd my legs and my arms,
 And at Chelsea to lie up was free,
 Where my pipe I could smoke, talk of battles and storms,
 And bless his good Majesty's charity.
 But thinking it shameful to live at my ease,
 Away, while the frolic was warm,
 In search of good fortune I sail'd the salt seas,
 And so lost my leg and my arm.
 With two strings to my bow, I now thought myself sure,
 But such is the fortune of war,
 As a lobster at Greenwich they shew'd me the door,
 At Chelsea they call'd me a Tar ;
 So falling to nothing between these two stools,
 I, the whole world before me, was free
 To ask comfort from misers and pity from fools,
 And live off that air, man's charity.
 And what now of all this here patter at last,
 How many who hold their heads high,
 And in fashion's fine whirligig fly round so fast,
 Are but beggars as well as I.

The courtier he begs for a sinecure :

For a smile beg your amorous elves ;

Churchwardens hand the plate round and beg for the poor,
Just to pamper and fatten themselves.

Thus we're beggars throughout the whole race of man-
kind,

As by daily experience we see,

And, as times go, what a comfort to find,

That in this bad world there's some charity.

THE CRIES OF LONDON.

Sung by Mr. Johannot.

LIKE the lark in the morn, with early song,

Comes the sweep, with his ' Sweep ! soot, oh !'

Next, the cherry-cheek'd damsel, she trips it along,

' Any milk, pretty maids, below !'

' Any dust, any dust,' goes the tinkling bell,

While sharp in each corner they look ;

Next the Jew with his bag, ' Any clothes to sell !'

Any hare-skins or rabbit-skins, cook.'

Let none despise

The merry, merry cries

Of famous London town.

Thus the various callings in harmony blend—

' Come, here is your nice curds and whey !'

' The last dying speech of'—' Old chairs to mend !'

—' Choice fruit, and a bill of the play !'

' Here's three for a shilling, new mackerel, oh !'

' Any phials, or broken flint glass !'

' Come, break me or make me, before I go.'

' D'ye want any fine sparrow-grass ?'

Spoken.]—' Buy a bowl or a platter—buy my wooden
ware.'

Let none despise, &c.

- ‘ Any pen-knives, scissars, or razors to grind ?’
 - ‘ Any work for the cooper to-day ?’
 - ‘ Buy a bough-pot, Sir, it will suit your mind.’
 - ‘ Oh, damn it ! stand out of the way !’
 - ‘ Any muffins or crumpets ?’ ring in your ear ;
 - ‘ Any brick-dust ?—Come, Neddy, stand, whoa !’
 - ‘ Any lobsters, or Newcastle salmon, my dear !’
 - ‘ D’ye want any lily, lily-white sand, O ?’
- Spoken.*]—‘ Rare walnuts, thirteen a penny, rare *crack-*
ing walnuts !’

Let none despise, &c.

- ‘ Here’s long and strong garters, two-pence a pair,’
 - ‘ Buy a mouse-trap, rat-trap, or hair-broom ;’
 - ‘ Any pots to mend, or pans to repair ?’
 - ‘ Great news just arrived from Rome !’
 - ‘ Round and sound, two-pence a pound, ripe cherries !’
 - ‘ Any *tatees*, or new spring sallad ?’
 - ‘ Here’s twelve-pence a gallon, gooseberries !’
 - ‘ Who’ll buy a new love ballad ?’
- Chaunt.*]—‘ Who buys my good matches ?’ Come buy
them of me ;

They are the best *matches* you ever did see :
For lighting your candles, and kindling your fire,
They are the best matches that you can desire.
Let none despise, &c.

JACK AND HIS CHARMING FANNY.

Sung by Mr. Dignum.

THE eldest born of lovely spring,
Primroses gay were blowing,
The feather’d choir their mattins sing,
And siver streams were flowing ;

When trowser'd Jack sprang on the beach,
 Alert and spruce as any,
 And eager flew the cot to reach,
 Where dwelt his charming Fanny.

Twelve tedious moons he'd counted o'er,
 Now lively, now down hearted.
 Since from his much lov'd native shore,
 And much-lov'd girl he'd parted :
 Had felt the dire Sirocco blow,
 Seen storms and battles many,
 Brav'd death, who lays the hero low,
 But spar'd him for his Fanny.

He twirl'd the pin—' Who's there ?' she cry'd,
 In accents mildly winning ;
 By instinct threw her wheel aside,
 And left to chance her spinning :
 ' 'Tis I : ' her lover's voice she knew,
 'Twas sweeter far than any ;
 Like lightning to her arms he flew,
 And clasp'd his charming Fanny.

True love's perplex'd with hopes and fears,
 Oft ruffled like the ocean ;
 But, ah ! its joys exceed its cares,
 And transient's the commotion :
 Pale absence proves of love the test,
 And false it renders many ;
 But time ne'er told which lov'd the best,
 Bold Jack or his charming Fanny.

BLUE EY'D MARY.

Sung by Mr. Pyne, in the Soldier's Bride.

WITH thoughts of her I love oppress,
 I wander to the lonely cot,
 Where dwells the maid who breaks my rest,
 Whose smile makes every care forgot;
 Yes she alone can yield me bliss,
 And make me smile at fate contrary;
 'Tis Heav'n, if I can snatch a kiss
 From her I love, my blue-ey'd Mary.

In vain the drum to duty calls,
 If she is near th' embattled line;
 My shoulder'd gun unbidden falls,
 I fly to hail the charmer mine!
 Yet think not, should the foe advance,
 I'd to my duty prove contrary;
 No; Briton like, I'd wield the lance,
 Fight for my King and blue-ey'd Mary.

WILLIAN AND LOVE.

Sung by Mrs. Roffey, in the same.

JUST turn'd of my teens, I am pester'd each day
 With ditties of love from each amorous swain,
 I laugh and I prattle, right cheerful and gay,
 And tease the poor creatures again and again:
 Yet still I must own I have found out a man,
 With whom, as I think, I contented could prove,
 For wealth I despise, it don't suit with my plan,
 Which is, peace in a cottage with William and love.

When first I beheld him upon the parade,
 With his spruce scarlet coat and his gorget so bright,
 Young Cupid the peace of my breast did invade,
 While each glance from my William afforded delight;
 He ask'd for my heart, Lord! how could I deny
 A youth, whom my heart did already approve?
 I blushing said yes, if my father'll comply,
 I'm for peace in a cottage with William and love.



MORE ASSES THAN ONE.

Sung by Mr. Denham.

SINCE asses are now all the go,
 I'll make them the theme of my ditty,
 And the different species I'll shew
 Which reside both in country and city;
 Yes, I'll make it right plainly be seen
 That their number by far, Sir, surpasses
 The ladies who now on the Steyne
 Each day are seen riding on asses.

Ri tum, &c.

A counsel who pleads without fee,
 A husband that keeps to his duty,
 Or a maid who from envy keeps free,
 When she's lost all pretensions to beauty,
 A friend that will stand to his test,
 Are wonders which all things surpasses,
 And would be look'd on by the rest
 Of the world as a parcel of asses.

Ri tum, &c.

A wife that don't know how to scold,
 A miser who parts with his pence,
 A bachelor owning he's old,
 Or a fop boasting of his good sense,
 A courtier who flattery hates,
 An alderman turtle who passes,
 We'd look on as crack'd in their pates,
 And regard them as so many asses.---Ri tum, &c.
 Little Boney too makes a great fuss,
 With his flat-bottom'd boats, Sir, so clever,
 That if he comes over to us
 He'll ruin old England for ever !
 But he reckons his chickens too soon ;
 For if ever the channel he passes,
 We'll make him soon alter his tune,
 And add to our cargo of asses.---Ri tum, &c.

THE HEART THAT CAN FEEL FOR DISTRESS.

Sung by Mrs. Mountain, in Life's Masquerade.

Tho' pure are the joys that from melody flow,
 And extatic the bliss that sweet concords bestow,
 Divine are the raptures resulting from love,
 And friendship sublime is a gift from above,
 Yet with bounty superior dame nature can bless,
 When a heart she bestows that can feel for distress.
 The sweet drops that issue from pity's soft shrine
 Is fair charity's balm, a specific divine ;
 What comes from above let us smilingly share,
 And chase the sad tear from the furrows of care :
 Thus nature's best blessings we freely possess,
 When a heart she bestows that can feel for distress.

CHAPTER OF PATENTS.

Or all sorts of times, if to search you're inclin'd,
 You'll find none like the present one, time out of mind,
 When we've patents for all things, both little and big,
 From a beer-barrel cock to a barrister's wig.

Derry down, &c.

Patent small clothes there are, but the deuce why pre-
 pare 'em,

Unless they're contriv'd so that ladies can't wear 'em?
 Patent combs for your good men who lead single lives,
 For married men get their heads comb'd by their
 wives.

Derry down, &c.

Patent razor-strops next will take out the worst flaw,
 A fine recipe for the conscience of law!
 But if conscience and beards were all equally small,
 A lawyer would never want shaving at all.

Derry down, &c.

Some doctors have patents, and some do without,
 And swear that the world can't their secret find out;
 But I fancy that curing's the secret at stake,
 Since we all know of killing no secret they make.

Derry down, &c.

Patent coffins they shut down so firm and so stout,
 When you're in that Old Nick himself can't get you
 out;

Says the miser, 'a better think never was plann'd;
 And I vow when I die I'll buy one second hand.'

Derry down, &c.

The patent for washing's at least the clean thing,
 But shews to an end fate will ev'ry thing bring;
 Each dog has its day, and that day is soon past,
 So our patents are all in the suds, Sirs, at last.

Derry down, &c.

All nations have patents, from Grecians to Gauls,
 But Britain's best patent's for sound wooden walls ;
 And whoever upon our good privilege treads,
 Without our wooden walls we'll break their wooden
 heads. Derry down, &c.

BURLESQUE SONG.

Sung by Mr. Munden.

WHEN war with horrid din,
 Flirts, and flings, and vapours,
 Death's on the broad grin,
 To see the blades cut capers ;
 So when prophets roar,
 ' My bed that I an't safe in !'
 I think it all a bore,
 And crack my sides with laughing. Tol, lol, &c.

When tongues in rage declare,
 That red hot war we're waging,
 I'll take especial care,
 To bumpers be engaging ;
 I'll fight—but let that pass,
 The more I box grow bolder,
 My second is my glass,
 Myself the bottle holder. Tol, lol, &c.

Tho' Alexander—Pshaw !—
 Be term'd a fighting fellow,
 He never nabs eclat,
 'Till boozings made him mellow ;
 And if with me the prig
 Would fight for crown and plunder,
 Him sucky soon I'd swig,
 And make the Don knock under. Tol, lol, &c.

Edwards

EDWARD AND MARY.

Sung by Mr. Braham.

DEEP in a vale a cottage stood,
 Oft sought by travellers weary,
 And long it prov'd the blest abode
 Of Edward and of Mary.
 For her he chas'd the mountain goat,
 O'er alps and glaciers bounding ;
 For her the chamois he would shoot,
 Dark horrors all surrounding.
 But evening come,
 He sought his home,
 And anxious, lovely woman,
 She hail'd the sight,
 And, every night,
 The cottage rung,
 As they sung,
 Oh ! dulce, dulce domum !

But soon, alas ! this scene of bliss
 Was chang'd to prospect dreary ;
 For war and honor rous'd each Swiss,
 And Edward left his Mary.
 To bold St. Gothard's height he rush'd,
 'Gainst Gallia's foes contending ;
 And, by unequal numbers crush'd,
 He died, his land defending.
 The evening come,
 He sought not home,
 Whilst she—distracted woman—

Grown wild with dread,
 Now seeks him dead,
 And hears the knell
 That bids farewell
 To dulce, dulce domum !

Orpheus

THE BABY'S HUSH-A-BYE.

Sung by Miss Davis, in the Comedy of The Blind Bargain.

A BABY wander'd from its home,
 When day was gently breaking ;
 Long did the pretty infant roam,
 Each simple wild flow'r seeking ;
 But night came on—the dreary sky,
 The wind so bleak, the leaves so dry,
 Sung the poor baby's hush-a-bye.

The frantic mother sought her child,
 While the chill rain was falling ;
 Its lisping voice, its features mild,
 At every blast recalling :
 She wept, and with a heartfelt sigh,
 Fell on a green turf that was nigh,
 Humm'd her poor baby's hush-a-bye.

The baby, near her slumb'ring, 'woke,
 Like some sweet opening blossom,
 Then through the spreading branches broke
 And leapt upon her bosom !
 The mother gave a piercing cry,
 Wip'd every rain-drench'd garment dry,
 And humm'd her baby's hush-a-bye.

WILLIAM TELL.

Sung by Mr. Braham, in the Musical Farce of Out of Place.

WHEN William Tell was doom'd to die,
Or hit the mark upon his infant's head—
The bell toll'd out, the hour was nigh,
And soldiers march'd with grief and dread !
' The warrior came, serene and mild,
' Gaz'd all around with dauntless look,
' Till his fond boy unconscious smil'd,
' Then nature and the father spoke.'
And, now, each valiant Swiss his grief partakes,
For they sigh,
And wildly cry,
Poor William Tell, once hero of the lakes !

But soon is heard the muffled drum !
And straight the pointed arrow flies,
The trembling boy expects his doom,
All, all shriek out—' he dies ! he dies !
When lo ! the lofty trumpet sounds !
The mark is hit ! the child is free !
Into his father's arms he bounds,
Inspir'd by love and liberty !
And now, each valiant Swiss their joy partakes,
For mountains ring,
Whilst they sing,
Live William Tell ! the hero of the lakes !



DEAR WILLIAM.

Sung by Miss Duncan, in the Comedy of The Honey Moon.

At the front of a cottage, with woodbine grown o'er,
Fair Lucy sat turning her wheel,
Unconscious that William was just at the door,
And heard her her passion reveal.

The bells rang,
And she sung
Ding, dong, dell,
It were well,

If they rang for dear William and me.

But when she look'd up and her lover espy'd,
Ah! what was the maiden's surprise!
She blush'd as he woo'd her, and call'd her his bride,
And answer'd him only with sighs.

The bells rung,
And she sung,
Ding, dong, dell,
It is well!

They shall ring for dear William and me!



DUET.

Sung by Mrs. Bland and Mr. Dignum at Vauxhall.

William. DEAR Mary be mine, to pity incline,
I vow you're a sweet pretty creature;
Your beauty I prize, adore your bright eyes,
And though honey is sweet, you are sweeter.
Sing fal de ral, &c.

Mary. You ne'er can prevail, with a foolish fond tale,
 I'm not such a silly fond creature ;
 The town's my delight, it enraptures me quite,
 What joy upon earth can be sweeter.
 Sing fal de ral, &c.

William. To lead you, dear maid, to the sweet wood-
 bine shade,
 Where Cupid and Hymen would meet her ;
 Where plenty smiles round, and contentment is
 found,
 What on earth, my dear girl, can be sweeter.
 Sing fal de ral, &c.

Mary. To shine at a ball, at fashion's gay call,
 When lovers and flattery greet her—
 The gay masquerade, must allure every maid,
 For nothing on earth can be sweeter.
 Sing fal de ral, &c.

William. The coxcomb you prize, [*Mary*] No, such
 I despise,

William. Then what do you sigh for, dear creature ?
 Admiration you love, [*Mary*] Yes, that I approve,
 To a maid what on earth can be sweeter.
 Sing fal de ral, &c.

Mary. Your plan I approve, to be lov'd and to love,
 I was only in jest, my dear creature :

William. Then haste to my cot, how blest is my lot,
 Than true love what on earth can be sweeter.

Mary. I'll haste to your cot, how blest is my lot,
 Than true love what on earth can be sweeter.
 Sing fal de ral, &c.

LIFE IN LONDON.

Sung by Mr. Dignum, at Vauxhall.

COME round me good people, and hear what I've seen,
 To London's great whirligig city I've been ;
 Where fashion and riches hold absolute sway,
 So you may be sure that I've something to say.

I saw clergy and laymen,
 Dukes, dancers, and draymen,

And thieves, who for plunder will shoot men,
 With tinkers and taylors,
 Brave soldiers and sailors,

Fools, furriers, and farriers, and footmen :
 With doctors and proctors,
 And teachers and preachers,
 And bakers and quakers,
 With walkers and talkers ;

So mix'd is the medley, this motto it gives,
 One half of the world don't know how t'other lives.

The lady of fashion her breakfast is sipping,
 While rustics so rural to dinner are tripping,
 And lawyers in London their poor clients fleece,
 While farmers far distant are plucking their geese ;
 With doctors, sleek shorn,
 Are looking for lawn,

Happy men who make wigs for the ladies,
 With some who make lockets,
 Pert prigs who pick pockets,

And some who can't tell what their trade is—
 With tinkers, free-thinkers,
 And men who write papers,
 Droll jokers, stock-brokers,
 And men who cut capers ;

So mix'd is the medley, &c.

While the Monsieurs in Paris of emperors boast,
 Confusion to Frenchmen, in London's the toast :
 For while Gallic invaders dare threaten John Bull,
 John means with the Frenchmen to have a strong pull.

When they vow they are coming,
 We think they are humming,
 But should they, we'll struggle, I trust, hard ;
 For if they stay long,
 They'll find us too strong,
 Since our brave Volunteers are all muster'd ;
 We'll sting 'em like hornets,
 With colonels and cornets,
 We'll give them three cheers
 With our brave Volunteers ;
 Such diff'rent employments this motto still gives,
 One half of the world don't know how t'other lives.

CANST THOU LOVE ME, MARY ?

Sung by Mr. Dignum, at Vauxhall.

CANST thou love me, Mary ?

Wilt thou love me, Mary ?

Didst thou love me, Mary,

Blest I'd be !

Nae greater gift can Heav'n bestow,

Thou art sae dear to me.

Canst thou love me, &c.

Thou hast stown my heart, O Mary dear,

With thy bewitching e'e ;

And tho' a lowly cottage maid,

Thou'rt aw the world to me.

Canst thou love me, &c.

When first the muin peeps o'er the hill,
 This night O steal to me;
 And by two dazzling stars, thy e'ne,
 I swear I'll wedded be.

Canst thou love me, &c.

THE WIG, THE HAT, AND THE CANE.

By the side of a murmuring stream,
 As an elderly gentleman sat,
 On the top of his head was his wig,
 And a' tob of his wig was his hat.

The wind it blew high and blew strong,
 As the elderly gentleman sat,
 And bore from his head in a trice,
 And plung'd in the river, his hat.

The gentleman then took his cane,
 Which lay by his side as he sat,
 And he dropt in the river his wig,
 In attempting to get out his hat.

His breast it grew cold with despair,
 And full in his eye madness sat,
 So he flung in the river his cane,
 To swim with his wig and his hat.

Cool reflection at length came across,
 While this elderly gentleman sat,
 So thought he would follow the stream,
 And look for his cane, wig, and hat.

His head being thicker than common,
 O'erbalanced the rest of his fat,
 And in plumpt this son of a woman,
 To follow his wig, cane, and hat.

THE WIFE.

As a sailor's all one as a piece of a ship,
 So my wife is a Piece of myself;
 We eat the same biscuit, partake the same flip,
 And wer't worlds, she should keep all my pelf.
 And her wishes are mine, we have only one heart,
 One maxim, one pleasure, one fancy,
 Not oceans our love for a moment can part,
 For I always am present with Nancy.

When leagues far and wide, for my comfort and use,
 If I want to examine my chest,
 What delight to my heart does the rummage produce,
 When I'm rock'd in my hammock to rest.
 The cordials and comforts so tidily plac'd,
 Haul her taught to my heart and my fancy,
 And the needless and housewife her fingers have grac'd,
 Quell my soul till I'm nothing but Nancy.

Then in case that in battle I wounded should be,
 Here a rag, there a bandage appears,
 All marked with her hair, and 'tis easy to see,
 That she wash'd them, poor soul, with her tears,
 And should I get wounded in fight, maim'd, or blind,
 What a dainty delight to my fancy,
 The misfortune would make me, sweet love, she's so
 kind,
 More dear to the heart of my Nancy.

All true honest tars have their duty at heart,
 Their country and King they defend;
 They spare foes, they love honor, and never depart
 From their post, as a Briton and friend;

But how, were their courage so kept up by love,
 They'd indulge in the generous fancy ;
 They'd fight like a lion, forgive like the dove,
 If like me they'd a wife such as Nancy.

SONG,

Sung by Mrs. C. Dibdin, at Sadler's-wells, in the Musical Piece of the
 "Aquatic Prize."

If I was to wed you, how blest should I be ;
 Your qualifications, now first let me see :
 If not quite threescore, you're not very far off,
 And troubled, ugh ! ugh ! with a terrible cough :
 Besides, you've the gout ; and you'd make a pretty beau,
 Hobbling after me thus with the gout in your toe ;
 " Love me, I pray you now, love me, I pray you now,
 Dearly as your life.
 And Muggins and Jenny, and Muggins and Jenny,
 Will soon be man and wife."

Then as years would increase you'd get older, no doubt,
 When what with the phthisic, old age, and the gout ;
 Why, guardee, for a husband, I think I should have
 soon,
 Nothing more than a troublesome, old slipper'd pan-
 taloon :
 With spectacles on nose, and a crutch-stick in your
 hand,
 Still after me you'd hobble, if your legs obey'd com-
 mand.

Love me, &c.

SONG,

Sung by Mr. Smith in the same.

SOME say that a bachelor's life won't do,
 Others say that it's merry and mellow;
 Some say it is like an old glove or a shoe,
 Good for nothing for want of a fellow:
 A bachelor I, to wed not afraid,
 If a partner for life I can gain;
 I'm warm in the pocket, a chandler by trade,
 Matthew Muggins, of Mincing-lane.

I think I had best advertise for a wife,
 As our general method in trade is;
 "A gentleman wanting a partner for life,
 Gives this gentle hint to the ladies:
 I don't care how pretty she is, if no shrew,
 If good humour'd, don't mind, if she's plain;
 If wearing the small-cloths she'll always leave to
 Matthew Muggins, of Mincing-lane.

If nineteen to the dozen, when kind, her tongue goes,
 I could listen all day to her prattle;
 If her clapper runs cross, I need only suppose,
 'Tis the watchman a-springing his rattle.
 She may dress as she likes—only *dress'd* let her go,
 Naked Venuses don't suit my vein;
 Such, such is the wife for that neat little beau
 Matthew Muggins, of Mincing lane."

SONG,

Sung by Mr. Slader in the same.

TOM TACK was the shipmate for duty,
 'Till fortune she gave him a twitch;
 For Tom fell in love with a beauty;
 He'd better had fall'n in a ditch.

With his fair he could get no promotion,
 So Tom like a desperate dog,
 He drown'd all his care in the ocean—

But then, 'twas the ocean of grog.

True love when it's slighted will canker,
 So Tom, when the bo'swa'n wan't by,
 Mind'd less about heaving the anchor,

Than he did about heaving a sigh :

Then for the last time to be jolly,

He invited each soul in the ship ;

With a shot then he finish'd his folly—

But 'twas the shot paid for the flip.

In folly thus faster and faster,

Tom went on in search of relief ;

'Till one day a shocking disaster,

Without a joke finish'd his grief :

If his fair one's heart he cou'dn't mellow,

He'd hang himself, often he said ;

So his neck in a noose put, poor fellow !—

In plain English, one day he got wed.

SONG.

Sung by Mr. Townsend.

BOLD as when the forest's lord

Roused by departing day,

By force nor howling tempests aw'd,

Forth issues to the prey ;

So goes the tar by glory call'd,

By foe or fate so unappall'd,

The angry deep to try,

To conquer or to die !

But, as the lamb in rural shade,
 On shore no thoughts his mind pervade
 But what with peace agree,
 'Tis then is best delight to prove
 The joys of friendship and of love,
 With sweet humanity.
 Then comes the feast of a jovial soul,
 To laugh and sing and drain the bowl,
 And drink with a gallant three times three,
 “ Britannia ! George ! and Liberty ! ”

WIFE, CHILDREN, AND FRIENDS.

Sung by Mr. Dignum.

ONE day when to Jove the black list was presented,
 The list of what fate for each mortal intends ;
 At the long string of ills a kind Goddess relented,
 And split in three blessings,—wife, children and
 friends.

In vain surly Pluto declar'd he was cheated,
 And Justice divine could not compass its ends ;
 The scheme of man's penance he swore was defeated,
 For Earth becomes Heav'n with wife, children and
 friends.

If the stock of our bliss is in stranger hands vested,
 The fund, ill secur'd, oft in bankruptcy ends,
 But the heart issues bills that are never protested,
 When drawn on the firm of wife, children and friends.
 Tho' valour still glows on his life's waning embers,
 The death-wounded Tar (who his colours defends)
 Drops a tear of regret as he dying remembers
 How blest was his home with wife, children & friends.

The soldier, whose deeds live immortal in story,
 Whose duty to far distant latitude sends,
 With transport would barter whole ages of glory
 For one happy day with wife, children and friends.
 Tho' spice-breathing gales o'er his caravan hover,
 Tho' round him Arabia's whole fragrance ascends,
 The merchant still thinks of the woodbines that cover,
 The bow'r where he sat with wife, children and
 friends.

The day-spring of youth still unclouded with sorrow,
 Alone on itself for enjoyment depends,
 But drear is the twilight of age, if it borrow
 No warmth from the smiles of wife, children and
 friends.

Let the breath of renown ever freshen and nourish
 The laurel which o'er her dead favorite bends,
 O'er me weave the willow, and long may it flourish
 Bedew'd with the tears of wife, children and friends.

Let us drink, for my song growing graver and graver,
 To subjects too solemn insensibly tends,
 Let us drink, pledge me high, love and virtue shall
 flavor

The glass that I fill to wife, children and friends.
 And if in the hope this fair Island to plunder,
 The Tyrant of France to invade us pretends,
 How his legions will shrink when our arm'd freemen
 thunder,
 The war-cry of Britons,—wife, children and friends.

THE ABUSE OF GOLD.

Sung by Mrs. Mountain in Youth Love, and Folly.

THE sable maid, to bondage sold,
 With throbbing heart and streaming eyes
 Beholds the unknown billows rise
 And mourns the dire abuse of gold.
 The gun is fir'd—sails swell to air—
 Her home dissolves in sky and wave—
 She beats her breast—she rends her hair—
 And calls on those, who cannot save.
 Nor yet to Afric's savage race
 Is freedom's shameful sale confin'd
 Thro' Europe's realms, man's polish'd mind
 Incurs for gold the same disgrace.
 There, many a maid must vainly claim
 The dearest rights which Nature gave ;
 And, mock'd with Freedom's empty name,
 Sink, chain'd in state—a splendid slave.

KITTY O' THE CLYDE.

Sung by Mr. Slader in An Bratach, performed at Sadler's Wells.

A BOAT danc'd on Clyde's bonny stream,
 When winds were rudely blowing,
 There sat what might the goddess seem
 Of the waves beneath her flowing ;
 But, no, a mortal fair was she,
 Surpassing a' beside ;
 And youth's a' speer'd her choice to be ;
 Sweet Kitty o' the Clyde.

I saw the boatman spread a sail,
 And while his daftness noting,
 The boat was upset by the gale,
 I saw sweet Kitty floating ;
 I plung'd into the silver wave,
 Wi' Cupid for my guide,
 And thought my heart weel lost to save
 Sweet Kitty o' the Clyde.

But Kitty's aye a high born fair,
 A lowly name I carry,
 Nor can wi' lordly Thanes compare,
 Who woo the maid to marry ;
 But she ne scornfu' looks on me,
 And joy may yet detide,
 For hope dares flatter mine may be
 Sweet Kitty o' the Clyde.

PERPLEXITY.

Sung by Mr. Kelly in Youth, Love, and Folly.

By doubts and fears confounded,
 I pause—advance—retreat—
 With dangers stand surrounded
 Nor dare to trust my feet.

Thus, some stray bark o'er ocean,
 Without a compass rides—
 Toss'd wild in fitful motion,
 The sport of adverse tides !

PASTORAL SONG.

Sung by Mrs. Bland in the same.

THE first born flowers of merry spring,
 For me the shepherd-youths would twine ;
 And at my feet, the rose bud fling,
 When summer suns began to shine.
 But, ah ! no pledge of kindred love
 Could Bona's hand in turn bestow—
 Green willow boughs, in scorn I wove
 And crown'd the swains with wreaths of woe.

Heart-stricken fools ! thro' night and storm
 They bore their wounds to wilds and woods ;
 Trac'd on the desert sands my form
 Or woo'd my voice in winds and floods.
 And still, where'er green willows rise
 By fountain's marge, or brook, or lake ;
 Each plucks a bough—and sadly cries
 “ Be this my crown for Bona's sake ! ”



PLUNDER IS THE ARAB'S JOY.

Sung by Mr. Helme, at the Royal Circus, in Harlequin Bacchus.

FAR from the busy haunts of men,
 Within some dark sequester'd wood
 The Arab seeks a gloomy den ;
 His trade is death ; he lives by blood.
 Now, far around him, beasts of prey,
 In wild and savage terror rave ;
 Lions growling,
 Tygers howling.

While he, e'en still more fierce than they,
 Lurks from his dark and dismal cave
 In search of plunder—In search of plunder,
Chorus. For plunder is the Arab's joy !

Shut out from the world, by fury borne,
 The rugged Arab for booty prowls ;
 He heedless braves the pelting storm,
 And frowns amidst the thunder's growl :
 Inur'd to deeds dark as foul night,
 His eye-balls glisten wild despair,
 Trav'lers sighing,
 Groaning, dying,
 Give his fierce thirsty soul delight.
 Steel'd to remorse he knows no fear,
 For glorious plunder, glorious plunder,
Chorus. For plunder is the Arab's joy.

'TIS FANCY GOVERNS ALL.

Sung by Mr. Gibbons at Vauxhall.

THE force of beauty, all must own
 Its universal sway,
 The greatest monarch on his throne,
 Its mandates must obey ;
 But what is beauty, some will ask,
 Is it the short, or tall,
 To answer—is no easy task,
 Since Fancy governs all.
 The rural maid in simple dress ;
 Her beauty has to boast,
 The village youths, to win her press,
 For there she reigns a toast ;

In Fashion's train, the courtly dame
 May courtly youths enthrall,
 Her nodding plumes attention claim,
 Since fancy governs all.

For me, in country, or in town,
 The kind I all admire,
 For some will smile, while others frown,
 What more can I desire ;
 The black, the brown, the red, the fair,
 The middling, short and tall,
 Are beauties, I must needs declare
 Since fancy governs all.

THE JOYS OF THE CHASE.

Sung by Mr. Taylor, at Covent-Garden, in Spanish Dollars.

WHILE some seek their refuge in wine,
 From reflection, from folly and care,
 I health and amusement combine,
 In the chase of the stag, fox, or hare.
 The dew that bespangles each leaf,
 When Aurora unveils her bright face,
 Are tears of the night shed in grief,
 Which depart with the joys of the chase.
 Such—such are the joys of the chase.
 'Tis taste most refin'd then to yield
 To dictates of nature and health ;
 And share such delights in the field,
 As cannot be purchas'd by wealth.
 Tho' sweet are the raptures of love,
 And friendship those raptures can grace ;
 Yet we taste of the pleasures above,
 Combin'd in the joys of the chase.
 Such--such are the joys of the chase.

MOGGY CAMERON.

Sung by Mrs. C. Dibdin, at Sadler's Wells, in the Romance of An Bratch.

I'ZE a wee and winsome lass,
 Steady to my tether,
 Siller I ha' nane nor brass,
 But heart as light as feather !
 The tartan plaid is aw my pride,
 And in't's defence who'd hammer on
 Alane sal buckle to his Bride,
 Merry Moggy Cameron.
 Hey ! ho ! fal.

A Laird since said he loo'd me weel,
 And his bride would mak' me ;
 But said I, to try the cheil,
 To the kirk then tak' me ;
 But the loon when kirk I'd name
 Excuse began to stammer on,
 I box'd his lugs, and wha' could blame
 Merry Moggy Cameron !
 Hey ! ho ! fal.

Sandy Campbell 'tis I loo',
 He's baith blythe and bra', mon ;
 But tho' he speers to buckle too,
 I still cry hoot awa' mon !
 First let him to our Island lend
 His aid 'gainst foes who clammer on,
 And 'ere he weds learn to defend
 Merry Moggy Cameron.
 Hey ! ho ! fal.

FIGHT—CONQUER—AND BE FREE!

Sung by Mrs. Mountain in The Soldier's Return.

STRIKE the harp—sweep the strings, like the Druids
of old,

The genius of Britain inspires the lay;
Let the strain be majestic, mighty and bold,
While the banners of England her heroes display.
Strike, strike the bold strain.

Rise, Britons, rise, thy foes advance;
The din of war like waters roar;
Arise, and meet the pow'rs of France,
Like rocks that guard your native shore.
Till British fame to heaven shall rise,
And shouts of vict'ry rend the skies,
Thus Britain's genius speaks in me,
Fight—Conquer—and be Free.



TO OUR KING AND OUR LOVE EVER

STEADY.

Sung by Mr. Hill in the musical Farce of Too many Cooks.

WOULD you know, my dear Laura, the heart of
a tar;

'Tis divided 'twixt honor and beauty;
And to merit them best ev'ry true man of war
Still courts the most perilous duty;
For to weave the bright wreath that his valour has won,
The girl of his heart is most ready;
Then while thus rewarded no danger he'll shun,
To his King and his Love ever steady,

Our foes to invade us, loud menaces throw,
 No wonder our blessings should strike 'em;
 And as for our beauties, they've heard long ago,
 They never can find any like 'em;
 But, let them once try us, the blustering elves,
 Our hearts, and our arms shall find ready,
 A good master to shield, and keep you to ourselves,
 To our King and our Love ever steady.

UNFORTUNATE MARY.

DISTRACTED with anguish and grief,
 Behold a poor Girl of Woe.
 Ah! where shall I fly for relief?
 In vain scalding tears you, flow;
 No ease they afford to my heart,
 Nor comfort give to my mind;
 Ah! what can the world now impart,
 Where ease or hope shall I find.
 Then pity me, Maids! ah, pity me!
 My true love lost at sea.
 In the unfortunate Abergavenny.

The youth of my heart is no more,—
 Charles found a wat'ry grave;
 His virtues how many deplore,
 Yet worth nor virtue could save
 That dear form from the tyrant death;
 His truth, and vows so sincere;
 Fled for ever that voice and breath;
 And all my soul loved dear.
 Then pity me, maids! ah, pity me!
 My true love, &c.

No more, fond memory delight,
 In tracing the heav'nly mind,
 His soul has ta'en her flight,
 And gone to its kindred kind ;
 Poor Mary ! tho' heart-broken, blest,—
 Constancy still was the lot ;
 Thy sorrow will soon find rest,
 Tho' Charles will ne'er be forgot.
 Then pity me, Maids ! ah, pity me !
 My true love, &c.

I LEAVE MY HEART WITH THEE.

Sung by Mr. Gray at Vauxhall.

I LEAVE my heart wi' thee, my love,
 Tho' forc'd from thee to stray,
 Wi' mickle grief I onward move,
 And lonely take my way ;
 How tedious will the hours appear,
 Each day, a year ta me,
 For ah ! my love, my only dear,
 I leave my heart wi' thee.
 Tho' fragrant wreaths my eyes invite,
 Thy beauties smile around,
 In roses red, in roses white,
 Thy blooming sweets are found ;
 Na' other's charms, my een can cheer,
 Alike all seem ta me
 For ah ! my love, my only dear,
 I leave my heart wi' thee.
 At my return, ah ! may I find,
 Thy truth defy auld Time,
 I'll bring the pelf, that rules mankind,
 E'er yet I've lost my prime ;

Thy vows of truth alone can cheer,
 Alone give bliss ta me,
 For ah ! my love, my only dear,
 I leave my heart wi' thee.

THE WONDERS.

Sung by Mr. Grimaldi, at Sadler's Wells, in Harlequin Perizade.

Your laughter I'll try to provoke,
 With the wonders I've got in my travels :
 And first is a pig in a poke,
 Next a law case without any cavils ;
 A straw poker, a tiffany boat,
 Paper boots to walk dry thro' the ditches,
 A new lignum vitæ great coat,
 Flint waistcoat and pair of glass breeches.
Tol lol, &c.

A dimity warming pan, new ;
 Steel night cap, and pair of lawn bellows ;
 A yard-wide foot rule, and then two
 Odd shoes, that belong to odd fellows ;
 China wheelbarrow, earthen-ware gig,
 A book bound in wood with no leaves to't,
 Besides a new velveret wig
 Lin'd with tripe, and a long pair of sleeves to't.
Tol lol, &c.

A coal-skuttle trimm'd with Scotch gauze,
 Pickled crumpets and harricoed muffins ;
 Tallow stewpan, nankeen chest of drawers ;
 Dumb alarm bell to frighten humguffins ;

Six knives and forks made of red tape,
 A patent wash-leather polony ;
 A gilt coat with a gingerbread cape,
 And lin'd with the best macaroni.

Tol lol, &c.

A plumb pudding made of inch deal,
 A pot of mahogany capers ;
 A gooseberry pie made of veal,
 And stuff'd with two three-corner'd scrapers :
 Sour crout sweeten'd well with small coal,
 A fricaseed carpenter's mallet ;
 A cast iron toad in a hole,
 And a monstrous great hole in the ballad.

Tol lol, &c.

LA LOIRE, OR YEO ! YEO !

Sung by Mr Slader at Sadler's Wells.

OFF Cape Finistere lay the King's ship La Loire,
 When a privateer foe Captain Maitland he saw,
 So a boat's crew he sent with the Spaniard to cope,
 Who was call'd L'Esperance, in plain English the Hope,
 Tho' but a forlorn hope, it prov'd for the foe,
 Made a prize by the boat's crew, and Lieutenant Yeo !
 Sing Yeo ! Yeo ! for ever, Yeo ! Yeo ! for ever,
 Pull away, pull away, pull pull away,
 With a hearty Yeo ! Yeo ! with a hearty Yeo ! Yeo !
 'Tis the birth of your King, boys, * the Captain he cried,
 To crown it with victory then be your pride ;
 Yes, the birth of your Sovereign distinguish in short,
 By planting his flag on yon proud Spanish Fort.

* June 4. 1805.

So the gallant boat's crew volunteer'd all to go,
 To conquer or die with brave Lieutenant Yeo!
 Sing Yeo! Yeo! for ever Yeo! Yeo! for ever,
 Pull away, &c.

Then Lieutenant Yeo! to his lasting renown,
 The Fort he knock'd up, and the Governor down.
 The Don's captur'd Ensign wav'd over his head,
 And planted the flag of King George in its stead;
 Let the trumpet of Fame then thro' all the world blow,
 To the glory of Britons and Lieutenant Yeo!
 Sing Yeo! Yeo! for ever, Yeo! Yeo! for ever,
 Pull away, &c.

THE SISTERS.

Sung by Mrs. Bland at Vauxhall.

JANE was a Woodman's daughter,
 The fairest she of three,
 Love in his snares had caught her,
 As fast, as fast cou'd be:
 A sailor's son was Harry,
 As brave, as brave cou'd be,
 And he resolv'd to marry,
 The fairest of the three.—The fairest, &c.

Maria thought it wiser,
 A rich man's wife to be,
 And so she took a miser,
 As old, as old cou'd be;
 Louisa felt love's passion,
 But wish'd the world to see,
 So chose a lad of fashion,
 The dullest of the three.—The dullest, &c.

Lousia's spouse perplext her,
 A widow soon was she,
 Maria's liv'd and vex'd her
 As well, as well cou'd be ;
 But Jane possest true pleasure,
 With one of low degree,
 They were each other's treasure,
 The happiest of the three.
 The happiest, &c.

THE DYER.

Sung by Mr. Helme at the Royal Circus, in the Pantomime of a Mogul Tale.

THE bare thoughts of *dying* fill most with dismay,
 For my part I'd willingly *dye* every day ;
 And for this, my odd whim, a good reason I'll give—
 The oft'ner I *dye*, much the better I live ;
 With my scour away, wash away,
 Fal de ral de ra.

As by *dying*, I *live*, for a *living* I *dye*,
 But the world has produced deeper *dyers* than I ;
 Bonaparte *dyed* Jaffa with *purple*, and then
Dy'd his character *black*, by deserting his men ;
 With his steal away, skulk away,
 Fal de ral de ra.

Then for *scow'ring*, 'tis practised by many, I may say,
 When a buck sees a bailiff how he *scours* away ;
 And French seamen, finding a ship not their forte,
 At sight of our tars quickly *scour* into port ;
 With their skulk away, run away,
 Fal de ral de ra.

To conclude my last simile now shall be made,
 Every Briton would willingly take up my trade;
 My assertion is bold, but 'twill prove a true thing—
 They'd all *die* in defence of their Country and King;
 With their smite away, fight away,
 Fal de ral de ra.

VANITY HALL.

Sung by Mrs. Franklin at Vauxhall.

Tho' Vanity's rail'd at, how great is her worth,
 For her, ev'ry talent and power's drawn forth,
 The counsel pleads pretty, young senators brawl,
 And all for a place, in Vanity Hall,
 Sing high, sing low, obey the call,
 Away, haste away, to Vanity-Hall.

Not members of lawyers, alone take the lead,
 The Graces are courted, the Sciences feed,
 The Soldier attends to the shrill trumpet's call,
 To secure him a place, in Vanity-Hall.

Sing high, sing low, &c.

From Philosophers, down to a female like me,
 Applause, is our aim, and fair Vanity's fee,
 To sue for applause, I am here at her call,
 Approbation from you, leads to Vanity-Hall.

Sing high, sing low, &c.

A TOUCH AT THE IRON CROWN.

Composed by Mr. Dibdin, and sung by Master Frederick Schirmer.

Why they've got it, at last, I say, Jack, hip and thigh,
 As the devil got hold of the ague;
 I told you, Mounseers, though you're cursedly sly,
 We, one day or other, should plague you,

Hurraw, Hurraw,
 Hurraw, hurraw, hurraw ! poor Boney ;
 Not even the devil, his croney,
 Can save him, his pride must come down ;
 We'll in spite of his hope
 From the devil and the pope,
 Take a touch at his Iron Crown.

Let us see how it happen'd ; from Toulon, like mad,
 They sail'd with their usual bravadoes ;
 Swore they'd plunder Jamaica, capsize Trinadad,
 And at last swallow up poor Barbadoes.
 Hurraw, &c.

Well, what did they do ? they arriv'd in full sail,
 Victorious, to their way of thinking ;
 But the name of bold Nelson soon made 'em turn tail,
 So home they came every one skulking.
 Hurraw, &c.

About ship, cried Nelson, if that's your desire,
 So the master tack'd neat, and close haul'd her ;
 Till out of the frying-pan into the fire
 They all of 'em fell in with Calder.
 Hurraw, &c.

They tried at a port till he got 'em in view ;
 And, just as a seaman should cook 'em,
 Like the jolly old Roman—why, what did he do ?
 He com'd, and he saw'd, and he took 'em.
 Hurraw, &c.

The thing is this here, master Boney, on land,
 Has a pretty shrewd bit of a notion ;
 But the dear little Corsican must understand
 How we manage the thing on the ocean,
 Hurraw, &c.

Then here's to the *King*, and here's to the *Queen*,
 And here's to the *Family Royal*;
 We've hearts sound as biscuits, our conscience is clean,
 And every man's honest and loyal.
 Hurraw, &c.

THE PRIEST OF THE PARISH. *Ham*

Sung by Mr. Rock in the Operatic Sketch of Spanish Dollars.

THE Priest of the Parish, must lead a rare happy life
 When his parishioners all full of grace,
 Each boy with his girl, each man with his happy wife,
 Hearts full of joy—and smiles in each face;
 The pipers play sweetly, the dancers so frisky are,
 The Priest of the Parish, he lifts up a song;
 Girls ripe for kisses, the boys ripe for whiskey are:
 Jugjig, and jollity all the night long.
 With a whack, &c.

If Pat squeeze the hand of Sheelah O'Dogherty,
 Dermot, he looks with a frown on his face,
 Tips th' wink with his finger, t' Murtoch O'Flaherty;
 Who trips up Pat's heels, and stands right in his place,
 In a bit of a frolick, each boy gets a thump or so,
 Th' girls, never mind who's right, or who's wrong,
 A crack on the back, is of love but a thump or so,
 And the ev'ning concludes just as I do my song.
 With a whack, &c.

LOVE'S FETTERS.

Sung by Mrs. Mountain, in Youth, Love, and Folly.

LOVE's flowery fetters wearing,
 And pleas'd their burden bearing,

I ask not to be free ;
 For, ah ! to doating lovers,
 Their very chains discovers,
 More joys than liberty.

Tho' charms of form and feature,
 Must fade in course of nature,
 The heart retains its bloom ;
 And, like the rose, when dying,
 In dusty atoms flying.
 Strikes on the wind perfume !

Bacchus —

SILENUS WILL TOSS OFF HIS WINE.

Sung by Mr. Montgomery, at the Royal Circus, in Harlequin Bacchus.

HERE Bacchus, here's to thee !
 With pleasure I view thee,
 With mirth, and bright jollity crowned ;
 Thy doxies, so tempting,
 Wine sparkling, fermenting,
 By pleasure on all sides surrounded,
 'Tis a glorious thing,
 Sirs, to tutor a king,
 And have a great pupil divine.
 Then here, 'till I'm tipsy
 To thee, and each gipsy,
 Silenus will toss off his wine.
 His Wine—his Wine ;
 Silenus will toss off his Wine.

My cup it is empty !
 Come, let us have plenty ;

Thy Thyrsis, will set the rocks flowing,
 Our Spirits beat quicker,
 When warm'd by the liquor,
 With transports our bosoms are glowing ;
 Then let us delight in,
 The dear bliss inviting,
 A zest it will give to our love.
 While Silenus can stand,
 Or reach mouth with his hand,
 He'll drink to thee, son of great Jove !
 Son of great Jove !—son of great Jove !
 He'll drink to thee, son of great Jove.

THOU'RT ALL THE WORLD TO ME,
 SALLY.

AH ! fond foolish heart, beware !
 Thy reason William rally,
 Love spreads for thee, a killing snare,
 Thou'rt all the world to me—Sally.
 When first I saw, thy heav'nly form,
 What pleasure fill'd my breast,—
 With sense refin'd form'd to adorn
 A throne, art thou—dear Sally.
 Oh ! lovely maid, some pity shew,
 Relieve each anxious thought,
 Ah ! hear my pray'r, reject me not,
 Thee, only, do I love,—dear Sally.
 Tho' fortune frown, and fate decree,
 Tho' reason love forbid
 Yet mem'ry lives, and dwells on thee,
 In William's heart,—dear Sally.

A heart, that beats for thee alone,
 Thy image there, is graven,
 Sweet girl, my love, do not disown,
 Thou'rt heav'n to me—dear Sally.

SHORT MEMORY ; OR, THE WAG AT HIS WIT'S END.

Sung by Mr. Incledon, in the Songster's Jubilee.

My school-fellows tell me, tho' quick at my task,
 Yet when I went up to be heard,
 No matter what questions the master might ask,
 I ne'er cou'd remember a word,
 And the lasses wou'd say, 'twas my fate to be born,
 With a brain so confoundedly slight,
 That if I should chance to be married some morn,
 I'd be sure to forget it at night.
 Yet whatever thro' life, is our up and down lot,
 Be our joys still remember'd, our sorrows forgot.

Brother Soldiers wou'd laugh, when of foes not afraid
 I was willing for England to fight,
 For they never cou'd get me, at any parade,
 To think of the left, from the right ;
 And our foes too may laugh, for they've threaten'd I
 know,
 Unless we do just, as we're bid,
 They'd conquer our Island, a long while ago,
 But I can't recollect, when they did.
 Yet whatever, &c.

There are Doctors I'm sure, who to drug ye are loth,
 Some Lawyers, dispense with a fee,
 And tho' I dare say, I have met with 'em both,
 I can't tell, when it happen'd to be;
 In singing a Song too, we know pretty well;
 The last verse of all, shou'd be best,
 And I've no sort of doubt, but this ditty wou'd tell,
 If I cou'd but remember the rest.

Yet whatever, &c.

CUPID IS A LITTLE DEVIL.

Sung by Mrs. Mountain, in Life's Masquerade.

COME here, behold each female face,
 And if your thoughts with mine agree,
 From fifteen years, to fifty's space,
 Here love in ev'ry Eye you'll see.
 Here Cupid keeps his constant revel.
 Yet Cupid is a little Devil!

With a fal la la, &c.

Colour and shape, fair limbs and face,
 Sweetness and wit, in all you'll find;
 In motion, speech, in voice, in grace,
 All models here, of woman kind!
 'Tis Cupid keeps this pleasant revel,
 Yet Cupid is a little Devil!

With a fal la la, &c.

If *fat*, her plenty feeds each heart,
 If *lean*, 'tis love that makes her so;
 If *strait*, her form is Cupid's dart
 But if she's *bent*, she's but his Bow.
 Then share with us, love's constant revel,
 Tho' Cupid is a little Devil.

With a fal la la, &c.

SOLOMON GUNDY'S CHANSON,

Sung by Mr. Fawcett.

My dear *chere amis*, I am Solomon Gundy,
 At mouse traps and razors, I'm thought quite the go,
 For I lather my neighbours, from Monday to Sunday,
 And catch Rats, 'till I make all the Cats mallyro;
 But in hopes to require, that true style of behaving,
 Which you all disallow, I have got *point du tout*,
 And tho' here I'm at home, to a hair or a shaving,
 I set off to see fashions and talk *parley voo*.
 With my fal lal lal, lal lal, &c.

It was lucky black Benjamin Bonelace of Dover,
 A monstrous great smuggler, under the rose,
 Was going to Dunkirk, and carried me over,
 For which I repaid him, with *petty kick chose*;
 I had heard that when folks, on their travels are going,
 Good company with them, should *alley vous ong*,
 And to want of polite introduction 'tis owing,
 That some people never can reach the *hot tong*,
 Fal lal, &c.

While pleas'd round about, I went gaping and staring,
 Before I could speak, they said *taisez vous bete*,
 And because I forgot, that the war was declaring,
 They lock'd me up safe, by myself *tete-a-tete*;
 But a rat-hole I found, spite of bolting and latching,
 And made up my mind, that I'd stay there *non paw*,
 So with digging and delving, and poking and scratch-
 ing,
 I manag'd to make my escape with *eclaw*.
 Fal lal, &c.

I was hid in the croud, at the grand coronation,
 Determin'd to see all I could *tout al heure*,
 When they all *sang froid*, for the good of the nation,
 New christen'd a Consul with *vive l' Emperure*;
 Then he up, and he told 'em with manners so dashing,
 I heard, but I could not see him for his hat,
 He'd be good to the French, and give us a good
 thrashing,
 Thinks I that's a damn'd—*nong tong paw* for all that,
 Fal lal, &c.

At last I got back, for I thought it a sin, sir,
 With frogs, bulley beef, and soup *maigre* to stay,
 And arriv'd just in time for a visit to Windsor,
 Where I sat down to dine, and to help take away;
 To the scramble the folks did so jostle and flock it,
 One gentleman near me so ravenous prov'd,
 That he swallow'd his spoon, put the broth in his pocket,
 And the table took off 'ere the cloth was remov'd.
 Fal lal, &c.

Then I saw in their robes all the knights of the garter;
 By day in the chapel, by night in the dance,
 And the ladies all trying at who should look smarter,
 They made me quite, *honi soit qui mal y pause*.
 I saw our good king too, I did, heaven bless him,
 And if the great Emperor here thinks to reign,
 Let him come, *comme il faut* we'll endeavour to dress
 him,
 And John Bull will cut off his *grand coup de main*.
 Fal lal, &c.

BECAUSE I LOVE HIM DEARLY.

Sung by Mrs. Bland, at Vauxhall.

I HAVE a heart, a little heart
 That throbs for—I know who !
 Yet this must say, and mind me pray ?
 It is not You, nor You.
 O, no, no, no, I tell you so,
 'Tis no one here, sincerely ;
 And yet I sigh, and all for why—
 Because I love him dearly.
 Yes !
 Because I love him dearly !

I have a heart, a little heart,
 But not I fear my own ;
 'Twas mine, but now 'tis his, I vow,
 But who, shall not be known.
 O, no, no, no, I tell you so,
 'Tis no one here, sincerely,
 Yet oft I sigh, and all for why—
 Because I love him dearly.
 Yes !
 Because I love him dearly !

I have a heart, a little heart
 That's tender, warm, and true !
 Then this can say, and mind me pray,
 It throbs,—but not for You.
 O, no, no, no, I tell you so,
 'Tis no one here, sincerely ;
 And yet I sigh, and all for why—
 Because I love him dearly.
 Yes !
 Because I love him dearly !

THE YORKSHIRE IRISHMAN, OR ADVENTURES OF A POTATOE MERCHANT.

Sung by Mr. Emery, at Covent-Garden.

My Father was once a great *Marchant*,
 As any in Ireland was found,
 But faith he could ne'er save a *Shilling*,
 Tho' tatoes he sold by the *pound*;
 So says he to my mother, one night,
 To England suppose you and I go,
 And the very next day, by moonlight,
 They took leave of the country of Slygo.
 Sing fal de ral, lal de ral la, fal lal de, &c.

That the land is all cover'd with water,
 'Twixt England, and Ireland you'll own;
 And *single* misfortunes, they say,
 To Irishmen ne'er come *alone*:
 So my father, poor man! was *first* drown'd,
 Then *ship-wreck'd*, in sailing from Cork,
 But my mother,—she got safe to land,
 And a whiskey-shop open'd in York.
 Fal de ral, &c.

Just a year after father was dead,—
 One night, about five i' th' morn,
 An odd accident happen'd to me,
 For 'twas then, that myself was first born;
 All this, I've been told by my mammy,
 (And surely, she'd not tell me wrong,)
 But I don't remember nought of it,
 Caze it happen'd when I were quite young.
 Fal de ral, &c.

On the very same day, the next year,
 (For so ran the story of mother,)
 The same accident happen'd again,
 But not to me then, that were brother;
 So 'twas settled by old father Luke,
 Who dissolv'd all our family sins,—
 As we both were born on the *same day*,
 That we sartinly must have been twins.
 Fal de ral, &c.

'Twas agreed I should not go to school,
 As learning I never should want,
 Nor would they, e'en teach me to read,
 For my *genus* they said it would cramp:
 Now this *genus*, of mine,—where it lay,—
 Do but listen awhile, and you'll hear—
 'Twas in drawing—not landscapes and pictures
 No—mine was for drawing of beer.
 Fal de ral, &c.

Some with only *one* genus are blest,
 But, I it appears, had got *two*,
 For when I had drawn off some beer,
 I'd a genus for drinking it too:
 At last I was drawn up to town,
 Without in my pocket a *farden*,
 But since I've earn'd many a *crown*,
 By the *shop* here, in sweet *Common Garaen*.
 Fal de ral, &c.

Now the end of my song's drawing near,
 I'll tell ye—but that's nothing new,—
 Now all my ambition's to try,
 And to do, what I can to draw you:

In which, if I do but succeed,
 And my efforts, beguile you of pain,
 I entreat, you'll not wait to be ask'd,
 To come *often* and see me again.—*Fal de ral, &c.*

LITTLE SUE.

Sung by Mrs. Bland, at Vauxhall.

THE shepherds call me little Sue,
 Who sport, and frolic round,
 The rustic pleasures I pursue,
 Content with me is found ;
 They talk of love, and call me fair
 And woo, as lovers woo,
 I tell the swains, he must be rare,
 Who marries little Sue,

The swain who wou'd my bosom move,
 Must be what I declare,
 His actions, not his words, must prove,
 That I'm his only care ;
 My lover must have sense refin'd,
 Have wit and humour too,
 The youth be gentle, brave, and kind,
 Who marries little Sue.

The swain that's form'd for love and me,
 Must ne'er ambitious prove,
 Must ne'er find fault, tho' some shou'd see,
 But all be peace and love ;
 To merit such a noble youth,
 I'll ev'ry art pursue,
 He'll hold my heart, my mind, and truth,
 Who marries little Sue.

OLD RINGWOOD.

Sung by Mr. Gray, at Vauxhall.

YE darksome woods, where Echo dwells,
 Where every bud, with freedom swells,
 To meet the glorious day.
 The morning breaks, again rejoice,
 And with old Ringwood's well known voice,
 Bid tuneful Echo play.

We come, ye groves, ye hills, we come,
 The vagrant Fox, shall hear his doom,
 And dread our jovial train.
 The shrill Horn sounds, the courser flies,
 While every sportsman joyful cries,
 "There's Ringwood's voice again."

The chiming notes of chearful Hounds,
 Hark ! how the hollow dale resounds ;
 The sunny hills how gay.
 But where's the note, brave Dog, like thine ?
 Then urge the Steed, the chorus join,
 'Tis Ringwood leads the way.

I'M REALLY IN EARNEST, GOOD BYE.

Sung by Miss Smith, at Vauxhall.

WHEN we danc'd round the may-pole in honor of May,
 And they chose me the queen for the year,
 Young William, low whisper'd he'd something to say,
 And he led me where no one could hear ;
 Dear heart, how I blush'd when he said he lov'd me,
 And intreated a tender reply,
 I stammer'd out Shepherd, I ne'er can agree,
 I'm really in earnest, good bye.

Now surely thinks I, I have silenc'd the swain,
 But regardless of all I had said,
 Whenever we met, he renew'd the same strain,
 And he harnted me just like my shade;
 No longer all timid confusion I ran,
 Nor heard him reluctant and shy,
 But tauntingly answer'd, whene'er he began,
 I'm really in earnest, good bye.

But these men, when determin'd, will have their own
 way,

In defiance of all we can do,
 So often he press'd, and so oft' I said nay,
 I grew weary of answering no;
 So I stopt him one day in the midst of his pray'r,
 And told him, I'd rather comply,
 Than so gentle a shepherd shou'd die in despair,
 And in truth, and good earnest, was I.



THE DONKIES, OR THE HUMOURS OF FASHION.

Sung by-Mr. Johannot at Astley's Royal Amphitheatre, in the New
 Pantomime of the Diving Bell.

WHILE fashion prove to all mankind,
 High priestess of the age, Sir,
 What curious whims in life we find,
 Both on, and off the stage, Sir.
 In short, each fav'rite has its day,
 Cats, parrots, dogs, and monkeys;
 But now o'er all that bears the sway—
 O lord, it is the Donkies!

O, the little Donkies,
 The pretty gentle Donkies !
 Both here and there, and ev'ry where,
 The rage is now the Donkies !

Newmarket long has borne the belle,
 For Steeds beyond compare, Sir ;
 Which jockey lords and grooms can tell,
 Whose Done ! Done ! rent the air, Sir.
 But fashion frequent changes sides,
 As full of tricks as monkies ;
 And Neddy now, my lady rides—
 So much the go is Donkies..

O, the little Donkies,
 The pretty gentle Donkies !
 Both here and there, and ev'ry where,
 The rage is now the Donkies !

The pretty miss, from boarding school,
 And e'en mamma, her mother, Sir,
 Now mount in turn their Balaam Mule,
 And master Charles, another, Sir.
 Then John the footman, walks behind,
 And oft they're idle monkies ;
 But now they've got enough to mind
 To whip the ladies' Donkies !

O, the little Donkies,
 The pretty gentle Donkies !
 Both here and there, and ev'ry where,
 The rage is now the Donkies !



MY BRAVE VOLUNTEER.

Sung by Miss. Manners, at Laurent's Loyal Theatre of Mirth, Lyceum,
Strand, in the Test of Loyalty.

Recitative.

AH me ! how cruel sure was fate's decree,
To tear my much lov'd Volunteer from me,
Just when the ring was bought, thus doom'd to mourn,
My Henry's absence, peace can ne'er return.

Air.

My brave Volunteer, was the pride of the plain,
So graceful his action, and pleasing his mien,
The damsels all ey'd him, and envy'd my lot,
While blest with his smile, ev'ry care was forgot ;
Ah ! how chang'd is my fate, now my Henry's away,
Every moment is sad, and disgusting each day,
But time and reflection, some comfort will bring,
When they whisper, he fights for his country and king.
Yes, the youth of fair Albion will boldly advance,
To repel the design of the ruler of France,
And while Soldiers and Sailors protect thus our isle,
Secure from Invasion, we safely may smile ;
Nay, what's more, I'll engage for each lady, that's here,
In that case, they'd all chearfully turn Volunteer ;
Hand in hand, with a brother or husband we'd fly,
And with them, learn to conquer, or nobly die.

KATE KEARNEY.

Sung by Mr. Incedon, in the Songster's Jubilee.

OH ! did you not hear of Kate Kearney,
She lives on the Banks of Kilarny,
From the glance of her eye, shun danger and fly,
For fatal, the glance of Kate Kearney ;

For that eye, is so modestly beaming,
 You ne'er think of mischief she's dreaming,
 Yet Oh, I can tell, how fatal the spell,
 That lurks in the eye of Kate Kearney.

Oh should you e'er meet this Kate Kearney,
 Who lives on the banks of Kilarney,
 Beware of the smile, for many a wile,
 Lies hid in the smile of Kate Kearney ;
 Tho' she looks so bewitchingly simple,
 Yet there's mischief in every dimple,
 And who dares en hale, her sighs, spicy gale,
 Must die by the breath of Kate Kearney.

SISTER RUTH.

Sung by Mrs. Mountain, in Life's Masquerade.

SISTER Ruth, once a Quaker, so coy and so prim,
 And daughter was she, to Aminidab Broad-brim,
 But a youth, he so plagu'd her, by Satan set on,
 For his coat, it was blue, with brass buttons thereon.

Oh ! Sister Ruth,—humph !—

Sister Ruth. she said nay, but he wou'd not be gone,
 For his face like his coat, much *brass* had thereon,
 He swore too (lord help him,) he lov'd her so much,
 For her,—he'd turn Quaker, and give up his Church.

Oh ! Sister Ruth,—humph !—

Sister Ruth, when she found that a convert she made,
 Groan'd deeply in spirit, tho' she wa'nt much afraid,
 He press'd her soft lips, as they utter'd each moan,
 And cry'd *heart of my heart*, yea, and *bone of my bone*.

Oh ! Sister Ruth,—humph !—

Sister Ruth, to brass buttons, in marriage once join'd,
 A change of religion ne'er enter'd his mind,
 But she pious soul, being left in the lurch,
 The pinch'd Coif resigns, and with him goes to church.
 Oh ! Sister Ruth,—humph !—

BIM ! BOM ! BELL !

Sung by Signora Storace, at Covent Garden, in the Farce of Out of Place.

FROM native Afric borne,
 To swell proud Europe's store ;
 The negro sits forlorn,
 And views the dreaded shore.
 So maidens forc'd to wed
 Against their heart's desire,
 Behold with pain and dread
 The fatal church's spire !
 Their sighs reveal
 That every peal
 Assails them as a knell ;
 For still it sounds,
 In solemn rounds.
 Bim ! bom ! bell !

The bird, on rapid wing,
 Flies to the wish'd-for grove,
 There with his mate to sing
 The joyful tune of love.
 So maidens doom'd to wed
 The lover they desire,
 With hasty paces tread
 To view the church's spire.

And smiles reveal
That every peal
Does endless bliss foretell ;
For now they sound,
In merry round,
Ding ! dong ! bell !

Barbers

FUN AT SEA.

Sung by Mr. Emery, at Covent-Garden, in Spanish Dollars.

WHEN at sea we slave both far and near,
Flip, beer, and brandy, our spirits cheer ;
And the toast goes round to Poll, Peg, or Sue,
And on deck we dance, like a merry crew !
Fal de ral, &c.

When old Sam he jaws of sprites and ghosts,
And Tom he of strength and wenches boasts ;
And the master brags what knots he can sail,
A cracker Dick claps to the chaplain's tail !
Fal de ral, &c.

When poor Jack with grog is running o'er,
And tells them a tale oft' told before ;
By a sly slipt noose the story is mar'd,
And away goes Jack to the top-sail yard !
Fal de ral, &c.

Gig and fun, boys, is our life at sea,
When storms blow o'er, we, from tempests free ;
Drink, dance and sing, and again tempt the main,
In hopes to sing, dance, and drink once again !
Fal de ral, &c.

THE DEPARTED HERO.

Tune—The Mulberry-tree.

Ye sons of old Albion, for valor renown'd,
 Who in battle as victors have always been found,
 Let the emblems of conquest with crape be hung o'er,
 For the Ocean's great champion brave Nelson's no
 more !

CHORUS.

Britons will bow at Nelson's name ;
 The world shall reverence Nelson's fame ;
 For matchless was he,
 Who rul'd the sea,
 And his deeds, like himself, immortal will be.

The dawn of his genius with splendor was fraught,
 When off Cape St. Vincent with Jervis he fought ;
 But the fam'd first of August made Englishmen smile,
 When he beat the French fleet at the *Mouth of the*
Nile.

Britons shall bow, &c.

The task would be tedious each action to date,
When and where Nelson fought and *bled*, fearless of
 death !

The foes of Old England have each felt his pow'r :
 To be foremost he gloried in peril's dread hour.

Britons shall bow, &c.

With the tears of the Muse the page now is fill'd,
 While she's told how at Cape Trafalgar he was kill'd !
 In the annals of Fame, Oh ! record it with pride,
 As he nobly had liv'd, so he gloriously died !

Britons shall bow, &c.

This bright British meteor, with naval zeal fir'd,
Amidst his own flames, like the Phœnix, expir'd !
May there rise from his ashes a Nelson again,
Who shall prove that Old England still governs the
main ! Britons shall bow, &c.

RULE, BRITANNIA.

(With two additional Verses.)

WHEN Britain first at Heaven's command,
Arose from out the azure main,
Arose from out, &c.

This was the charter, the charter of the land,
And guardian angels sung this strain :
Rule, Britannia, Britannia rule the waves,
For Britons never will be slaves.

The nations not so blest as thee,
Must in their turns to tyrants fall,
Must in, &c.

Whilst thou shalt flourish, shalt flourish great and free,
The dread and envy of them all.
Rule, Britannia, &c.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
More dreadful from each foreign stroke,
More dreadful, &c.

As the loud blast that tears the skies,
Serves but to root thy native oak.
Rule, Britain!

'The haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame;
All their attempts to bend thee down,
All their, &c.

Will but arouse, arouse thy gen'rous flame,
And work their woe, and thy renown.
Rule, Britannia,

To thee belongs the rural reign,
 Thy cities shall with commerce shine,
 Thy cities, &c.
 All thine shall be, shall be the subject main,
 And ev'ry shore it circles thine.

Rule, Britannia &c.

The muses still with freedom found,
 Shall to the happy coast repair,
 Shall to, &c.
 Bless'd isle, with beauties, with matchless beauties
 crown'd,
 And manly hearts to guard the fair.

Rule, Britannia, &c.

Again, the loud-ton'd trump of Fame
 Proclaims that Britons rule the main,
 While sorrow whispers Nelson's name
 And mourns the glorious Victor slain.
 Rule, brave Britons, rule the main,
 Avenge the God-like hero slain.

Rest, rest in peace, bright Honour's son,
 Thy sires above will smile on thee;
 Glorious thy race on earth was run,
 Who dar'd to die, to keep us free!
 Then mourn, Britannia, Britannia's sons, so brave,
 Your laurels strew o'er NELSON's grave.

SONG ON THE BATTLE OF THE NILE.

After the first verse of Rule Britannia, it begins,

IMPERIAL Cæsar soar'd to fame,
 Where'er the Roman eagle flew;
 Our gallant NELSON caught his flame,
 He saw, he fought, and conquer'd too!

CHORUS.

On Nelson's fame immortal praises pour,
And shout his name from shore to shore.

The valiant deed which claims applause,
From rising to the setting sun,
From every heart this tribute draws,
Here's Hawke surpass'd, and Blake outdone ?
In Nelson's praise the Gods of Ocean roar,
And chaunt his name from shore to shore.

Of Egypt's land we all have read,
Where Israel's sons were forc'd to bow,
But this with truth and triumph may be said,
The Nile was never known till now !
Sing, then, Nelson, his praise in bumpers pour,
And shout his name from shore to shore.

A soul enflam'd, with ardour fir'd,
On glorious death or conquest bent,
Old England's martial sons inspir'd,
And victory led where Nelson went.
Great Nelson's fame shall grace historic lore,
Till nature sinks, and time shall be no more !

To those who brave each hostile jar,
Who fight for freedom and the throne ;
To every bold and gallant British tar,
Let all our grateful hearts be shewn.
The valiant tars old England must adore,
Who fought or fell on Egypt's shore.

Should France e'er land her desperate host,
By chance evade each wooden wall,
And hurl her thunders at our coast,
Let Nelson's glory rouse us all !
Let trumpets sound, let cannons roar,
Spread Nelson's fame from shore to shore,

The partners of his former wars
 View his dead body, trench'd with scars !
 He gave the wreck, he could no more ;
 All but his life was lost before.

His flag, &c.

Death the great conqueror, could not win the whole,
 Earth keeps his ashes, and Heaven receives his soul.

NELSON'S VICTORY.

Sung by Mr. Incedon, at Covent-Garden.

WHEN the Vict'ry weigh'd anchor, Fame's breath
 swell'd the gale

That wafted brave Nelson from shore ;
 The winds felt sweet rapture to toy with the sail,
 While the billows neglected to roar.

Old Neptune's fix'd throne felt th' electrial prow,
 And he sent up a Triton the secret to know.

The Triton return'd thro' the fathomless tide,

Told this news, with a tear in his eye—
 'Tho' Britons have conquer'd, brave Nelson has died !'

And finish'd the tale with a sigh :
 Then exclaim'd, ' But such heroes in death must find
 charms,

For he died as he liv'd, in fair Victory's arms !'

The Genius of B'tain petition'd to Heav'n

For a champion, to vanquish her foes ;

The fiat of fate to bold Nelson was given,

Then doom'd him to lasting repose.

Did the wretch, who dealt death, feel th' effect of this
 blow,

He'd sure drop a tear for his brave fallen foe !

THE INTRIGUING IRISHMAN.

THE first of my pranks was at little Rathshane,
Where love, faith, like whiskey, popt into my brain,
For Alley M'Culloch, a sweet little soul,
As tall and as straight as a shaver-man's pole ;

Spoken.]—Och ! she was a sweet creature ; with a
bloom on her face, like a Munster potatoe. I met
her a going to market one morning with a basket
under one of her arms. Where do you come from,
my dear ? says I. From Clanterduffy, Sir, says
she ; and what's your name, my dear ? Alley M'
Culloch, Sir, says she. Och ! what a soft
beautiful name.

To be sure then I told her a piece of my mind,
Till she left her old dad and the basket behind,

But soon I was dying for Molly Machree,
A sweet tender shoot just come from Tralee ;
O sweet Molly, says I, do pray ease my pain,
By St. Patrick, says she, pray what do you mane ?

Spoken.]—Mane, says I ! Why to marry you, to be
sure, my dear. But do you though ? says she. To
be sure I do—What do you think of me ? Oh,
there's no resisting ye, says she---So we were to be
married next day.

But as the devil would have it a thick fog came on,
When I looked for the church, oh, I found it was gone.

But morning and night she was always my plague,
Faith 'tis time then, says I, for to leave off intrigue ;
So for jacket and trowsers I chang'd my old coat,
And from Cork I set sail in a d——d open boat.

Spoken.— We sailed so plagued slow, that a big storm overtook us. To be sure I didn't swallow a little of the sea broth ; but the worst of my misfortunes was, when I landed, there was Molly Machree ! and she put into my arms a great squalling brat, with a head as big as a bushel of potatoes. What's this ? says I, 'Tis your own Teddy, says she, and as like ye as two peas. Teddy be d——d, says I, take it away woman ; I tell ye I don't know any thing at all at all of the matter.

Then to end my intriguing, I went off to sea,
And bid a good morning to Molly Machree,

SONG.

Sung by Mr. Townsend.

Ban

OF all the words in Lexicon,
Not one, to my poor thinking,
Can make a man so wise a Don,
As those in use for drinking :
To say he's drunk, so coarse the sound,
That Bacchus ask'd Apollo,
To give some terms, in wit profound,
And he the phrase would follow.
With a fal lal lal lal la, &c.
When ladies drink, why then they're gay,
But, to a toping gipsey,
Of vulgar rank, we sneering say,
Upon my soul she's tipsey :
When lords are bubb'd they're in the sun,
And cits are mighty muddled,
But when a husband up is done,
The wife cries, ' deary's fuddled.
With my fal lal, &c.

Then Jack is grogg'd he's ship'd his beer,
 He cries, ' you're half seas over ;'
 And bosky damon roars, ' My dear,
 I'm prim'd just for a lover :'
 And some are rocky, some are muz'd,
 And some disguis'd and mellow :
 But goddesses must now be buss'd,
 For I'm a merry fellow : With my fal lal, &c.

THE DEATH OF NELSON.

Sung by Mr. Incledon, in the interlude of Nelson's Glory,
 Tune---The Storm.

CEASE, vain France, ill-manner'd railer,
 Fellow freemen, list to me,
 Britons, hear a British sailor
 Sing the strains of victory !
 Yet, what verse shall tell the story,
 What bold tongue speak Nelson's praise !
 Whose bright sun has set in glory,
 Gilding Ocean with its rays !
 Long our Tars had kept their station,
 Long insulting foes defied,
 Spite of all the Gallic nation,
 Dutch bravado, Spanish pride :
 To those who swore this land to plunder,
 Those who dare our rights despise,
 We've once more replied in thunder,
 ' While you threaten, we chastise !'
 France and Spain, with hopes scarce sober,
 Stung with hate of Nelson's fame,
 Chose the nineteenth of October,
 To immortalize his name,

When he saw their colours flying,
 When he saw their fleets combine,
 Still methinks I hear him crying,
 ' Follow, boys, they all are mine !'

Yet the foe with hesitation,
 Linger'd till the twenty-first,
 As if, with dread anticipation,
 These vaunting heroes fear'd the worst ;
 The twenty-first of March had told 'em,
 What our boys on *land* can be :
 Another twenty-first, behold 'em
 Bending to our *lads* at *sea* !

Hush !—They've join'd—the battle rages,
 Expectation holds her breath !
 Britain for her right engages,
 France for plunder, war, and death !
 Thirty-three our chief opposing,
 Twenty-seven the British line ;
 ' They strike !' he cries, while life is closing,
 ' Heaven ! the praise is only thine.'

I'M AN IRISHMAN BORN.

Sung by Mr. Johnstone.

I'm an Irishman born, and as pretty a youth
 As ever bawl'd whack, or the sweet gramachree,
 In a drop of the crature I always found truth,
 And the drop of the crature's the true drop for me :

Whatever you think,
 Then drink, honey, drink,
 In our cups though we quarrel, we always agree.

Ham

In a hard gale of wind when our canvas goes crack,
And our masts just like carrots, are snapt short in
two ;

And sorrows would swell out an old pedlar's pack,
Or approach to swamp us, pray what should we do ?
Why, what do you think ?

Why, drink, honey, drink,
And, blind to all sorrow, we have none in view.

Friends and friendship most sweetly the bottle approve,
It ne'er bids the eye of misfortune go weep ;

To be sure and itan't a sweet comfort to love,
And floats the fond heart like the ship in the deep :

Then, joy, never think,
But drink, honey, drink,

Till ill-humour's dead drunk, and suspicion asleep.

NELSON'S DEATH.

Tune---Anacreontic Song.

YE, who gloried in Nelson, thro' life so victorious,
The pride of the good, and the boast of the brave,
Now mourn, Britons, mourn o'er his exit glorious,
And strike your sad breasts, while you bend o'er his
grave :

Our grief, mix'd with joy—with each pang, exulta-
tion,

The conflict how sore 'twixt the smile and the tear !
Whilst, struggling with rapture and anguish, the
nation

Sees the cypress and laurel unite o'er his bier !

Where tow'ring Trafalgar frowns over the ocean,
 And stern the rude winds and the billows defies,
 French and Spaniards, at noon, we discover'd in motion,
 And sparkles of ecstasy flash'd from all eyes :
 Ye Gods ! what a moment ! a sight of such beauty !
 What more could a brave British seamen desire ?
 And the signal, ' This day, let each man do his duty,'
 Prim'd each gallant heart, set each bosom on fire.

Aloft on the deck, stood the *World's naval wonder*,
 Whilst alarms for his life all around him express'd ;
 'Midst smoke, fire, and flame, and the cannon's loud
 thunder,

Serene was his aspect, and fearless his breast.
 Oh ! a curse on the hand, of our chief who bereft us,
 And laid on the deck the great conqueror low !
 He's gone ! But his matchless example he's left us ;
 And *victory* and *vengeance* soon follow'd the blow !

The king's stoutest champion, the country's bright
 glory,

Of no faction a tool—to no party a slave,
 First of Heroes !—our grief shall instruct future story
 Thy deeds to exalt, and to honor thy grave ;
 One woe, mix'd with joy—with each pang exultation,
 The conflict how sore 'twixt the smile and the tear,
 While in anguish and rapture entranc'd, a whole na-
 tion

With the cypress and laurel itself decks thy bier !



THE DEATH OF NELSON.

Tune---The Arethusa.

To England's fame another ray
 Is added, boys, this glorious day,
 And sad despair is on its way
 To gaul the bold invader,
 Who swore he wou'd our isle subdue ;
 Said Nelson, Dam'me if you do !
 For should your fleet,
 With Britain's meet,
 We'll make you yield like dastard slaves ;
 For Britain still must rule the waves,
 In spite of gasconaders.
 In Cadiz harbour long confin'd,
 The French and Spanish fleet combin'd,
 Came out, to future evil blind,
 Nor dreamt we were so near, boys :
 Brave Nelson's heart it beat with glee ;
 ' Now is your time, my boys ! ' said he,
 ' To give the blow,
 Lay Frenchmen low !
 Of twenty, boys, we may make sure,
 And honours for that king secure,
 Whom Britons doth revere, boys.'

To arms we flew, their line was broke,
 And all around was lost in smoke,
 While Nelson gave the potent stroke
 That crush'd their proud armada !
 But fate for us had ill in store,
 A loss which we must e'er deplore ;

A fatal shot,
 O, cruel lot !
 Wounded the Hero of the Nile,
 While envy did malignant smile,
 On board the Trinidad.

Then to revenge his loss, let's fly,
 Like Britons conquer, boys, or die !
 For dearly's earn'd the victory
 Which by his death is won, boys !
 But tho' he dies, his name shall live ;
 In future ages ardour give ;
 Our tars inspire
 With martial ire,
 While to each Briton ever dear,
 They'll sigh, and drop a briny tear,
 To think his race is run, boys.

ADMIRAL NELSON'S VICTORY.

Tune--- Hearts of Oak.

YE true sons of Britain, whose valour and zeal
 All Europe must honour, all nations must feel ;
 While with wreaths of fresh laurels your temples are
 bound,
 And the thunder of conquest o'er ocean resound.
 Brave NELSON led the way---British Tars won the
 day,
 Whose hearts, warm and steady,
 Where loyal and ready,
 To prove that our glory will never decay.

Our Navy triumphant shall guard our fair isle,
 Where the loves and the graces exultingly smile ;
 Where the natives are dauntless and still shall be blest,
 For the bulwark of freedom is rear'd in each breast:
 Then for NELSON let's join, a wreath to entwine,
 While true British glory
 Shall still live in story,
 For fame gives to valour a title divine.

The breezes that bore them across the wide sea,
 Like the champions of virtue and Britain were free ;
 The white foaming billows were glitt'ring and gay,
 Reflecting with triumph the Heaven-smiling day :
 British Tars still shall reign, o'er the vast swelling
 With hearts warm and steady, [main,
 Undaunted and ready,
 To lead them to conquest again and again.

The guardians of Albion each peril can brave,
 Like the sun, fraught with glory, though rough as the
 wave ;
 Like the wind, to all points shall their valour extend,
 And their minds prove as firm as the rock they defend :
 Let the loud-roaring main echo back the proud
 strain,
 Our tars shall be ready,
 Undaunted and steady,
 To prove their own valour again and again.

Mammoth

THE LADS OF THE OCEAN.

Tune---Go to the Devil and shake yourself.

WHAT matters your ditties, your jokes and narrations,
 Of Lawyers and Doctors still making your game,
 With your gallipots, parchments, & clients, & patients,
 And all such cantanherous stuff as that same,

In praise of our admirals, captains, and sailors,
 I'll sing and long life to the lads, and all such
 Who on the salt ocean were never yet failers,
 In banging the Spaniards, the French and the Dutch,
 And sing fillalloo, smalliloo, ditheroo, whack,
 Let an enemy come and we'll trundle him back,
 While the lads of the ocean shall tell the proud
 elf,
 He may go to the Devil and shake himself.

Did'nt Frenchmen one June to our lads cry *peccavi*,
 Lord Howe, he did pelt them through thunder and
 smoke,
 With British hard dumplings without any gravy,
 Till mounseer no longer could relish the joke?
 And then did'nt Jarvis the Spaniards belather?
 Then Duncan and Nelson completed the job,
 To shew them we can beat them all three both toge-
 ther,
 As fast as each pleases to put up his nob.
 Chorus.—And sing fillalloo, &c.

Each wave as it washes our shores would soon tell us.
 If it had but a tongue and could speak what was
 just,
 How it carry'd to glory our brave honest fellows—
 How oft' on its surface our foes bit the dust.
 And now to be building on land you'd be after,
 Some trophy of honour their actions to grace,
 While they have built one for themselves on the water,
 The Devil himself could'nt shove from its place.
 Chorus.—And sing, &c.

THE SHIPWRECK.

Tune---I've sail'd in the good ship the Nancy.

I SAIL'D in the ship, Duke of Clarence,
 With grog and good liquor in store,
 From the sound, to the Gulph of St. Lawrence,
 And left all the lubbers ashore ;
 Well mann'd, with three hundred good fellows,
 We put out to sea in full sail ;
 By Providence watch'd, as they tell us,
 We weigh'd ship and weather'd the gale.

CHORUS.

Bill Bobstay, our captain, commanded,
 When wreck'd on the Barbary shore,
 And at Deal only ten of us landed ;
 The fate of poor tars to deplore.

By the board went the main-mast while reefing,
 All hands at the pump took a spell,
 Ev'ry countenance truly had grief in,
 The rest of my shipmates can tell.
 In the hold there was six feet of water,
 From sinking she ne'er could refrain,
 But the gale took her weathermost quarter,
 And tho' she bulg'd, righted again.

Bill Bobstay, &c.

In the long boat nineteen only ventur'd,
 No compass wherewith for to steer,
 The waves mountain high as we enter'd,
 But sailors in storms never fear :
 Braving dangers we smack'd thro' the ocean,
 Tho' the boatswain each night sung a stave
 Ev'ry day by the wind's veering motion,
 Expecting a watery grave.

Bill Bobstay, &c.

Twas the loss of our rudder first taught us
 Our dreadful misfortunes to know,
 To scenes of destruction it brought us,
 What hardships we tars undergo ;
 While the landmen indiff'rently sporting,
 And gliding thro' life at their ease,
 The seamen all perils are counting,
 While ploughing all on the salt seas.

THE BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR.

OBEDIENT to his country's great command,
 Led by the guardian angel of our land,
 The matchless Nelson sought the Spanish shore,
 And left his country, to return no more !
 Soon as he saw approach the hostile fleet,
 His fearless breast with gallant ardor beat ;
 'They come !' he cried, 'My glory's now complete :
 'They come,' &c.

Firm on the Vict'ry's deck he took his stand,
 'To die or vanquish !' was his short command ;
 But scarce the banners of the shatter'd fleet
 Had crouch'd submissive at the victor's feet,
 When swift a vengeful bullet pierc'd his side :
 'My country triumphs ! I'm content,' he cried,
 And Vict'ry o'er her son hung weeping as he died.

Fame from his dying brow the laurel bore,
 And flew triumphant to Britannia's shore :
 But when her sons the dear-bought trophy view'd,
 And mark'd it stain'd with Nelson's vital blood,
 Exulting shouts were chang'd to mournful tears ;
 No voice but Grief's the drooping nation hears,
 And e'en the vanquish'd foe his deathless name reveres !

SONG.

Sung in the musical 'entertainment of 'The agreeable Surprise.'

THUS, thus, my boys, our anchor's weigh'd,
See Britain's glorious flag display'd !

Unfurl the swelling sail !

Sound, sound your shells, ye Tritons sound !
Let every heart with joy rebound !

We scud before the gale.

See, neptune quits his wat'ry car,

Depos'd by Jove's decree,

Who hails a free-born British tar

The sov'reign of the sea.

Now, now we leave the land behind,
Our loving wives, and sweethearts kind,
Perhaps to meet no more !

Great George commands ; it must be so ;
And glory calls ; then let us go !

Nor sigh a wish for shore.

For Neptune, &c.

A sail a-head, our decks we clear ;
Our canvass croud ; the chace we near,

In vain the Frenchman flies !

A broadside pour'd thro' clouds of smoke,
Our Captain roars, 'My hearts of oak !

Now Draw and board our prize.'

For Neptune &c.

The scuppers run with Gallic gore !

The white rag struck, Monsieur no more
Disputes the British sway.

A prize ! we tow her into port,

And hark ! salutes from every fort !

Huzza ! my souls, huzza !

For Neptune, &c.

WOUNDED FRIENDSHIP.

OF feeling won't boast—I've no more than my share,
 Yet humanity bleeds when a friend is distress'd,
 Who in sorrow's sad moment made friendship his care,
 And bade the bright sunshine of hope cheer my
 breast :

When law's iron hand on by cruelty led,
 In a darksome abode me disgracefully penn'd
 A school-mate, whom pity inspir'd, thither stray'd,
 Gave me freedom, and prov'd himself more than a
 a friend.

Recollection reveal'd, that in youth's early hour
 My saviour he'd been ; when with billows at strife
 I was whirl'd down the eddy, and aid did implore,
 He plung'd in, and risking his own sav'd my life.
 Again, when a ruffian, who conscience had brav'd,
 And dar'd against the fiat of justice offend.
 His weapon to murder had rais'd—me he sav'd :
 And gratitude warm'd my full heart to my friend.

But pelican like, the fair, gen'rous mind,
 Feeds the suppliant brood with its own vital stream ;
 My friend to the wretched had oft prov'd so kind,
 Liberality made all his wealth but a dream :
 Haggard ruin approach'd, with its heart rending pains,
 O'er the straw I had quitted his form did extend ;
 I flew to console him—but lacking the means,
 Did but gaze, and alas ! could not speak to my friend.

I read all the workings of passion and grief,
 The just indignation that flash'd from his eye,
 His bosom was bursting—a tear gave relief—
 And the stab of ingratitude forc'd a deep sigh !

That misfortune such worth should so harshly assail ;
 But who 'gainst the will of stern fate dare contend ?
 He droop'd ; but I'll over his doom draw a veil,
 For my heart sure will break when I think on my
 friend.

THE HEROES OF THE BRITISH FLEET.

THE British flag shall still retain
 Its influence o'er the subject main :
 The guardians of its honour feel,
 Each insult rouse their warlike zeal :
 And still with rage their breasts shall glow,
 Until they quell each haughty foe.

CHORUS.

The British damsels then with smiles,
 Shall bid them welcome to our isles,
 And deck'd in charms with joy shall meet
 The heroes of the British fleet.

Britannia's sons shall quit the shore,
 To bid the thund'ring cannon roar,
 Shall bravely all her rights maintain,
 And ride victorious on the main :
 Then fame her loudest trump shall blow,
 And gilded laurels deck each brow,

The British damsels, &c.

Old Neptune oft' has wond'ring stood,
 And wav'd his trident o'er the flood,
 Whilst British Tars have won the day,
 And wealth and honours borne away :
 Still may they make his wonder more,
 And bring new wonders to the shore.

The British damsels, &c.

SONG.

Written by a Lady.

On the white cliffs of Albion, see Fame where she stands !

Her shrill swelling notes reach the neighbouring lands;
Of the natives free born, and their conquests she sings;
The happiest of men with the greatest of kings.

George the Third she proclaims, his vast glory repeat,
His undismay'd legions, invincible fleets,
Whom nor castles nor rocks can from honour retard,
Since e'en death for their King they with scorn disregard.

O ! but see a cloud bursts, and an angel appears !

'Tis Peace, lovely virgin, dissolved in tears !

' Say Fame,' cried the maid, ' is'nt time to give o'er
With sieges and famine, explosions, and gore ?

' His just rights to assert hath the King amply try'd,
Nor his wisdom or strength can opponents abide ;
Then no longer in rage let dread thunders be hurl'd.
But leave him to me, and give peace to the world.'

'Tis done, and great George is to mercy inclin'd,
The blest word is gone forth, for the good of mankind :
Tis the act of a Briton to beat, then to spare,
And our king is a Briton—deny it, who dare.

SONG.

Sung by Miss Duncan, in the new Comedy, called, The Prier Claim.

As to May's ambrosial reign,
Fickle April yields the plain,
So to Hymen's happier hour
Cupid yields his wayward pow'r,

Care's capricious day is o'er,
 Fears and doubts perplex no more;
 Love, with Virtue by his side,
 Leads, with roses crown'd, the bride.
 May each day, with rapid wing,
 New delights, new transports bring.
 Now in mirth the hours employ,
 Sing of pastime, sing of joy;
 To the tabor's chearful sound
 Nimble beat the echoing ground.

SONG.

Sung by Miss De Camp, in the same.

THE downward look, the downcast eye,
 The stealing tear, the struggling sigh,
 Must shew distrust, or grief, or fear,
 Or surely cannot be sincere.

Oh! let my lips with modest smile,
 Devoid of art—devoid of guile,
 To Henry speak nor doubt nor fear,
 But shew Maria's love's sincere.

THE PAVIOR.

Sung by Mr. Johannot, at Astley's Amphitheatre, in the Pantomime of
 Take Warning.

A PAVIOR I am, and as hearty a blade.
 As ever took pickaxe or spade in his hand;
 No debts I contract, and thus never am sad,
 But still have a trifle, d'ye mind, at command:

And as many may flout at my calling, and say
 As how it's a low occupation,
 I'll just give a sketch, where I'll clearly display,
 There's more *paviors* than one in the nation.
 With my fal, lal, &c.

The courtier with flattery oft *paves* his way
 To fortune's best gifts, and obtains a great name ;
Gold's the *stone* which the miser in secret doth lay,
 And scars *paves* the road of the soldier to fame ;
 Then a lover with oaths *paves* his way to the fair,
 Each one, d'ye mind, in his station,
 While the patriot's long speeches doth plainly declare,
 That he *paves* for the good of the nation.
 With his fal, lal, &c.

Then our sailors of freedom, sirs, lay the first *stone*,
 Which our foes would dig up, and vile slavery plant,
 But our guns, d'ye mind, makes them let it alone,
 And, *rammer* like, fix it so deep that they can't.
 As for me, my sole aim is your favour to win,
 What argues longer oration—
 For d'ye see if my song *paves* the way to a grin,
 I'm the happiest dog in the nation.
 With my fal, lal, &c.



TO GEORGE PRINCE OF WALES LET EACH
 HAND FILL THE GLASS.

Sung by Mr. Dignum, and the Vocal Performers, at Vauxhall.

Recitative.

Now the radiant beams of day,
 On western breezes, sportive play ;

Now their golden tresses lave,
 In the green translucent wave ;
 Now Hesper, with his starry wand,
 Scatters plenty o'er the land.—
 Let us then this night employ,
 In festive notes, in duteous joy—
 Through these groves, our voices raise,
 To Britain's Prince, the song of praise.

Air.

Ye sons of old England, whose hearts like your rock,
 Defy ev'ry danger,—repel ev'ry shock,
 Whose Princes, so famous in battle and story,
 Have humbled proud France, and diminished her glory,
 This night, join with me, while I loyally sing,
 George of Wales and old England, the son of our king :
 To that patriot Prince, whom none can surpass,
 To George Prince of Wales, let each hand fill the glass.

Chorus—This night, &c.

The day which gave birth to a scion so rare ;
 Was a proud day for Britain ! with none to compare ;
 Our Prince shall be famed too, in battle and story,
 France once more be humbled, and strip'd of her glory.

Chorus— This night, &c.

Our Edwards, our Henrys, were chicks of the blood,
 Our George too , can boast of a lineage as good ;
 Royal eaglets of Albion, should rise like their sires ;
 Undauntedly soar, to the sun's vivid fires.

Chorus—This night, &c.

May our Prince (like his sire) deserve well the crown,
 In the hearts of the people, establish his throne ;
 May the sceptre he wields be of true British oak,
 And his empire storm proof, as old Albion's firm rock.

May years long and happy, his life crown with bliss ;
 May each year as it flies, add a blessing to this ;
 May the King, Prince, and People, for ever be free,
 And England triumphantly govern the sea.

Chorus—May years, &c.

MAKE READY ! PRESENT ! FIRE !

Sung by Mr. Incedon.

GREAT Jove, the protector of our happy land,
 Indignant views the tyrant-spoilers' aim,
 His bolt resigns to great Britannia's hand,
 To pour destruction on the Gallic name,
 Her gleaming vengeance quick he hurl'd,
 Her foes avoid Old Albion's ire,
 The words alarm the warring world,
 Make ready !—Present !—Fire !

Great Mars, the director of our warlike bands,
 At whose dread nod the British lion roars,
 On our sea-beat beach the god of battle stands,
 To fight usurpers from our peaceful shores ;
 The massy, column'd, lengthen'd line,
 Of husband, brother, son, and sire,
 In one great common cause combine,
 Make ready !—Present !—Fire !

ALBION WILL GOVERN THE SEA.

Sung by Mr. Denman at Vauxhall.

WHEN the pale queen of night, with her glittering train,
 Illum'd the blue concave, and brighten'd the main,
 Slow roll'd the green billows ; the fluttering sail
 Receiv'd the mild zephyrs, and courted the gale ;

While far o'er the ocean a veteran's tongue
 Was heard by the Tritons, who gaz'd as he sung,
 Tho' by destiny tried, my lov'd country is free,
 And while Albion exists she will govern the sea.
 Loud threatens the tyrant our shores to invade ;
 But vain are his threats, not a man is afraid ;
 The cause of his nation, his god, and his crown,
 What true British sailor will ever disown ?
 Full oft has our spirit been thoroughly tried,
 And thousands have seal'd this great truth as they died,
 While seamen attach'd to their country shall be,
 Old Albion shall rule the domains of the sea.
 When in battle engag'd our true valor appears,
 Each vessel the standard of loyalty bears :
 While cannons in thunder our sentiments show,
 And broadsides o'erwhelm the adventurous foe ;
 The waves stain'd with crimson roll trembling between,
 As Neptune contemplates the terrible scene,
 Till at length he declares our blest isle shall be free,
 And that Albion triumphant shall govern the sea.

FINIS.







